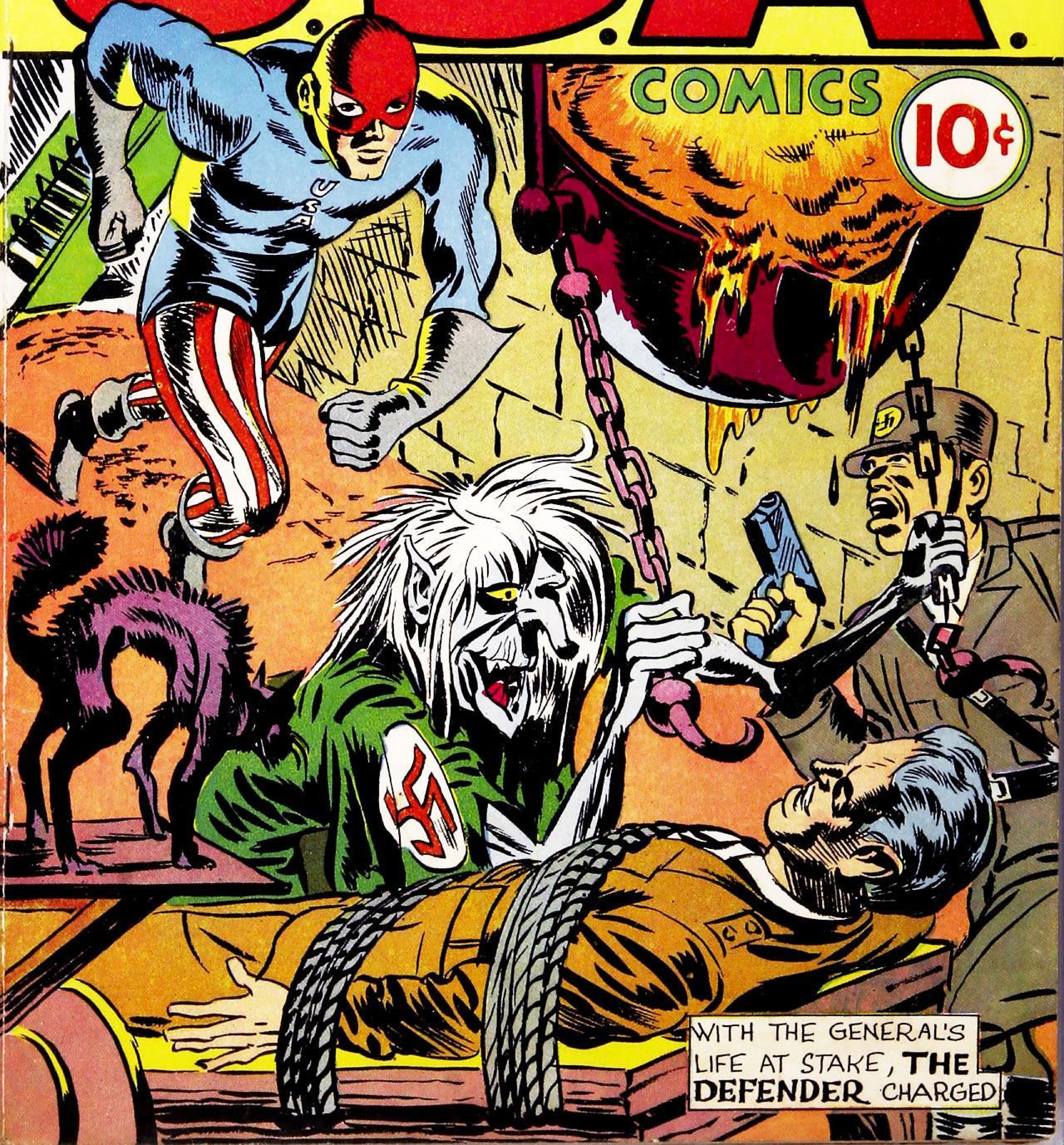
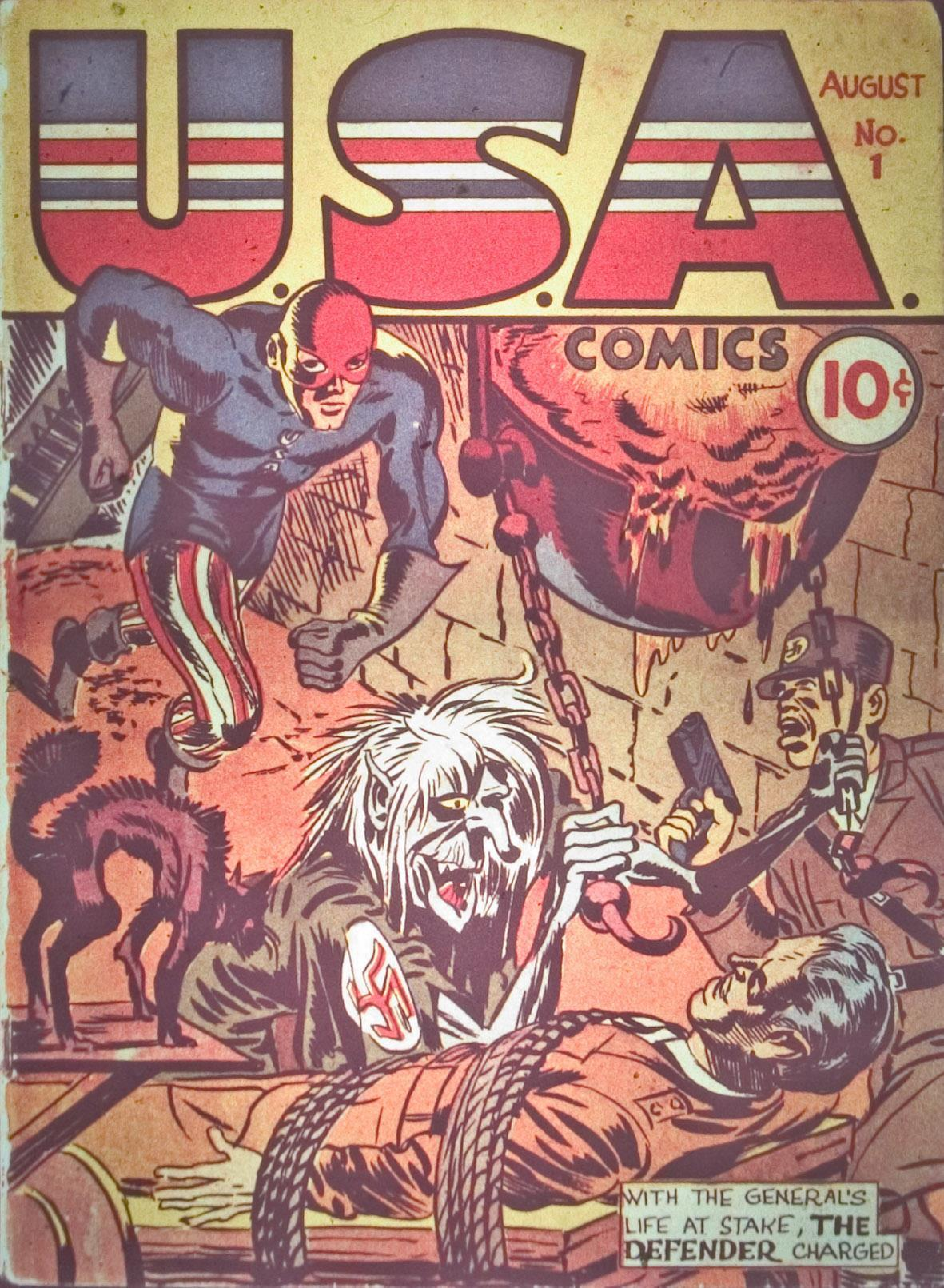
U.S.A. COMICS

AUGUST
No. 1

10¢


WITH THE GENERAL'S LIFE AT STAKE, THE DEFENDER CHARGED


U.S.A.
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WITH THE GENERAL'S LIFE AT STAKE, **THE DEFENDER** CHARGED

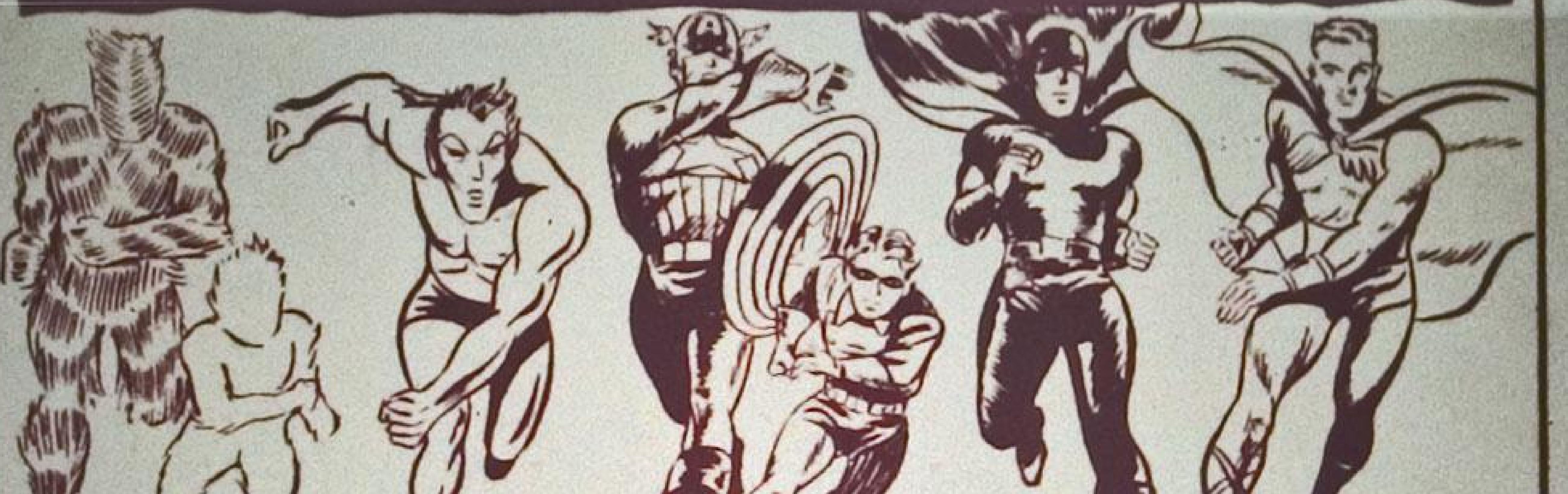
BIG, ALL NEW *Smashing* COMIC BOOK

ALL WINNERS

QUARTERLY NO. 1

The BIGGEST VALUE IN COMIC BOOK HISTORY!

FEATURING: THE GREATEST HEROES EVER ASSEMBLED..... ALL IN ONE BOOK!! ----



The HUMAN TORCH *and* TORO

The SUB-MARINER

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY

The BLACK MARVEL

THE ANGEL

ON SALE MAY 20th

10¢

DON'T MISS THIS BIG ISSUE!

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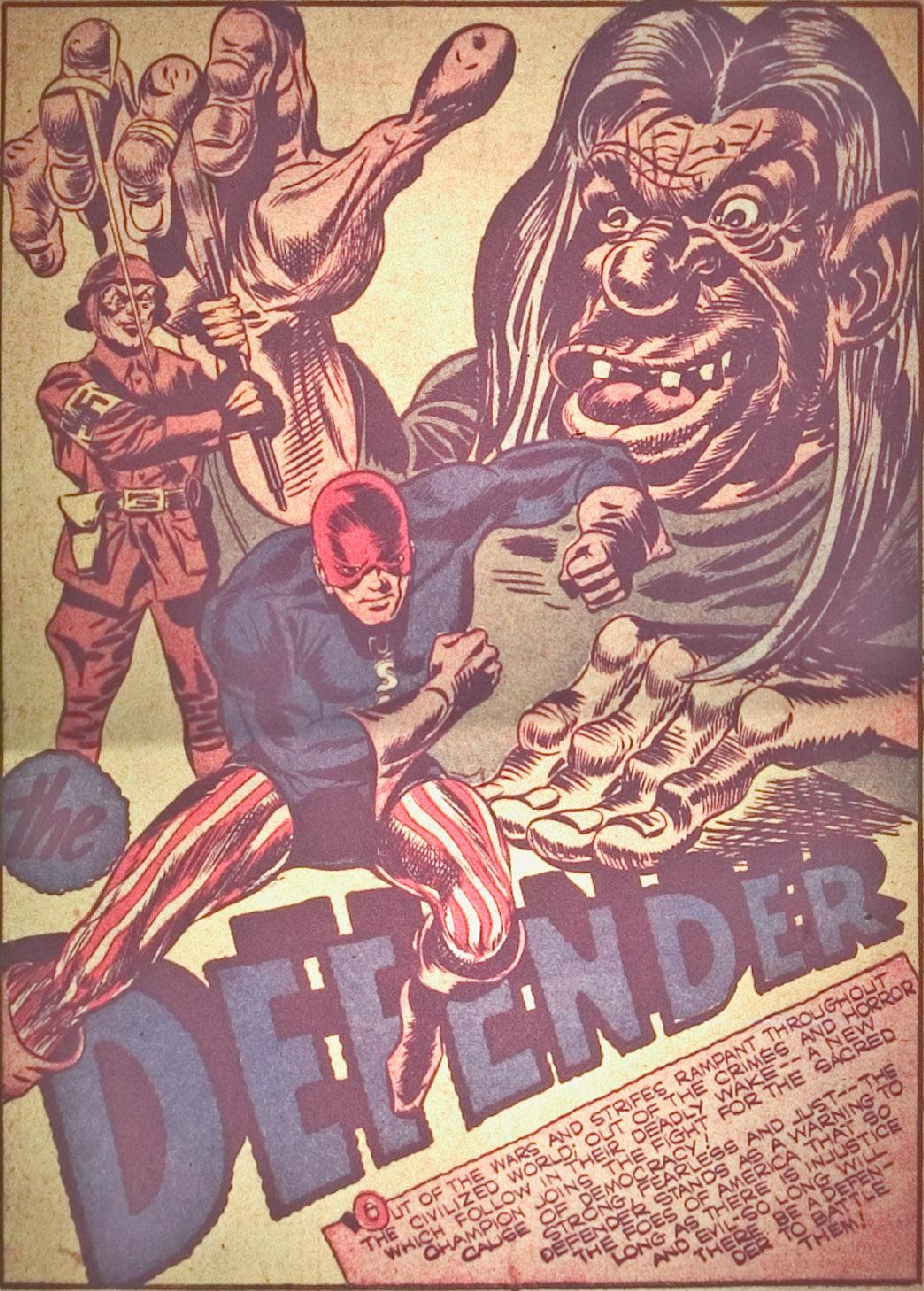
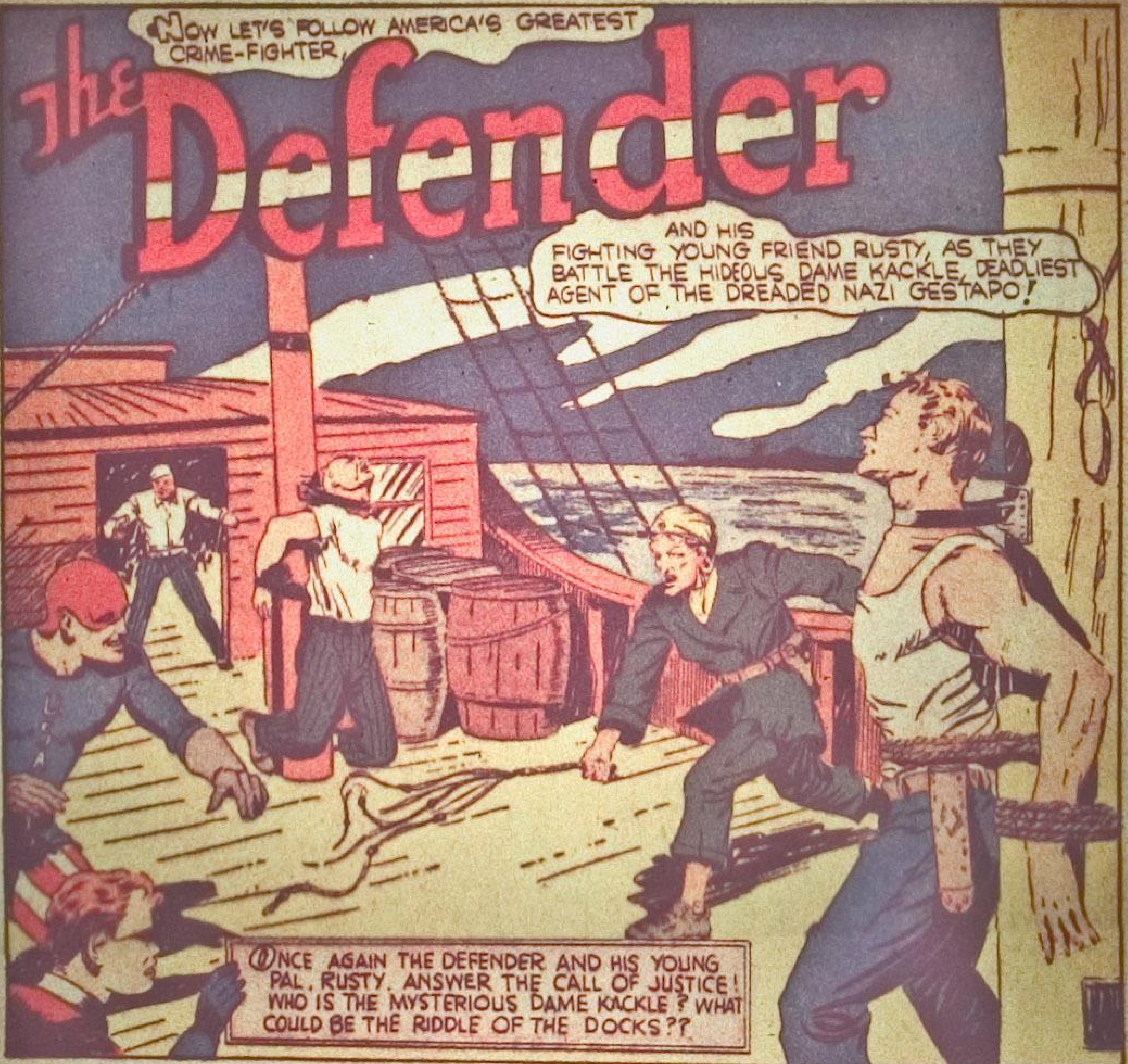
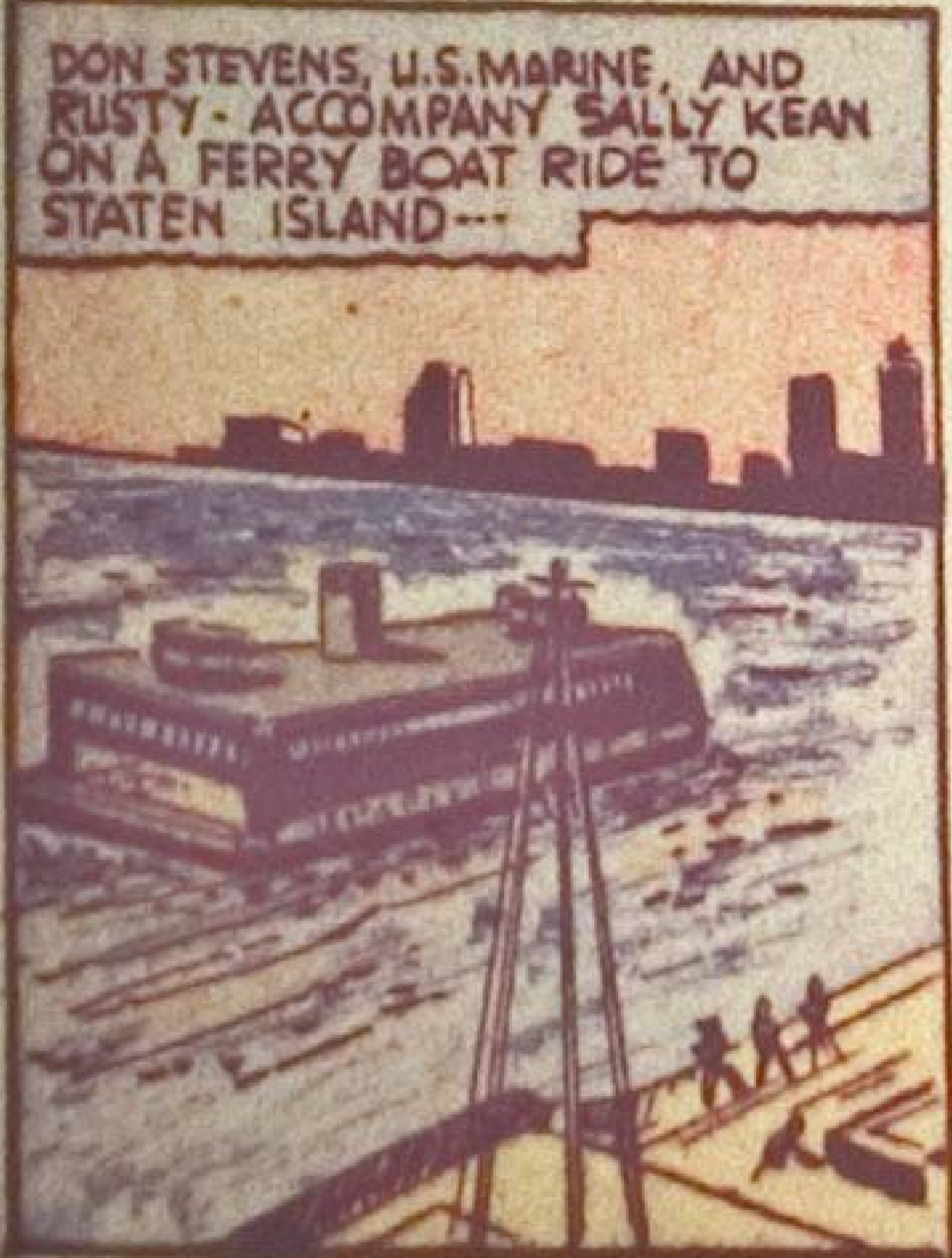
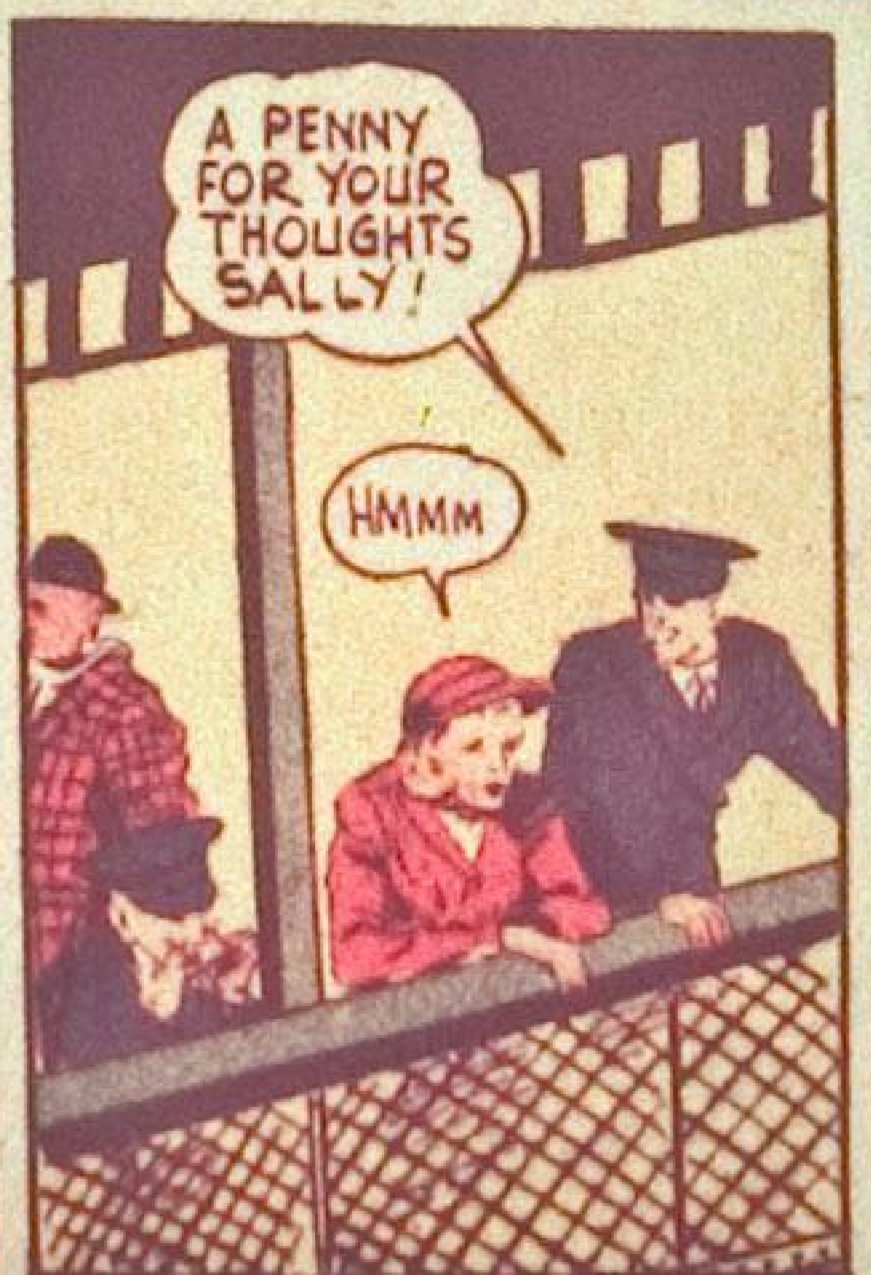
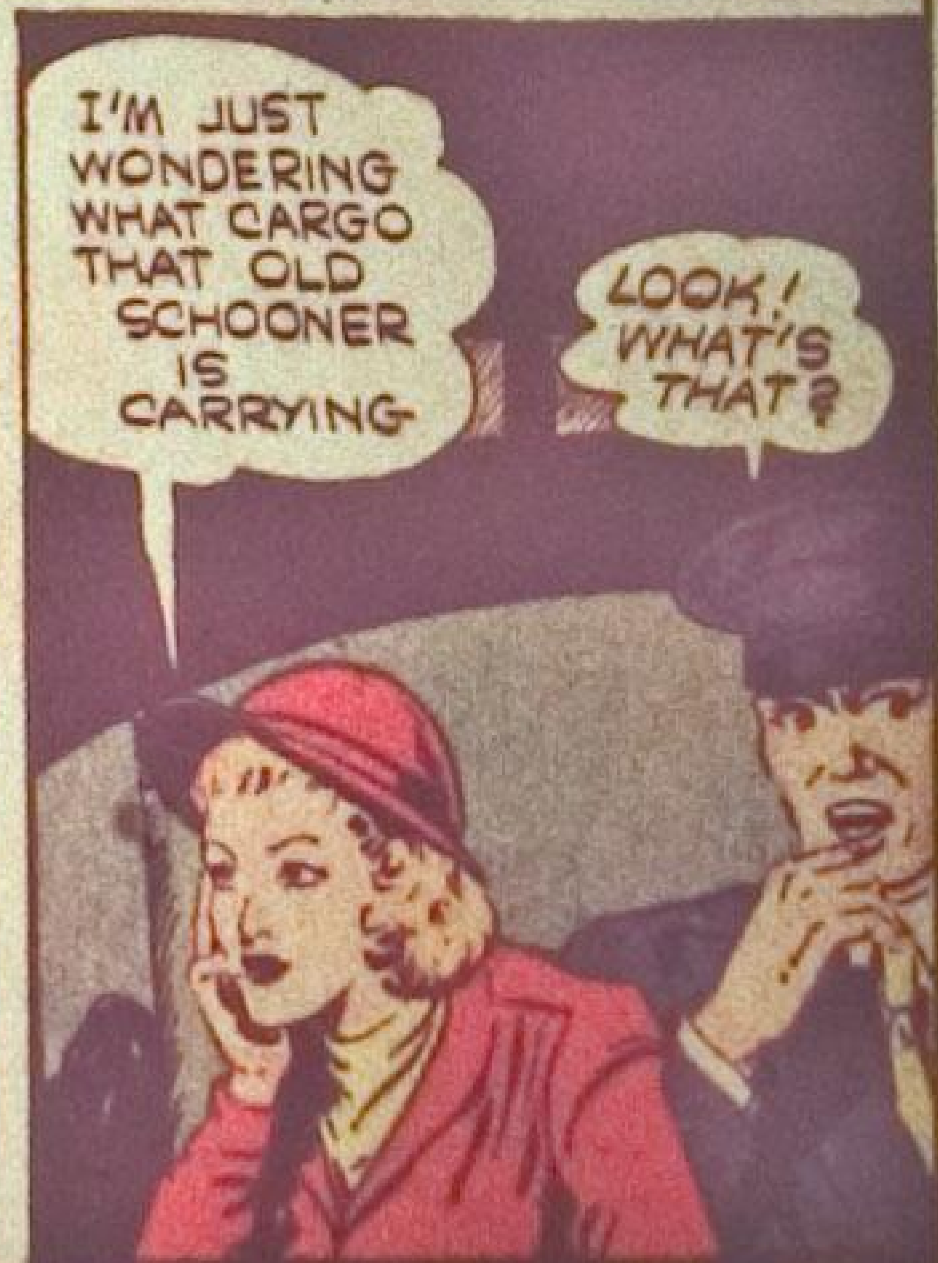
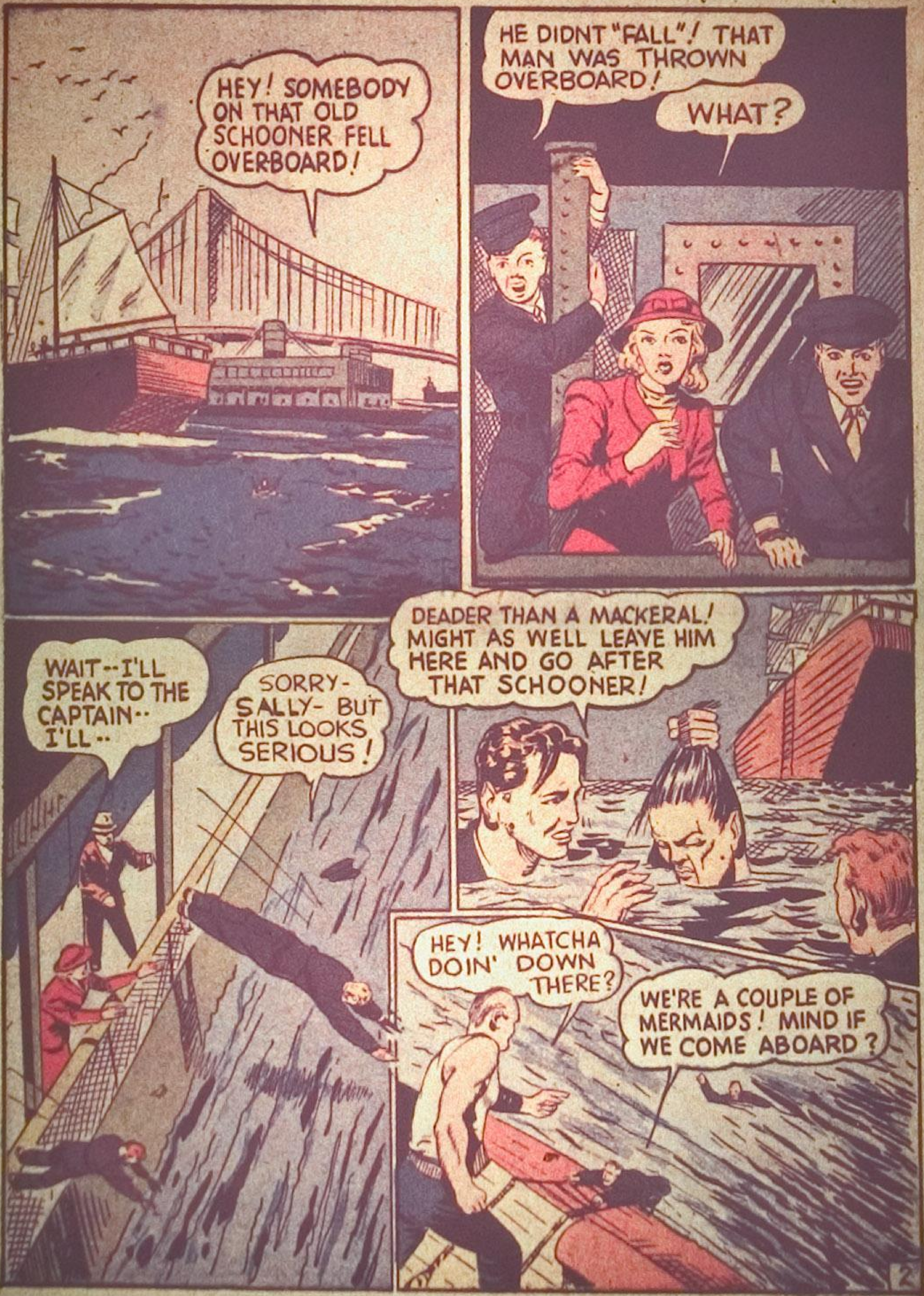

the DEFENDER
OUT OF THE WARS AND STRIFES RAMPANT THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD; OUT OF THE CRIMES AND HORROR WHICH FOLLOW IN THEIR DEADLY WAKE-- A NEW CHAMPION JOINS THE FIGHT FOR THE SACRED CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY! STRONG, FEARLESS AND JUST-- THE DEFENDER STANDS AS A WARNING TO THE FOES OF AMERICA THAT SO LONG AS THERE IS INJUSTICE AND EVIL-SO LONG WILL THERE BE A DEFENDER TO BATTLE THEM!

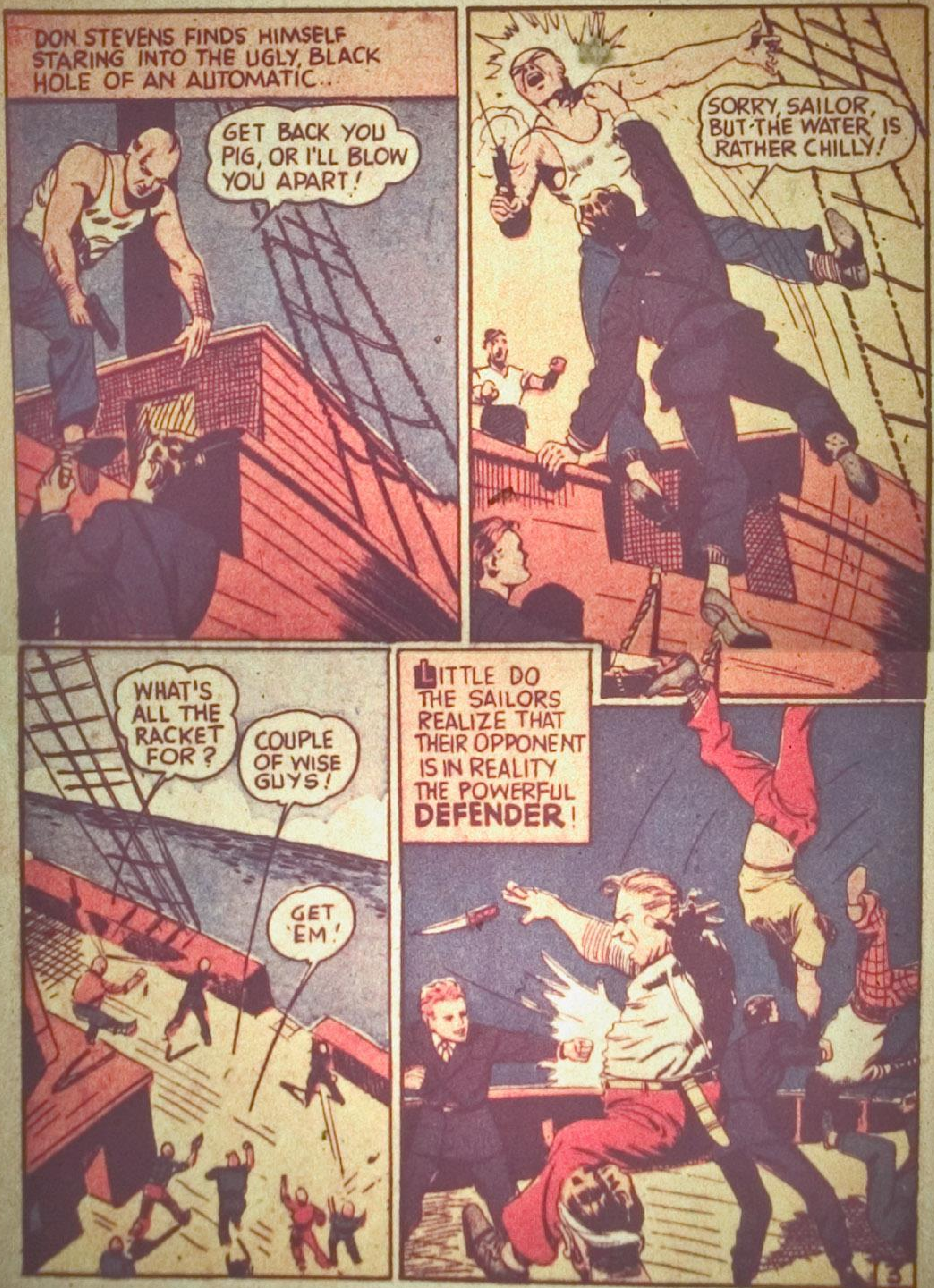

NOW LET'S FOLLOW AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTER,
the Defender
AND HIS FIGHTING YOUNG FRIEND RUSTY, AS THEY BATTLE THE HIDEOUS DAME KACKLE, DEADLIEST AGENT OF THE DREADED NAZI GESTAPO!
ONCE AGAIN THE DEFENDER AND HIS YOUNG PAL, RUSTY, ANSWER THE CALL OF JUSTICE! WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS DAME KACKLE? WHAT COULD BE THE RIDDLE OF THE DOCKS??

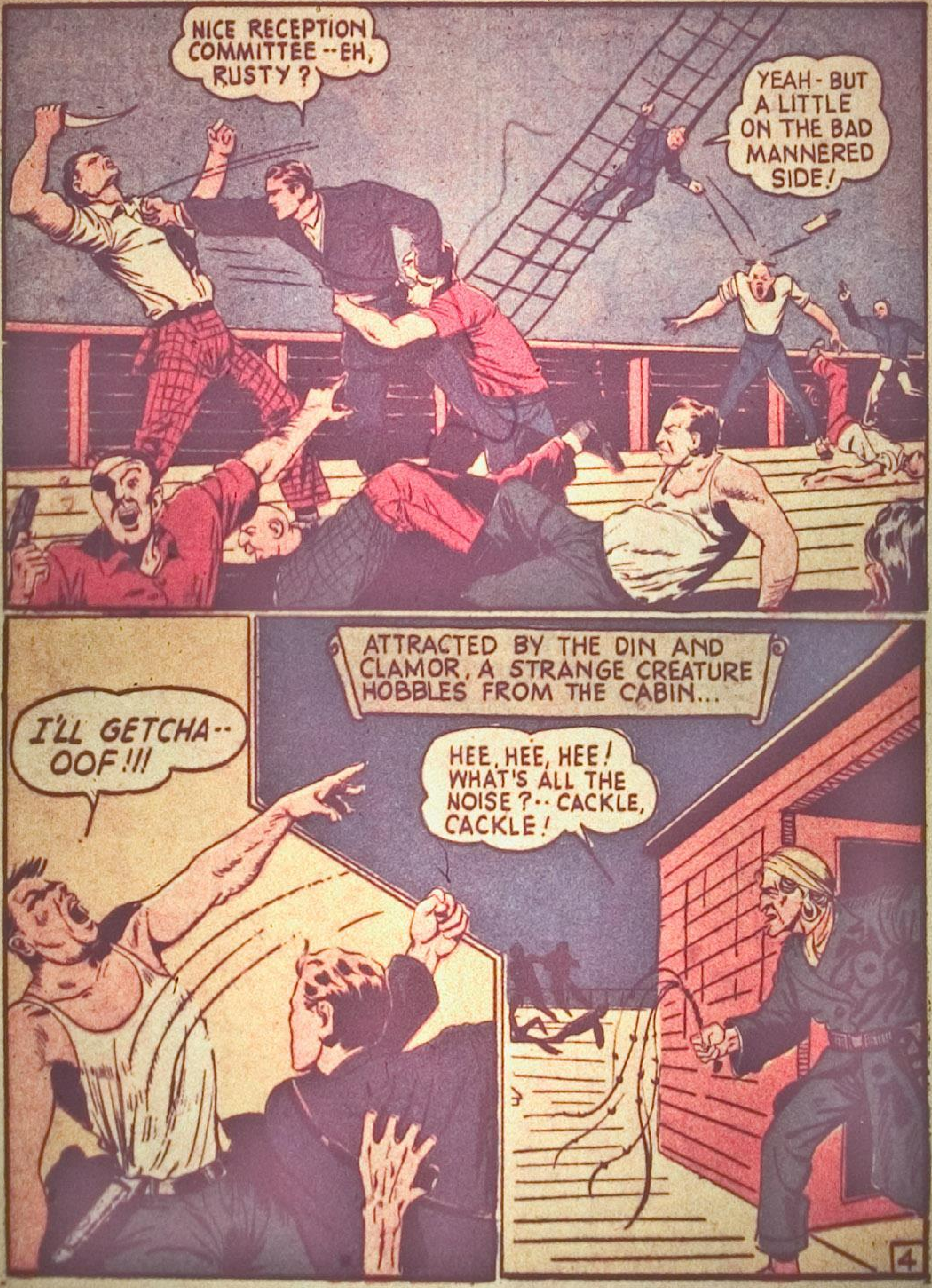

DON STEVENS, U.S. MARINE, AND RUSTY - ACCOMPANY SALLY KEAN ON A FERRY BOAT RIDE TO STATEN ISLAND---

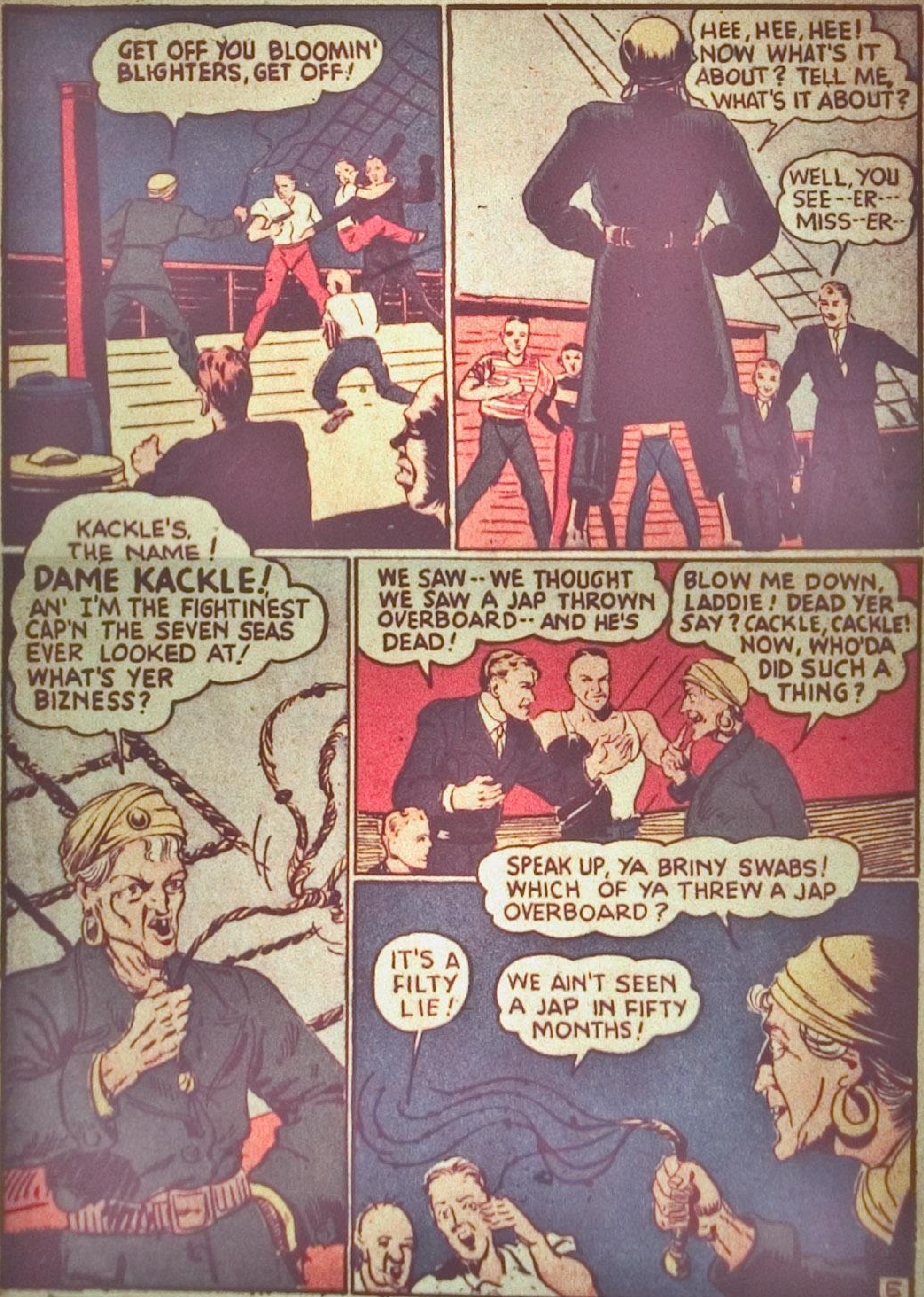

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS SALLY!
HMMM

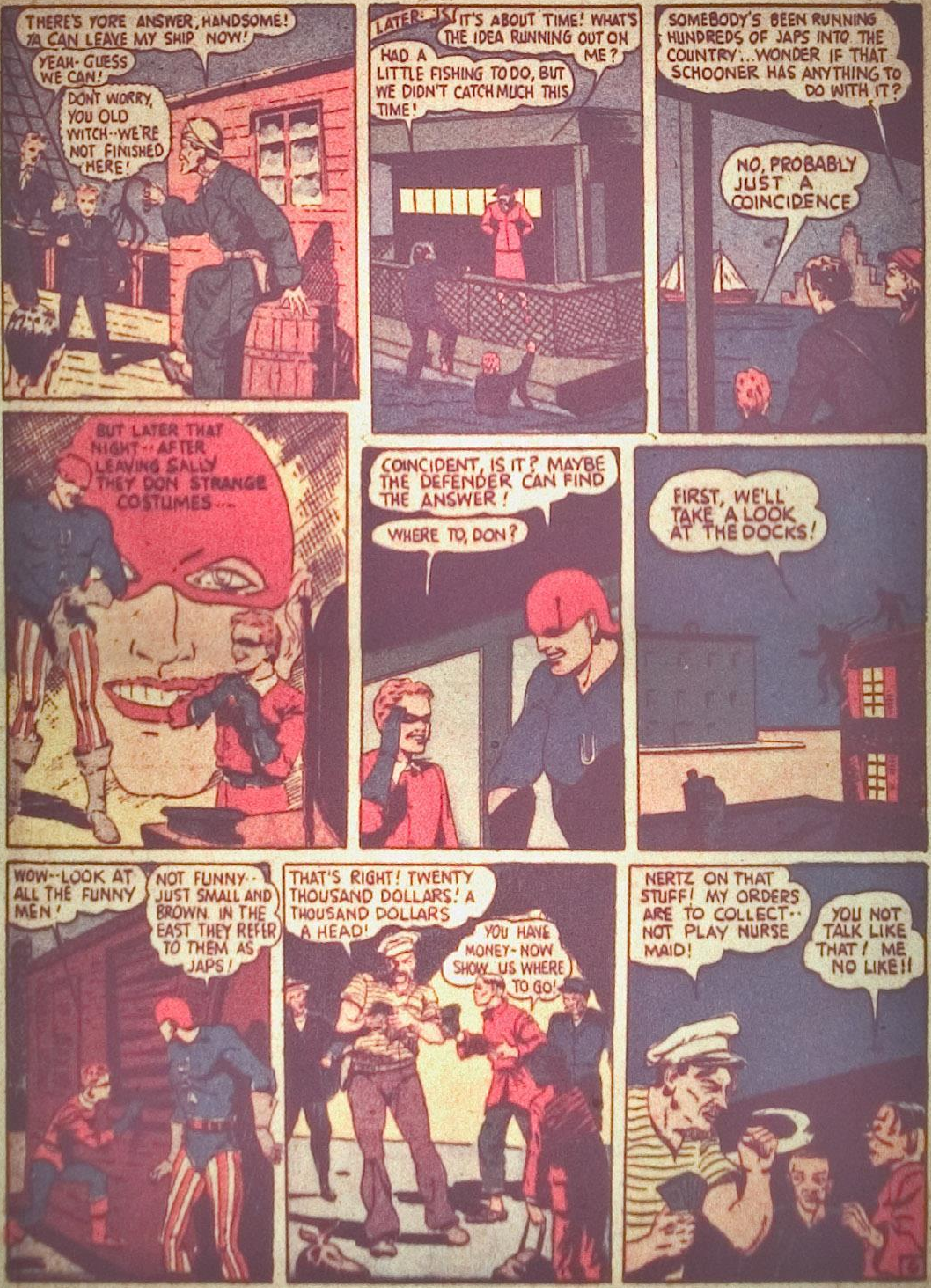

I'M JUST WONDERING WHAT CARGO THAT OLD SCHOONER IS CARRYING-
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?

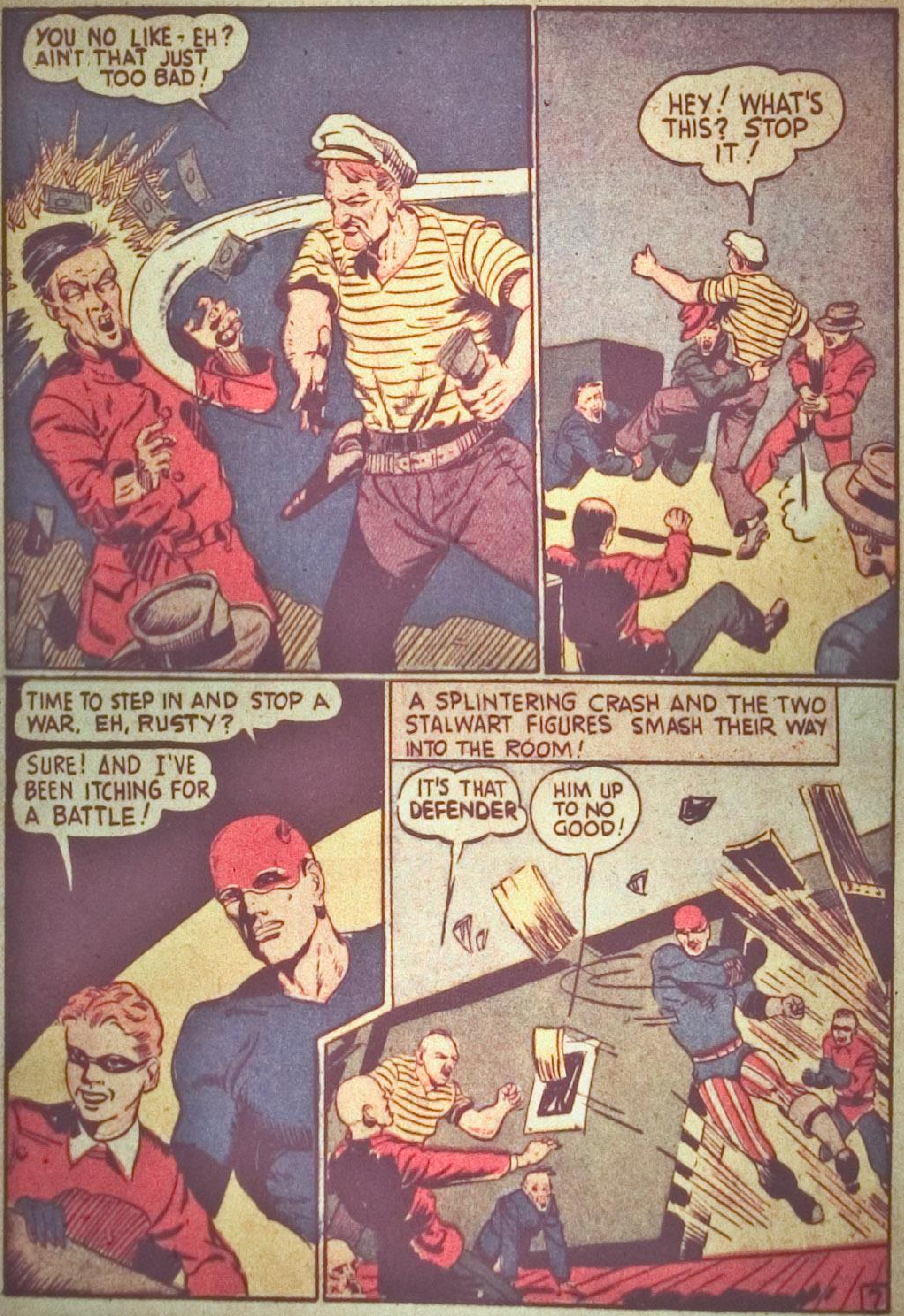

HEY! SOMEBODY ON THAT OLD SCHOONER FELL OVERBOARD!
HE DIDNT "FALL"! THAT MAN WAS THROWN OVERBOARD!
WHAT?
WAIT--I'LL SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN-- I'LL--
SORRY- SALLY- BUT THIS LOOKS SERIOUS!
DEADER THAN A MACKERAL! MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE HIM HERE AND GO AFTER THAT SCHOONER!
HEY! WHATCHA DOIN' DOWN THERE?
WE'RE A COUPLE OF MERMAIDS! MIND IF WE COME ABOARD?

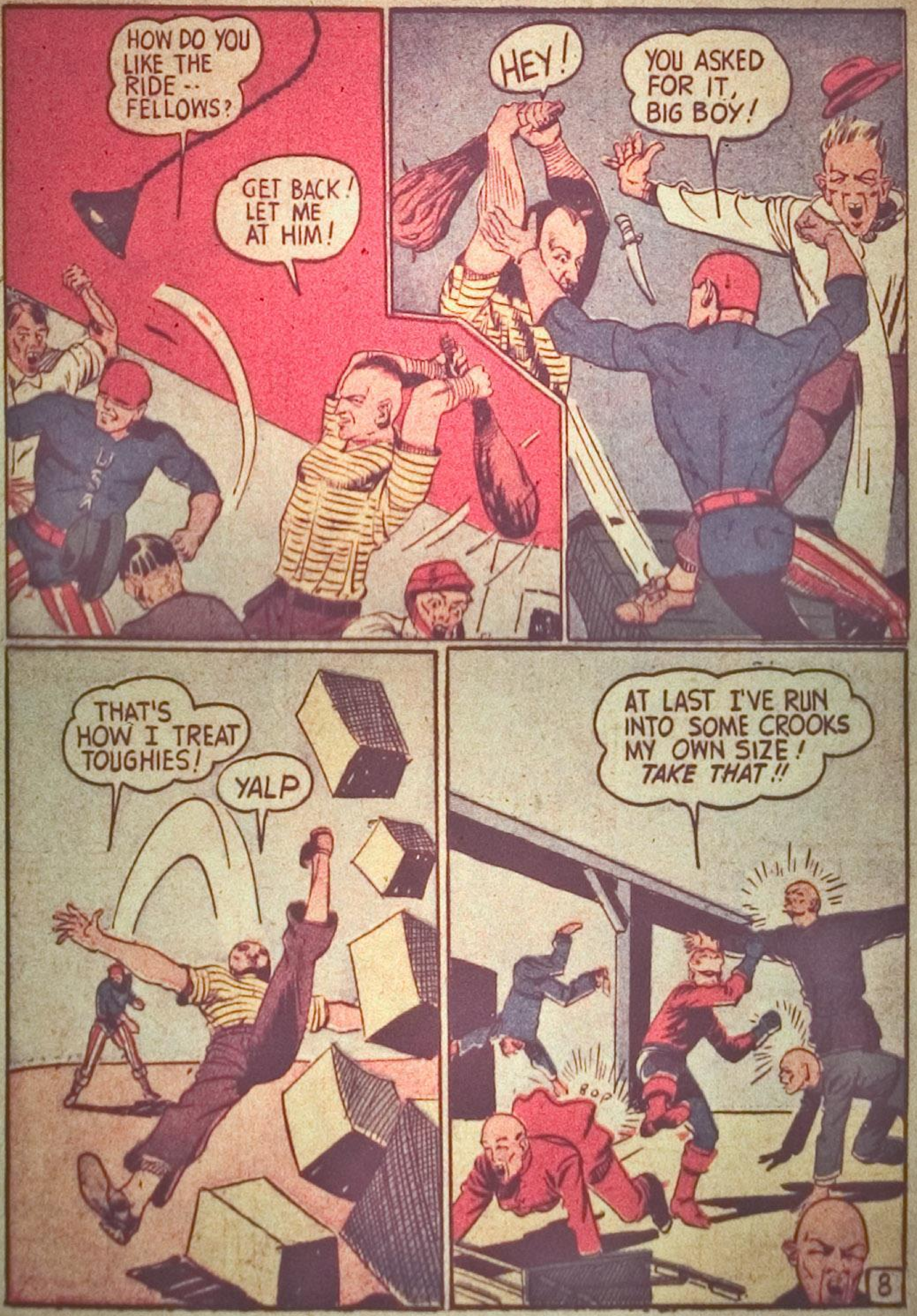

DON STEVENS FINDS HIMSELF STARING INTO THE UGLY, BLACK HOLE OF AN AUTOMATIC...
GET BACK YOU PIG, OR I'LL BLOW YOU APART!
SORRY, SAILOR, BUT THE WATER IS RATHER CHILLY!
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET FOR?
COUPLE OF WISE GUYS!
GET 'EM!
LITTLE DO THE SAILORS REALIZE THAT THEIR OPPONENT IS IN REALITY THE POWERFUL DEFENDER!

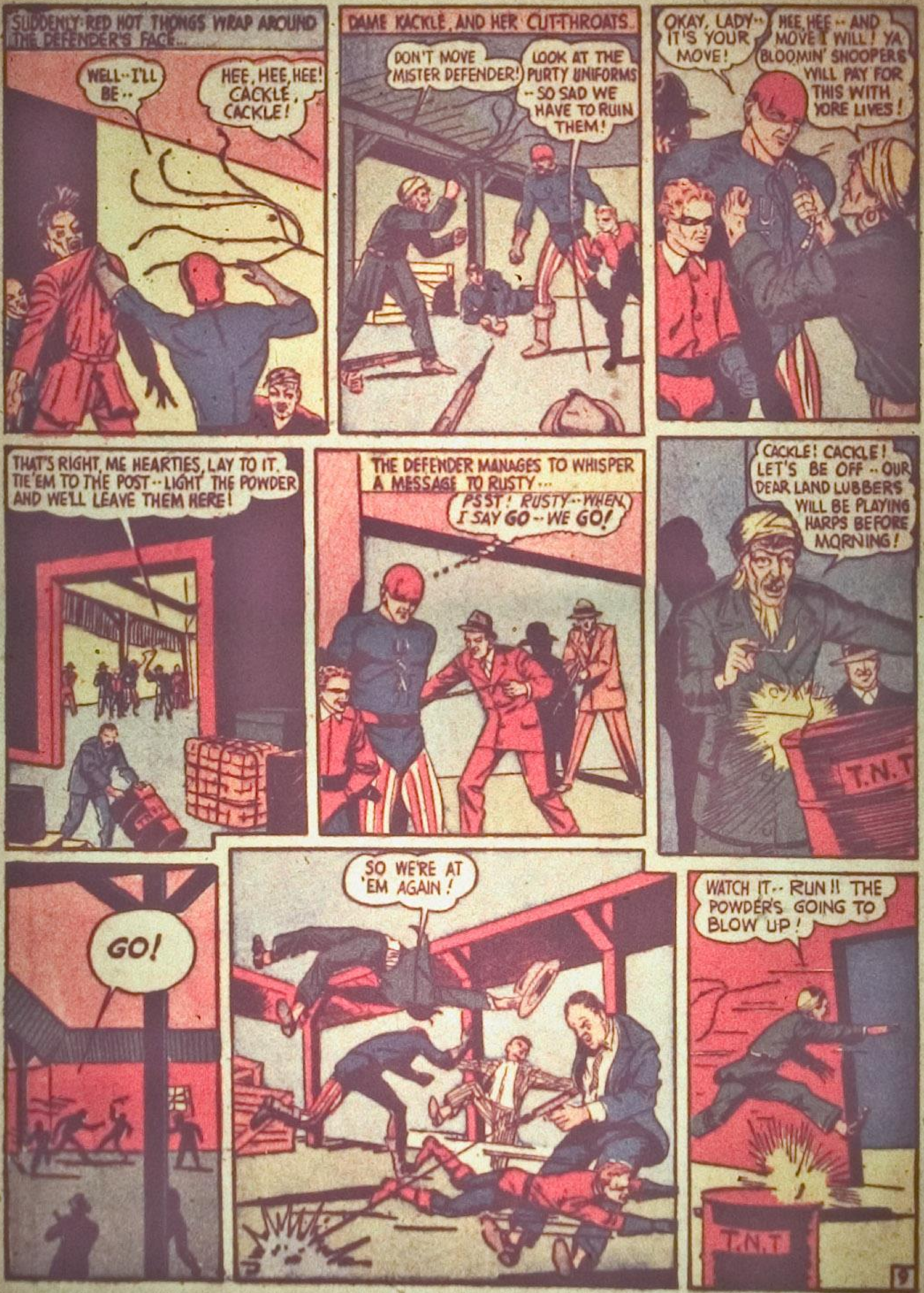

NICE RECEPTION COMMITTEE--EH, RUSTY?
YEAH- BUT A LITTLE ON THE BAD MANNERED SIDE!
I'LL GETCHA-- OOF!!!
ATTRACTED BY THE DIN AND CLAMOR, A STRANGE CREATURE HOBBLES FROM THE CABIN...
HEE, HEE, HEE! WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?-- CACKLE, CACKLE!

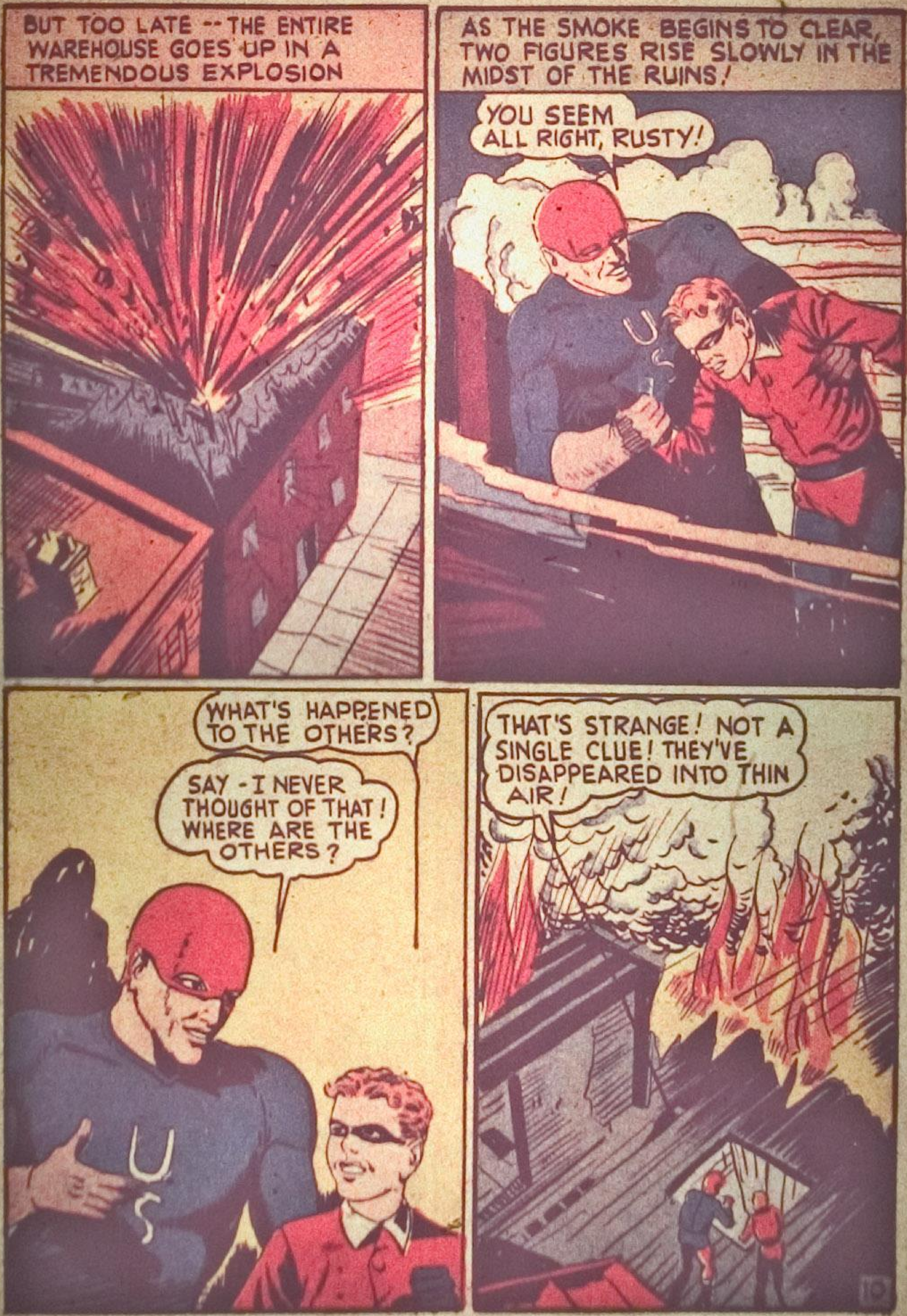

GET OFF YOU BLOOMIN' BLIGHTERS, GET OFF!
HEE, HEE, HEE! NOW WHAT'S IT ABOUT? TELL ME, WHAT'S IT ABOUT?
WELL, YOU SEE--ER--MISS--ER--
KACKLE'S, THE NAME! DAME KACKLE! AN' I'M THE FIGHTINEST CAP'N THE SEVEN SEAS EVER LOOKED AT! WHAT'S YER BIZNESS?
WE SAW--WE THOUGHT WE SAW A JAP THROWN OVERBOARD--AND HE'S DEAD!
BLOW ME DOWN, LADDIE! DEAD YER SAY? CACKLE, CACKLE! NOW, WHO'DA DID SUCH A THING?
SPEAK UP, YA BRINY SWABS! WHICH OF YA THREW A JAP OVERBOARD?
IT'S A FILTY LIE!
WE AIN'T SEEN A JAP IN FIFTY MONTHS!

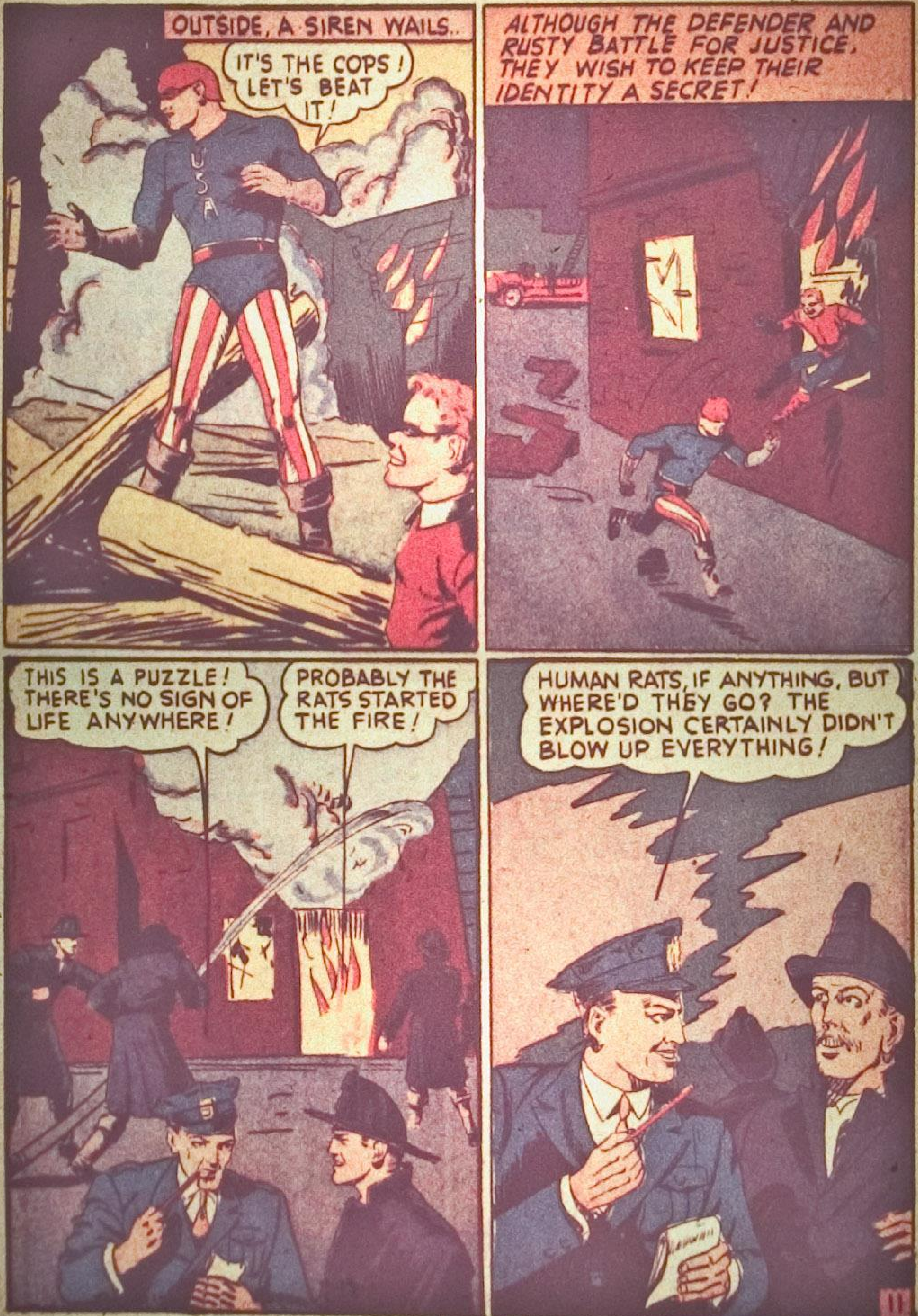

THERE'S YORE ANSWER, HANDSOME! YA CAN LEAVE MY SHIP NOW!
YEAH- GUESS WE CAN!
DON'T WORRY, YOU OLD WITCH--WE'RE NOT FINISHED HERE!
LATER:
IT'S ABOUT TIME! WHAT'S THE IDEA RUNNING OUT ON ME?
HAD A LITTLE FISHING TO DO, BUT WE DIDN'T CATCH MUCH THIS TIME!
SOMEBODY'S BEEN RUNNING HUNDREDS OF JAPS INTO THE COUNTRY...WONDER IF THAT SCHOONER HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?
NO, PROBABLY JUST A COINCIDENCE
BUT LATER THAT NIGHT--AFTER LEAVING SALLY THEY DON STRANGE COSTUMES...
COINCIDENT, IS IT? MAYBE THE DEFENDER CAN FIND THE ANSWER!
WHERE TO, DON?
FIRST, WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE DOCKS!
WOW--LOOK AT ALL THE FUNNY MEN!
NOT FUNNY--JUST SMALL AND BROWN. IN THE EAST THEY REFER TO THEM AS JAPS!
THAT'S RIGHT! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! A THOUSAND DOLLARS A HEAD!
YOU HAVE MONEY- NOW SHOW US WHERE TO GO!
NERTZ ON THAT STUFF! MY ORDERS ARE TO COLLECT--NOT PLAY NURSE MAID!
YOU NOT TALK LIKE THAT! ME NO LIKE!!

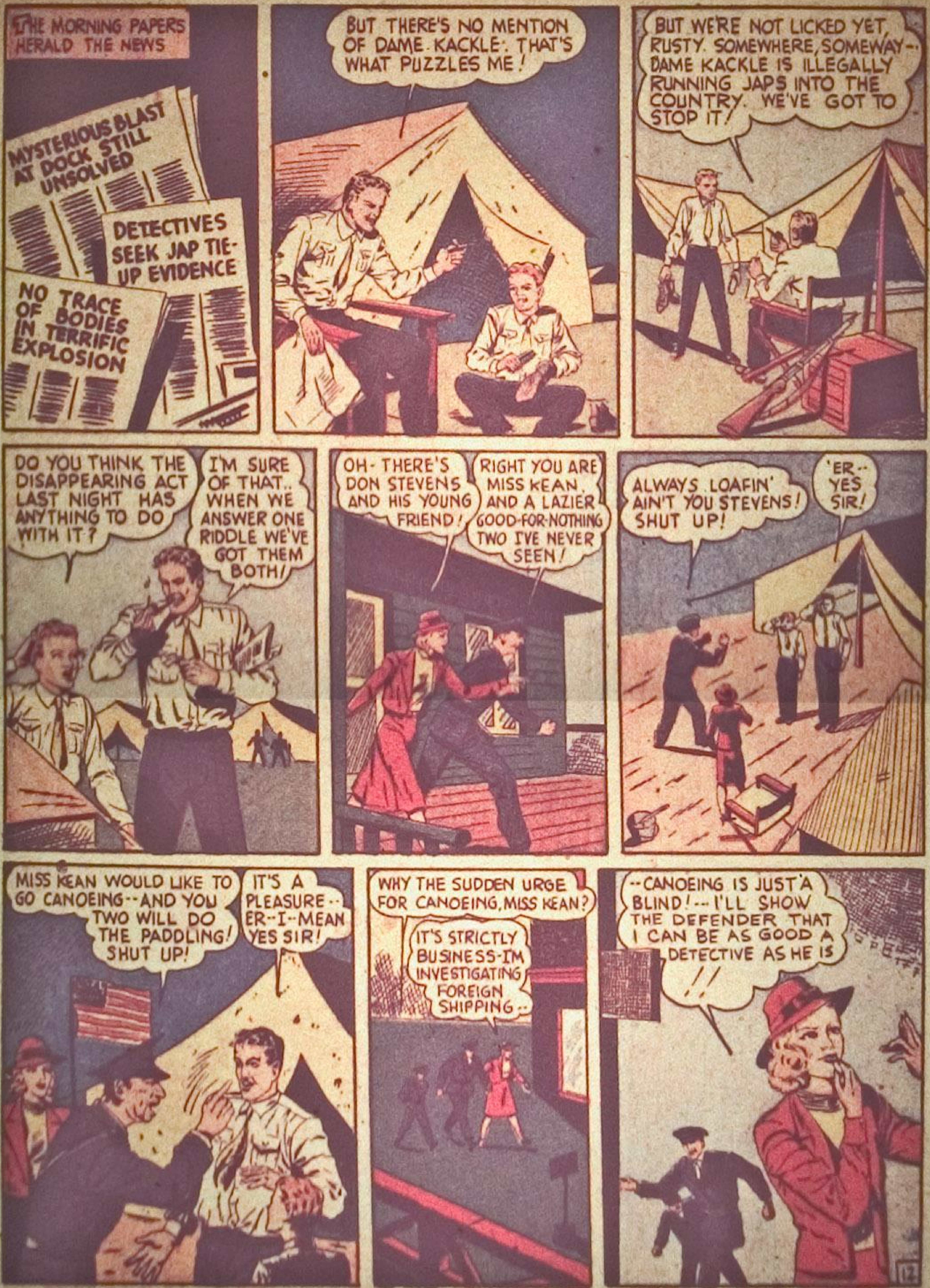

YOU NO LIKE - EH? AIN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? STOP IT!
TIME TO STEP IN AND STOP A WAR, EH, RUSTY?
SURE! AND I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR A BATTLE!
A SPLINTERING CRASH AND THE TWO STALWART FIGURES SMASH THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM!
IT'S THAT DEFENDER
HIM UP TO NO GOOD!

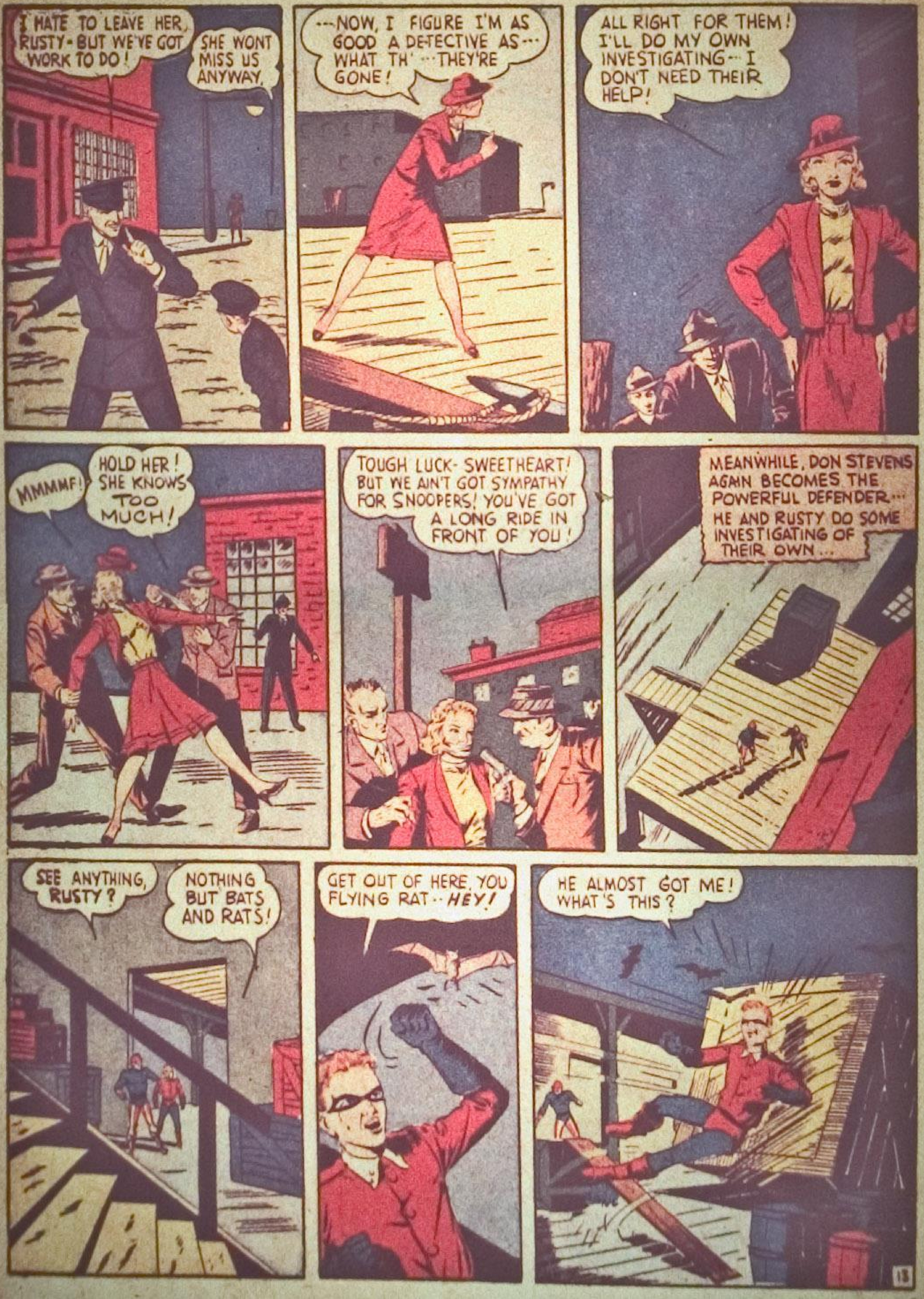

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE RIDE -- FELLOWS?
GET BACK! LET ME AT HIM!
U.S.A.
HEY!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, BIG BOY!
THAT'S HOW I TREAT TOUGHIES!
YALP
AT LAST I'VE RUN INTO SOME CROOKS MY OWN SIZE! *TAKE THAT!!*
BOP

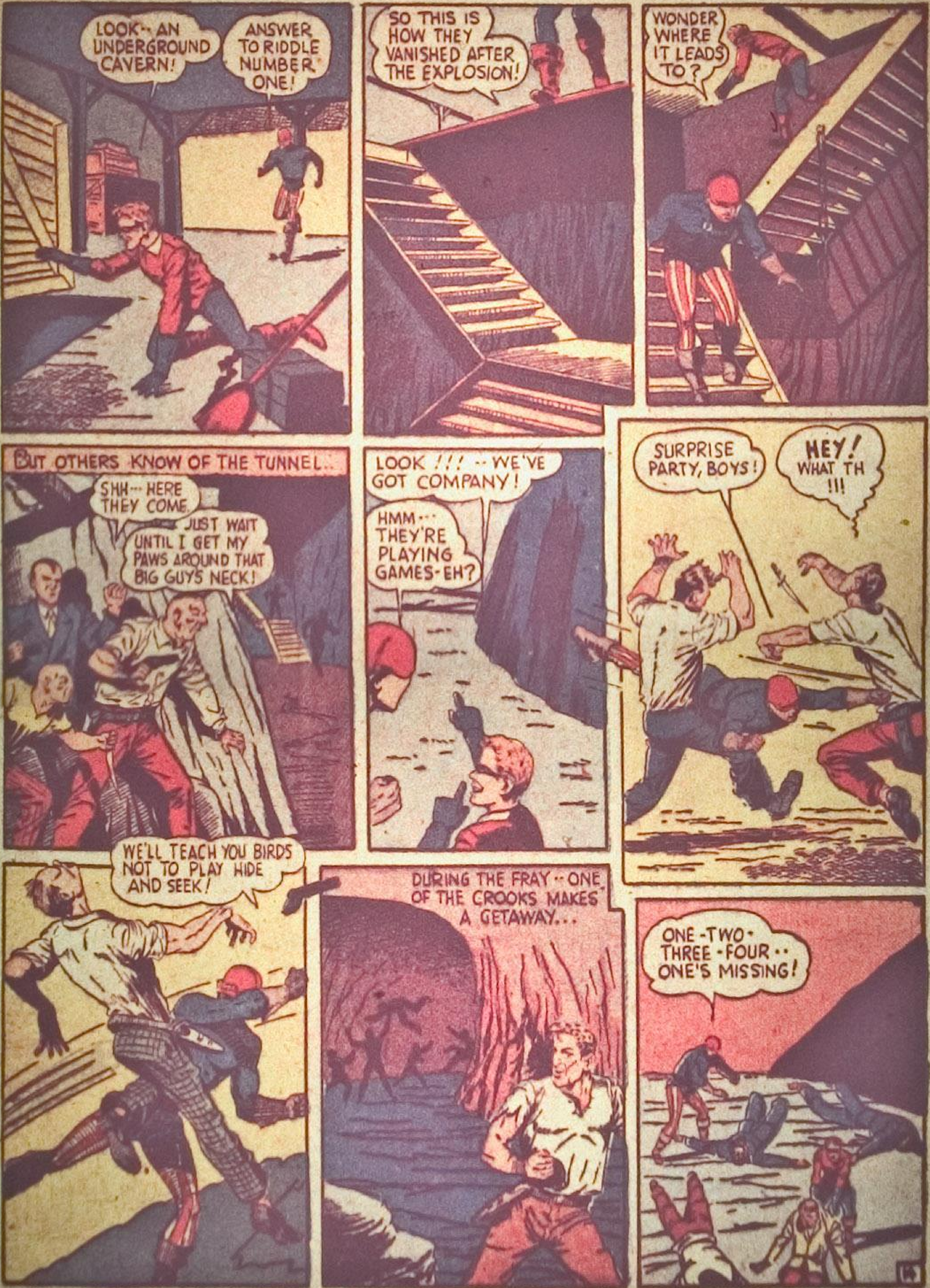

SUDDENLY: RED HOT THONGS WRAP AROUND THE DEFENDER'S FACE...
WELL -- I'LL BE --
HEE, HEE, HEE! CACKLE, CACKLE!
DAME KACKLE, AND HER CUT-THROATS...
DON'T MOVE MISTER DEFENDER!
LOOK AT THE PURTY UNIFORMS -- SO SAD WE HAVE TO RUIN THEM!
OKAY, LADY -- IT'S YOUR MOVE!
HEE, HEE -- AND MOVE I WILL! YA BLOOMIN' SNOOPERS WILL PAY FOR THIS WITH YORE LIVES!
THAT'S RIGHT, ME HEARTIES, LAY TO IT. TIE 'EM TO THE POST -- LIGHT THE POWDER AND WE'LL LEAVE THEM HERE!
THE DEFENDER MANAGES TO WHISPER A MESSAGE TO RUSTY...
PSST! RUSTY -- WHEN I SAY GO -- WE GO!
CACKLE! CACKLE! LET'S BE OFF -- OUR DEAR LAND LUBBERS WILL BE PLAYING HARPS BEFORE MORNING!
T.N.T
GO!
SO WE'RE AT 'EM AGAIN!
WATCH IT -- RUN!! THE POWDER'S GOING TO BLOW UP!
T.N.T

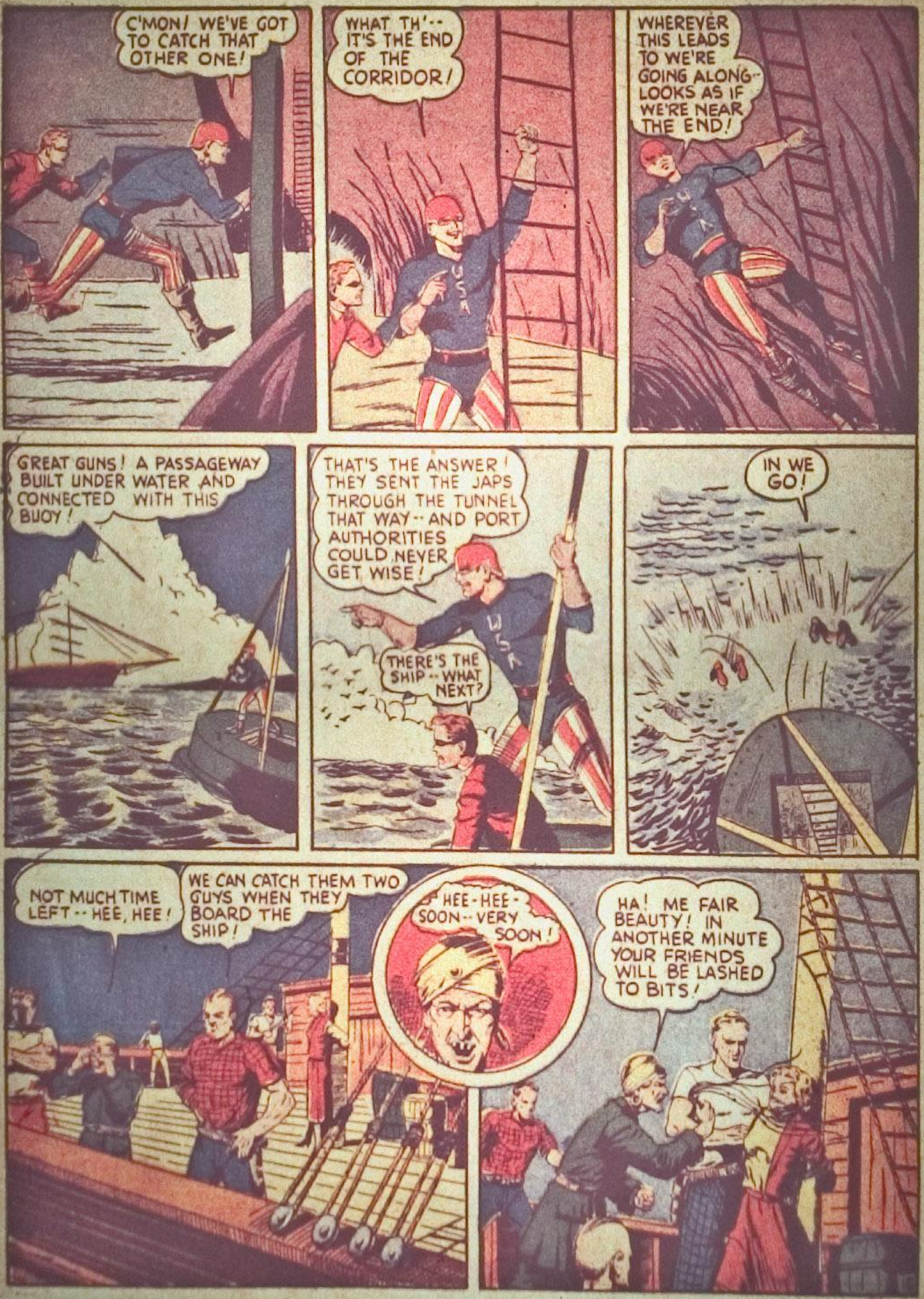

BUT TOO LATE -- THE ENTIRE WAREHOUSE GOES UP IN A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION
AS THE SMOKE BEGINS TO CLEAR, TWO FIGURES RISE SLOWLY IN THE MIDST OF THE RUINS!
YOU SEEM ALL RIGHT, RUSTY!
U S
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS?
SAY - I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
U S
THAT'S STRANGE! NOT A SINGLE CLUE! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

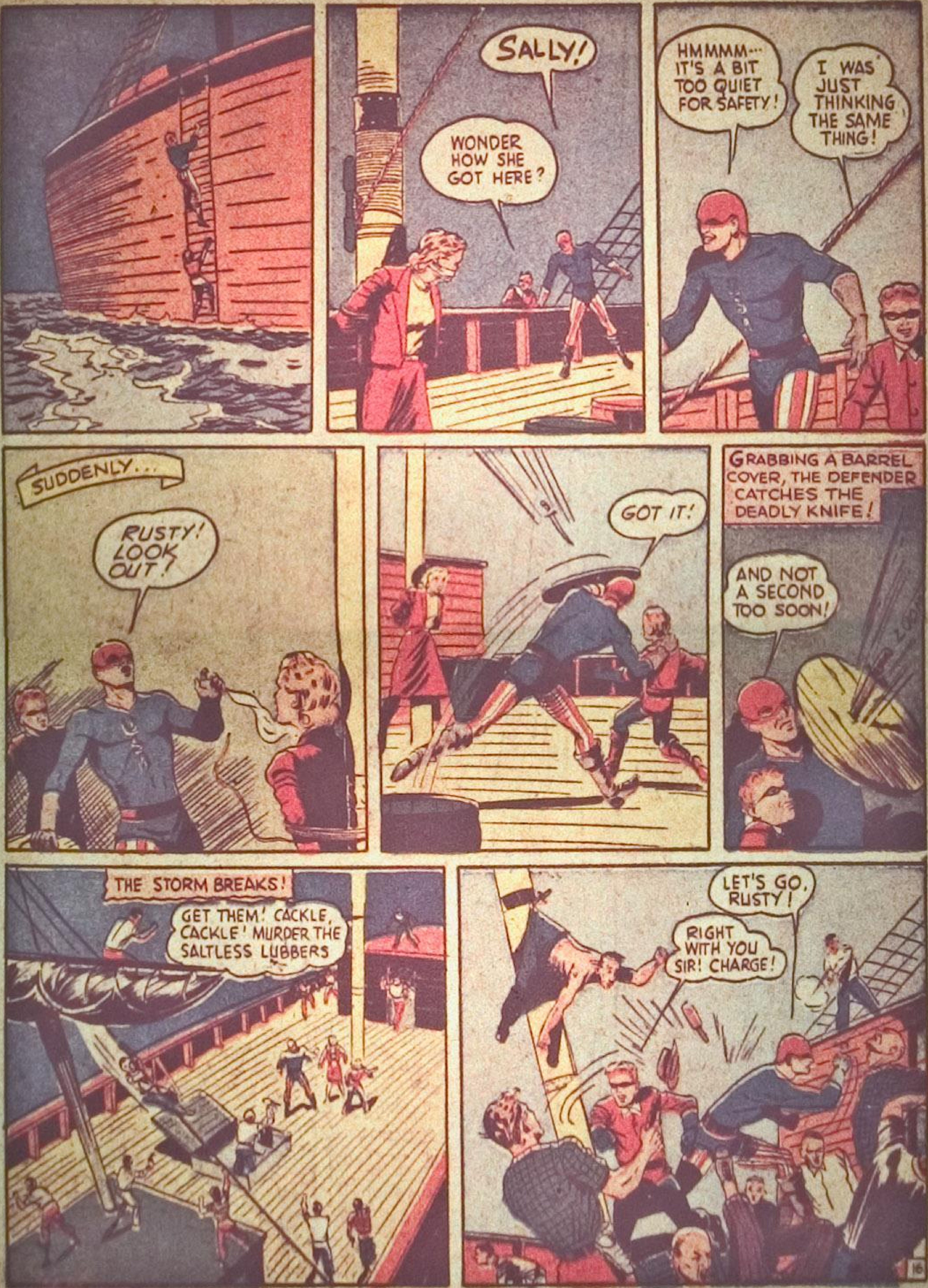

OUTSIDE, A SIREN WAILS..
IT'S THE COPS! LET'S BEAT IT!
ALTHOUGH THE DEFENDER AND RUSTY BATTLE FOR JUSTICE, THEY WISH TO KEEP THEIR IDENTITY A SECRET!
THIS IS A PUZZLE! THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE!
PROBABLY THE RATS STARTED THE FIRE!
HUMAN RATS, IF ANYTHING, BUT WHERE'D THEY GO? THE EXPLOSION CERTAINLY DIDN'T BLOW UP EVERYTHING!

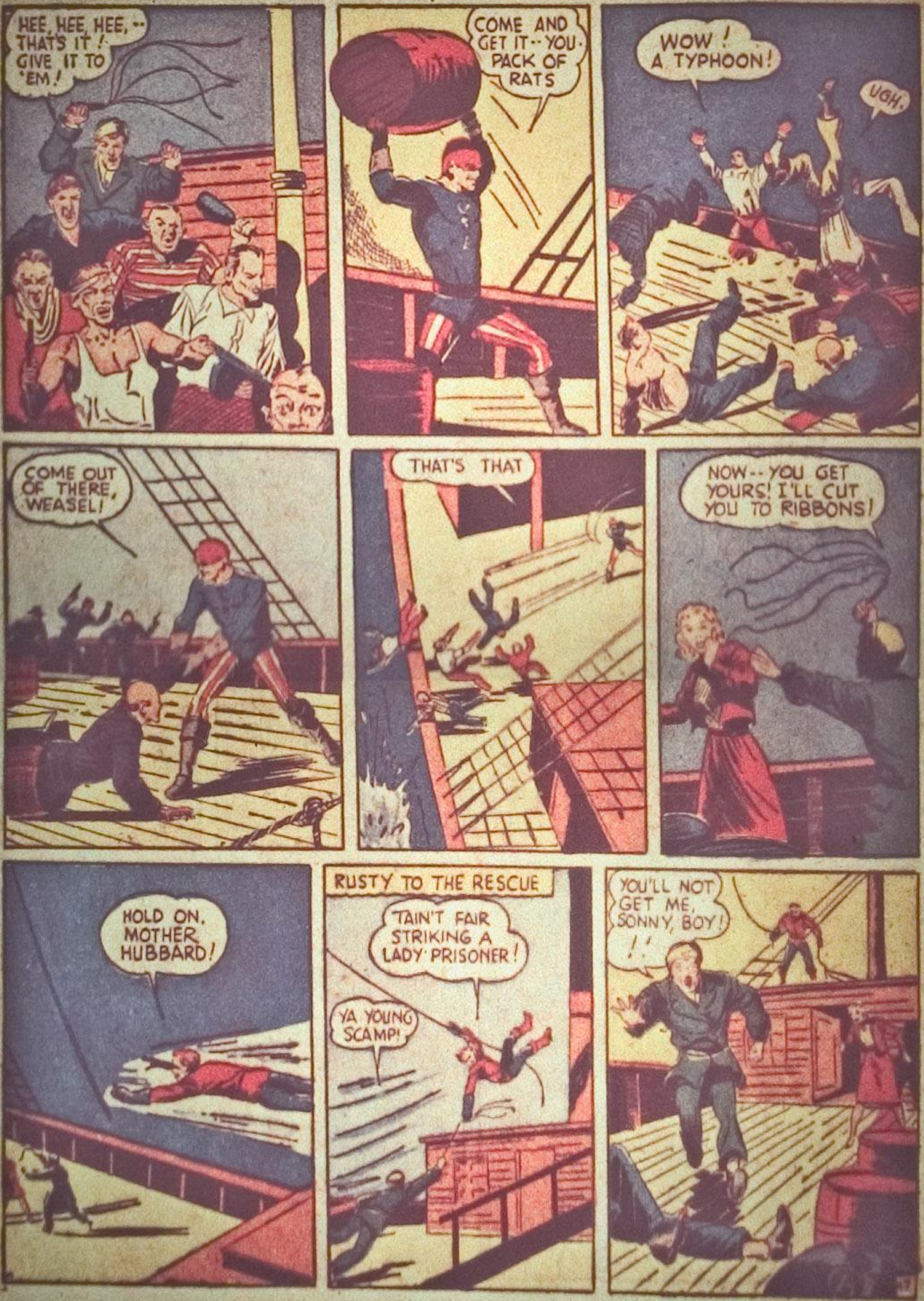

THE MORNING PAPERS HERALD THE NEWS
MYSTERIOUS BLAST AT DOCK STILL UNSOLVED
DETECTIVES SEEK JAP TIE-UP EVIDENCE
NO TRACE OF BODIES IN TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
BUT THERE'S NO MENTION OF DAME KACKLE. THAT'S WHAT PUZZLES ME!
BUT WE'RE NOT LICKED YET, RUSTY. SOMEWHERE, SOMEWAY-- DAME KACKLE IS ILLEGALLY RUNNING JAPS INTO THE COUNTRY. WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!
DO YOU THINK THE DISAPPEARING ACT LAST NIGHT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?
I'M SURE OF THAT.. WHEN WE ANSWER ONE RIDDLE WE'VE GOT THEM BOTH!
OH- THERE'S DON STEVENS AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND!
RIGHT YOU ARE MISS KEAN, AND A LAZIER GOOD-FOR-NOTHING TWO I'VE NEVER SEEN!
ALWAYS LOAFIN' AIN'T YOU STEVENS! SHUT UP!
'ER-- YES SIR!
MISS KEAN WOULD LIKE TO GO CANOEING--AND YOU TWO WILL DO THE PADDLING! SHUT UP!
IT'S A PLEASURE-- ER--I--MEAN YES SIR!
WHY THE SUDDEN URGE FOR CANOEING, MISS KEAN?
IT'S STRICTLY BUSINESS-I'M INVESTIGATING FOREIGN SHIPPING--
--CANOEING IS JUST A BLIND!--I'LL SHOW THE DEFENDER THAT I CAN BE AS GOOD A DETECTIVE AS HE IS !!

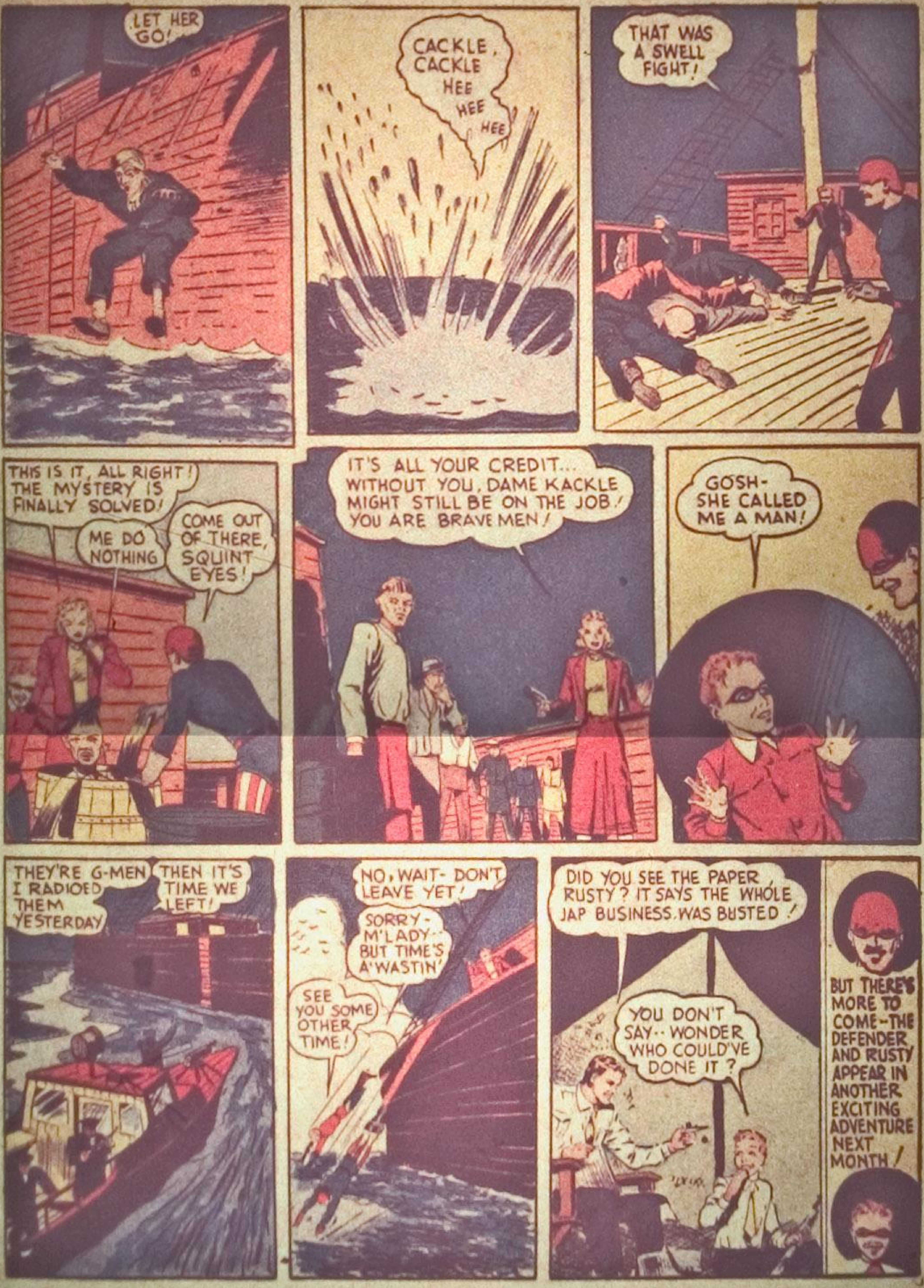

I HATE TO LEAVE HER, RUSTY - BUT WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
SHE WONT MISS US ANYWAY.
---NOW, I FIGURE I'M AS GOOD A DETECTIVE AS--- WHAT TH' ---THEY'RE GONE!
ALL RIGHT FOR THEM! I'LL DO MY OWN INVESTIGATING--- I DON'T NEED THEIR HELP!
MMMMF!
HOLD HER! SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH!
TOUGH LUCK- SWEETHEART! BUT WE AIN'T GOT SYMPATHY FOR SNOOPERS! YOU'VE GOT A LONG RIDE IN FRONT OF YOU!
MEANWHILE, DON STEVENS AGAIN BECOMES THE POWERFUL DEFENDER... HE AND RUSTY DO SOME INVESTIGATING OF THEIR OWN...
SEE ANYTHING, RUSTY?
NOTHING BUT BATS AND RATS!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU FLYING RAT-- HEY!
HE ALMOST GOT ME! WHAT'S THIS?

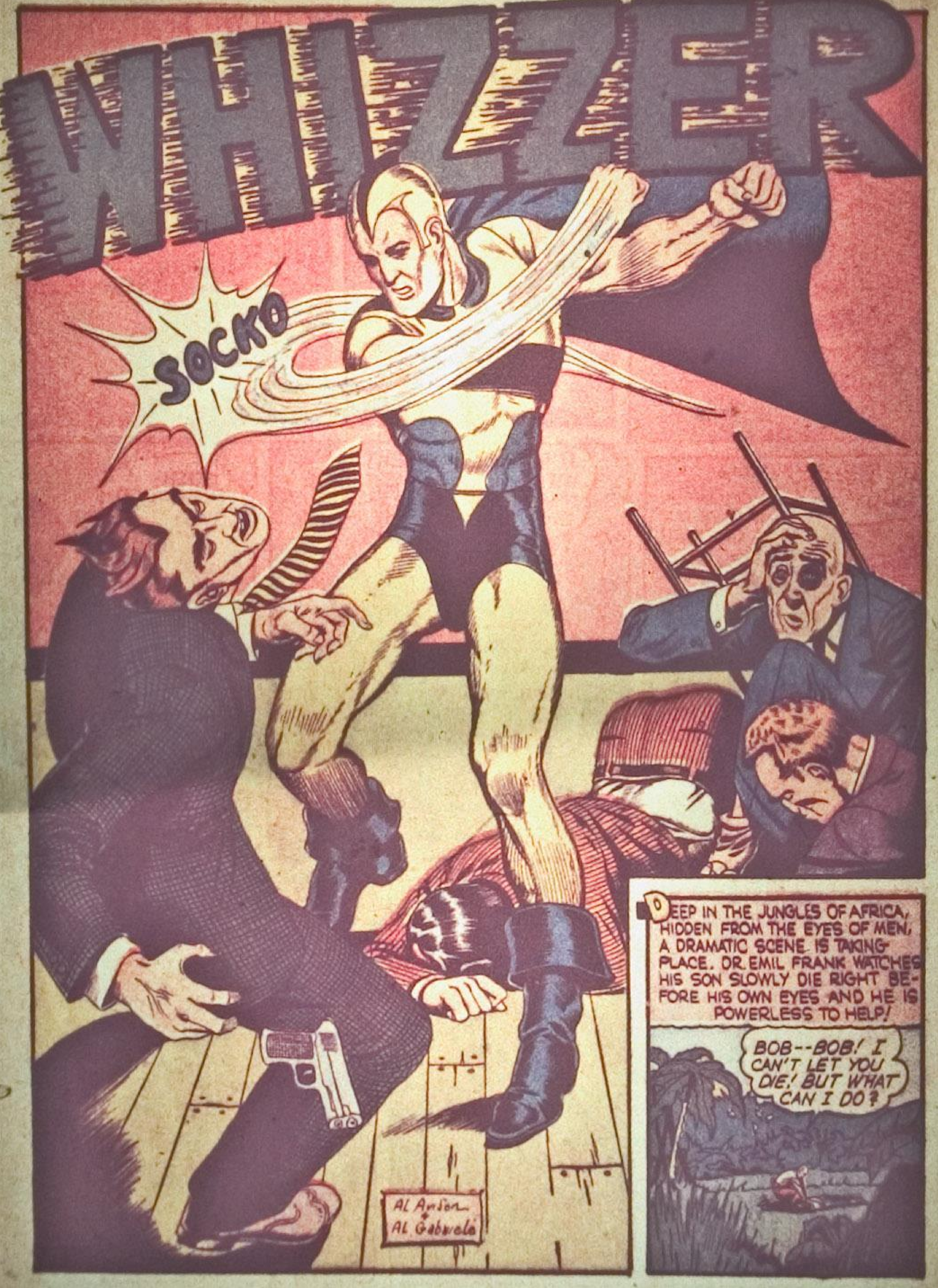

LOOK-- AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN!
ANSWER TO RIDDLE NUMBER ONE!
SO THIS IS HOW THEY VANISHED AFTER THE EXPLOSION!
WONDER WHERE IT LEADS TO?
BUT OTHERS KNOW OF THE TUNNEL..
SHH--- HERE THEY COME.
JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET MY PAWS AROUND THAT BIG GUY'S NECK!
LOOK !!! -- WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
HMM--- THEY'RE PLAYING GAMES-EH?
SURPRISE PARTY, BOYS!
HEY! WHAT TH !!!
WE'LL TEACH YOU BIRDS NOT TO PLAY HIDE AND SEEK!
DURING THE FRAY -- ONE OF THE CROOKS MAKES A GETAWAY...
ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-- ONE'S MISSING!

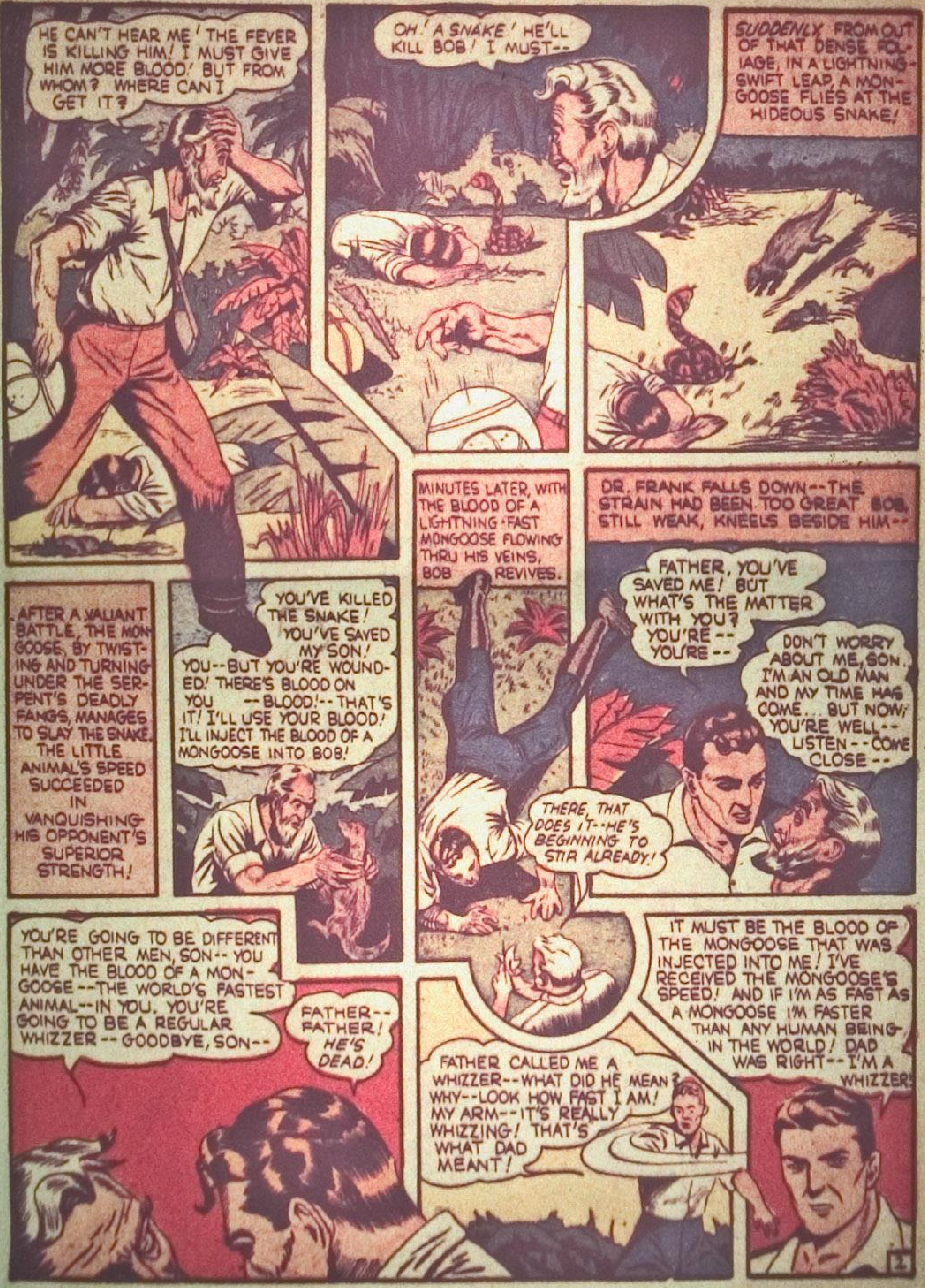

C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT OTHER ONE!
WHAT TH'-- IT'S THE END OF THE CORRIDOR!
WHEREVER THIS LEADS TO WE'RE GOING ALONG-- LOOKS AS IF WE'RE NEAR THE END!
GREAT GUNS! A PASSAGEWAY BUILT UNDER WATER AND CONNECTED WITH THIS BUOY!
THAT'S THE ANSWER! THEY SENT THE JAPS THROUGH THE TUNNEL THAT WAY-- AND PORT AUTHORITIES COULD NEVER GET WISE!
THERE'S THE SHIP-- WHAT NEXT?
IN WE GO!
NOT MUCH TIME LEFT-- HEE, HEE!
WE CAN CATCH THEM TWO GUYS WHEN THEY BOARD THE SHIP!
HEE-HEE- SOON-- VERY SOON!
HA! ME FAIR BEAUTY! IN ANOTHER MINUTE YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE LASHED TO BITS!

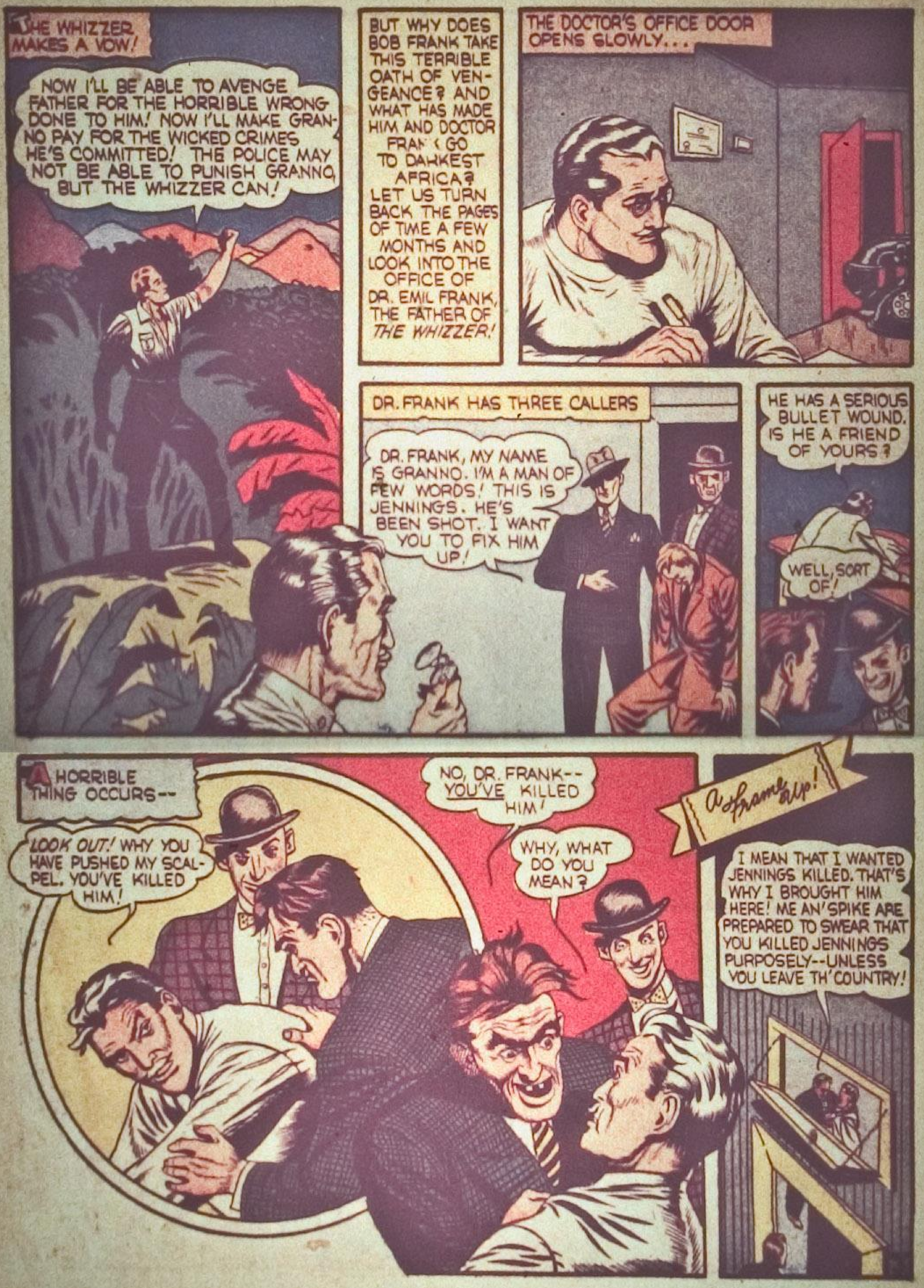

SALLY!
WONDER HOW SHE GOT HERE?
HMMMM... IT'S A BIT TOO QUIET FOR SAFETY!
I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING!
SUDDENLY...
RUSTY! LOOK OUT!
GOT IT!
GRABBING A BARREL COVER, THE DEFENDER CATCHES THE DEADLY KNIFE!
AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
THE STORM BREAKS!
GET THEM! CACKLE, CACKLE! MURDER THE SALTLESS LUBBERS
LET'S GO, RUSTY!
RIGHT WITH YOU SIR! CHARGE!

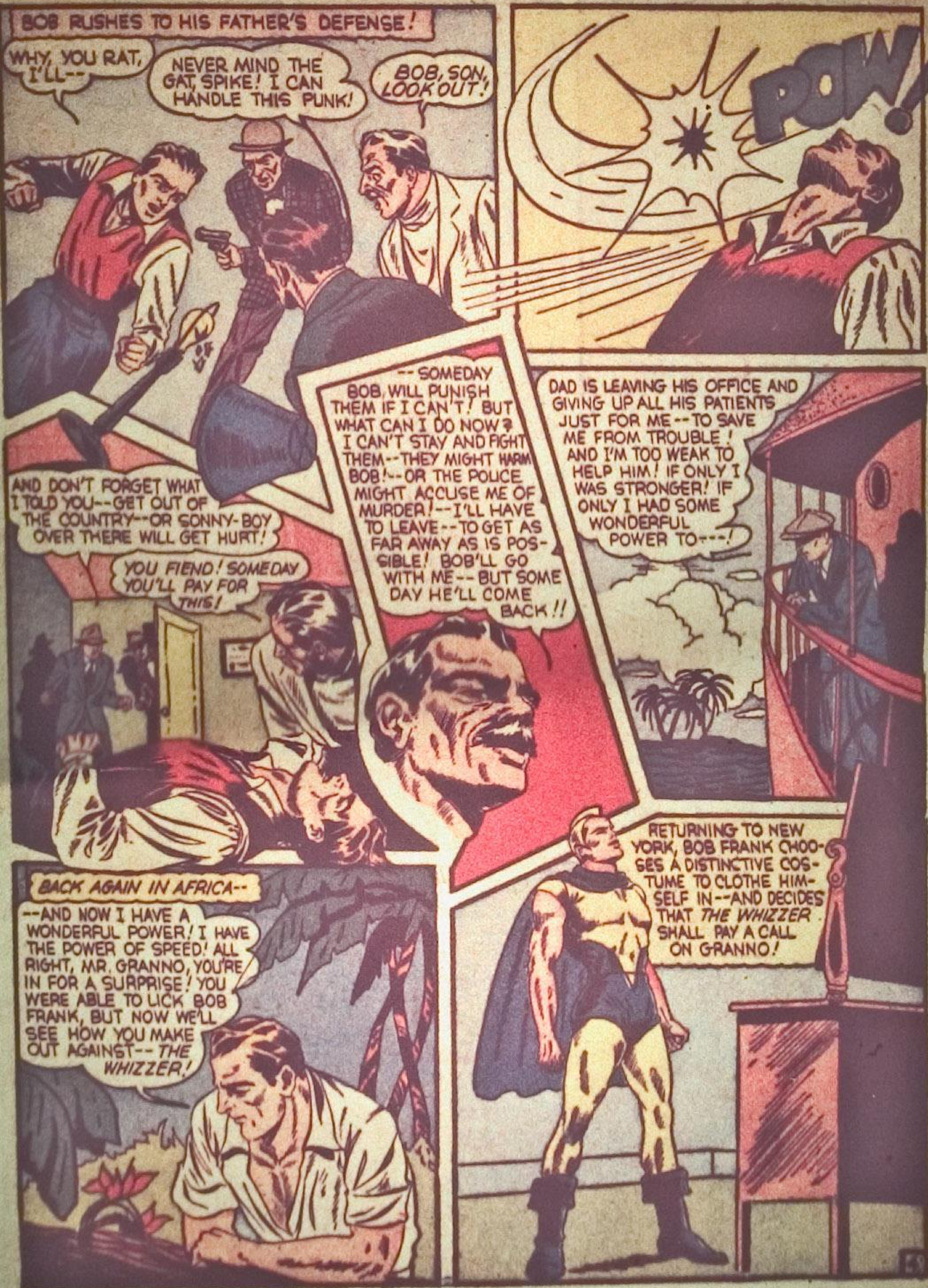

HEE, HEE, HEE, -- THAT'S IT! GIVE IT TO 'EM!
COME AND GET IT -- YOU PACK OF RATS
WOW! A TYPHOON!
UGH.
COME OUT OF THERE, WEASEL!
THAT'S THAT
NOW -- YOU GET YOURS! I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS!
HOLD ON. MOTHER HUBBARD!
RUSTY TO THE RESCUE
TAIN'T FAIR STRIKING A LADY PRISONER!
YA YOUNG SCAMP!
YOU'LL NOT GET ME, SONNY, BOY!
!!

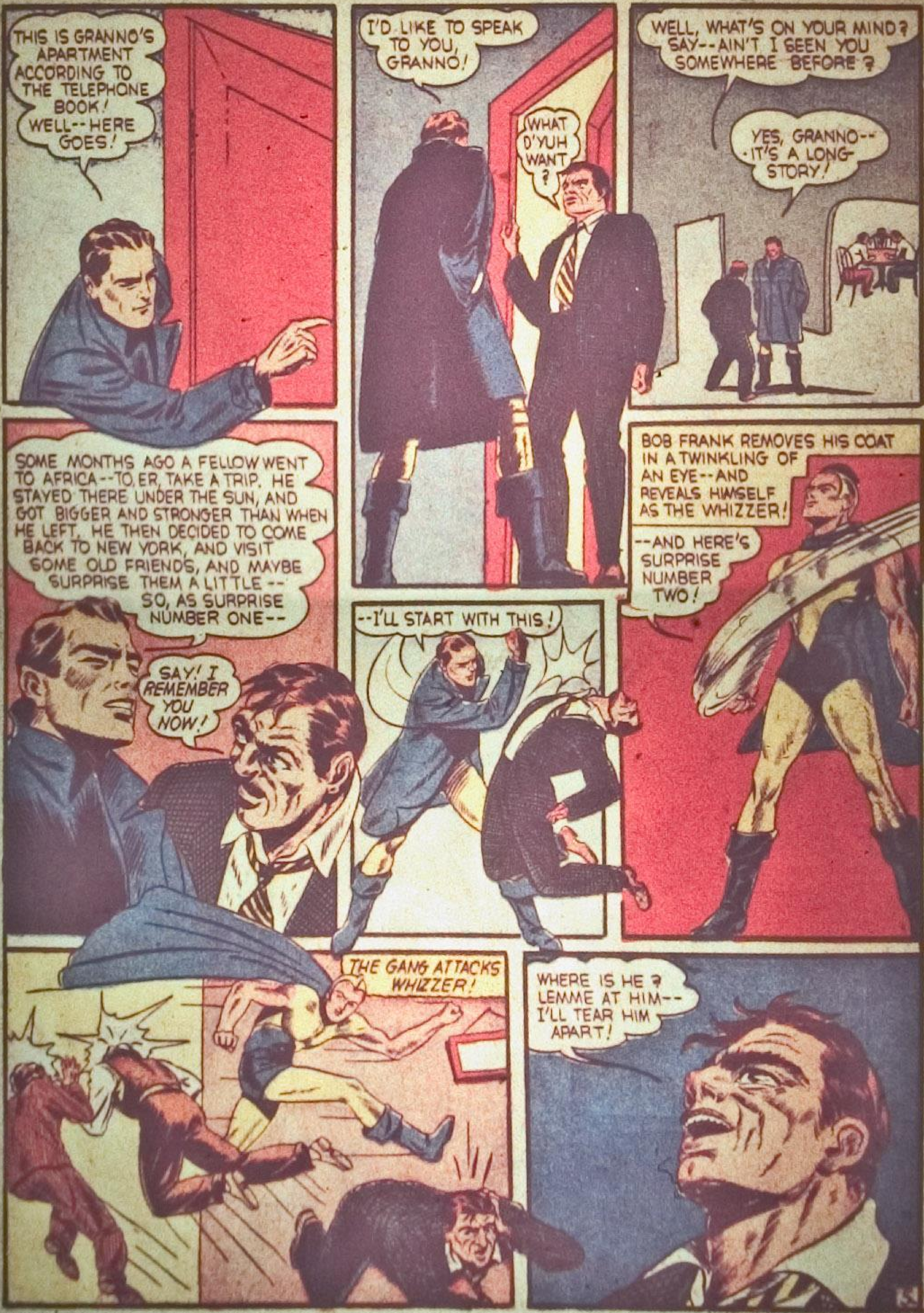

LET HER GO!
CACKLE, CACKLE HEE HEE HEE
THAT WAS A SWELL FIGHT!
THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! THE MYSTERY IS FINALLY SOLVED!
ME DO NOTHING
COME OUT OF THERE, SQUINT EYES!
IT'S ALL YOUR CREDIT... WITHOUT YOU, DAME KACKLE MIGHT STILL BE ON THE JOB! YOU ARE BRAVE MEN!
GOSH- SHE CALLED ME A MAN!
THEY'RE G-MEN I RADIOED THEM YESTERDAY
THEN IT'S TIME WE LEFT!
NO, WAIT- DON'T LEAVE YET!
SORRY- M'LADY.. BUT TIME'S A'WASTIN'
SEE YOU SOME OTHER TIME!
DID YOU SEE THE PAPER RUSTY? IT SAYS THE WHOLE JAP BUSINESS WAS BUSTED!
YOU DON'T SAY.. WONDER WHO COULD'VE DONE IT?
BUT THERE'S MORE TO COME—THE DEFENDER AND RUSTY APPEAR IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!

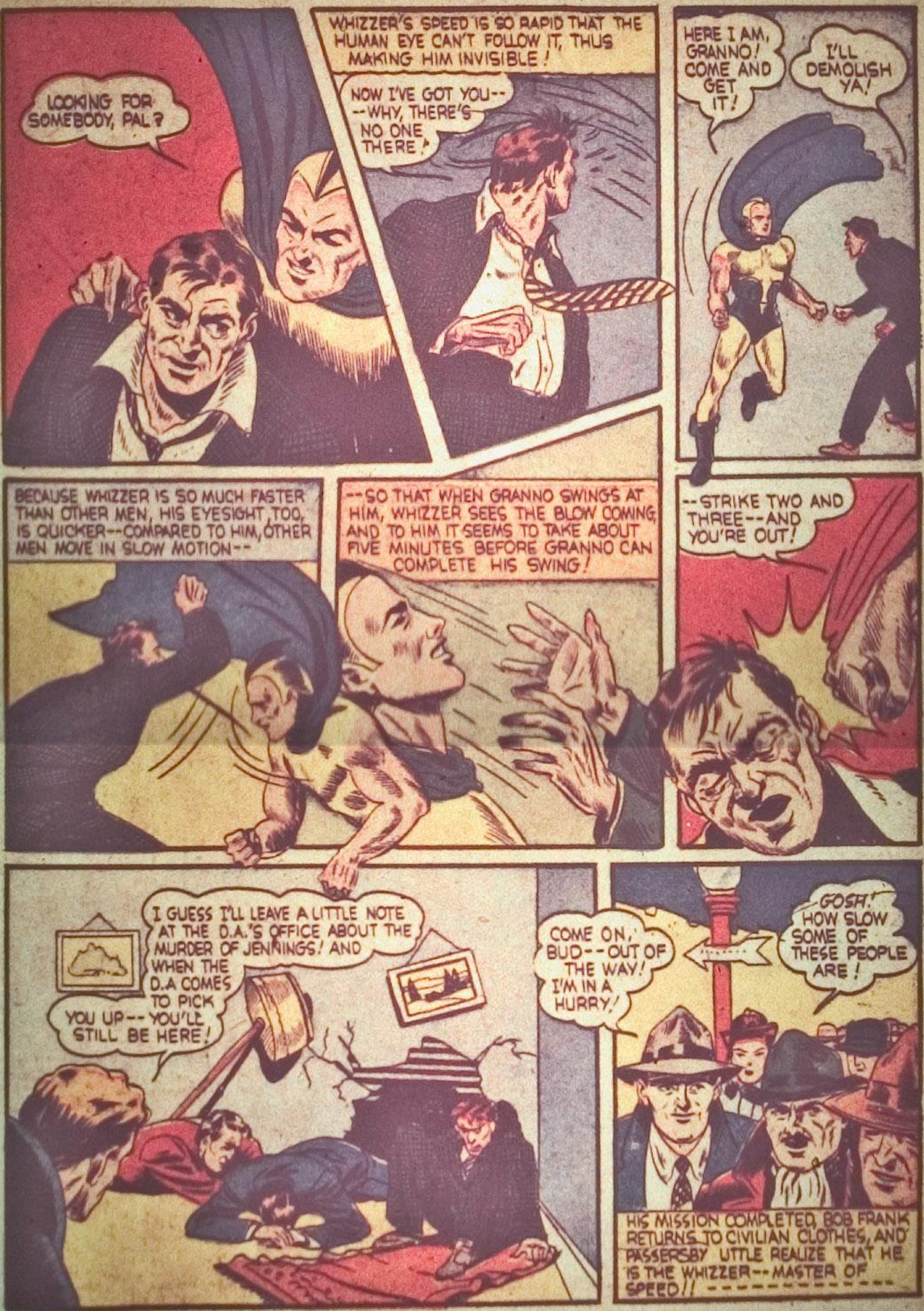

WHIZZER
SOCKO
DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA, HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF MEN, A DRAMATIC SCENE IS TAKING PLACE. DR. EMIL FRANK WATCHES HIS SON SLOWLY DIE RIGHT BEFORE HIS OWN EYES AND HE IS POWERLESS TO HELP!
BOB--BOB! I CAN'T LET YOU DIE! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
AL Anson & AL Gabriele

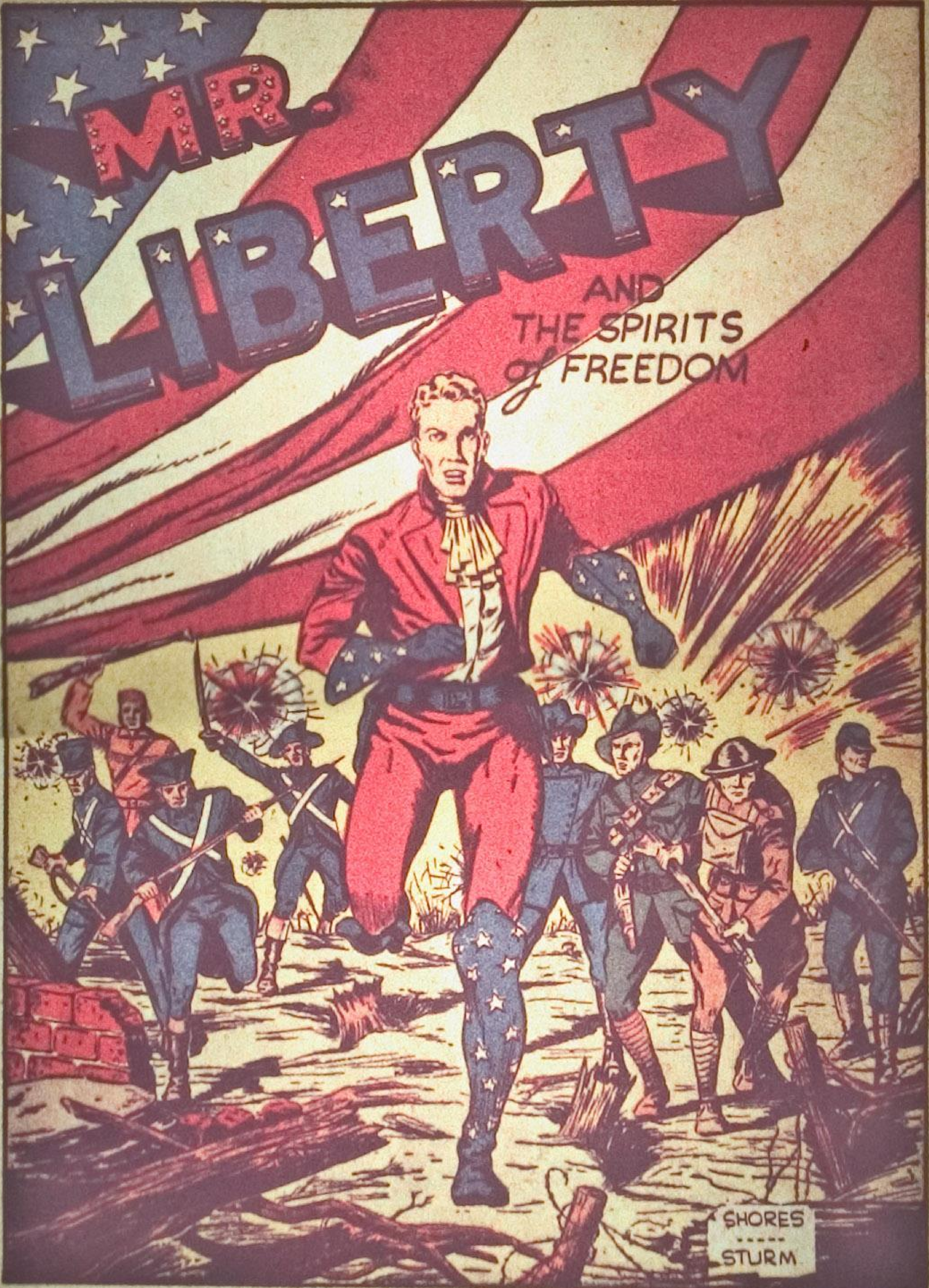

HE CAN'T HEAR ME! THE FEVER IS KILLING HIM! I MUST GIVE HIM MORE BLOOD! BUT FROM WHOM? WHERE CAN I GET IT?
OH! A SNAKE! HE'LL KILL BOB! I MUST--
SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THAT DENSE FOLIAGE, IN A LIGHTNING-SWIFT LEAP, A MONGOOSE FLIES AT THE HIDEOUS SNAKE!
AFTER A VALIANT BATTLE, THE MONGOOSE, BY TWISTING AND TURNING UNDER THE SERPENT'S DEADLY FANGS, MANAGES TO SLAY THE SNAKE. THE LITTLE ANIMAL'S SPEED SUCCEEDED IN VANQUISHING HIS OPPONENT'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH!
YOU'VE KILLED THE SNAKE! YOU'VE SAVED MY SON! YOU--BUT YOU'RE WOUNDED! THERE'S BLOOD ON YOU --BLOOD!--THAT'S IT! I'LL USE YOUR BLOOD! I'LL INJECT THE BLOOD OF A MONGOOSE INTO BOB!
MINUTES LATER, WITH THE BLOOD OF A LIGHTNING-FAST MONGOOSE FLOWING THRU HIS VEINS, BOB REVIVES.
THERE, THAT DOES IT--HE'S BEGINNING TO STIR ALREADY!
DR. FRANK FALLS DOWN--THE STRAIN HAD BEEN TOO GREAT. BOB, STILL WEAK, KNEELS BESIDE HIM--
FATHER, YOU'VE SAVED ME! BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'RE--YOU'RE--
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SON. I'M AN OLD MAN AND MY TIME HAS COME... BUT NOW, YOU'RE WELL--LISTEN--COME CLOSE--
YOU'RE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT THAN OTHER MEN, SON--YOU HAVE THE BLOOD OF A MONGOOSE--THE WORLD'S FASTEST ANIMAL--IN YOU. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A REGULAR WHIZZER--GOODBYE, SON--
FATHER--FATHER! HE'S DEAD!
FATHER CALLED ME A WHIZZER--WHAT DID HE MEAN? WHY--LOOK HOW FAST I AM! MY ARM--IT'S REALLY WHIZZING! THAT'S WHAT DAD MEANT!
IT MUST BE THE BLOOD OF THE MONGOOSE THAT WAS INJECTED INTO ME! I'VE RECEIVED THE MONGOOSE'S SPEED! AND IF I'M AS FAST AS A MONGOOSE I'M FASTER THAN ANY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD! DAD WAS RIGHT--I'M A WHIZZER!

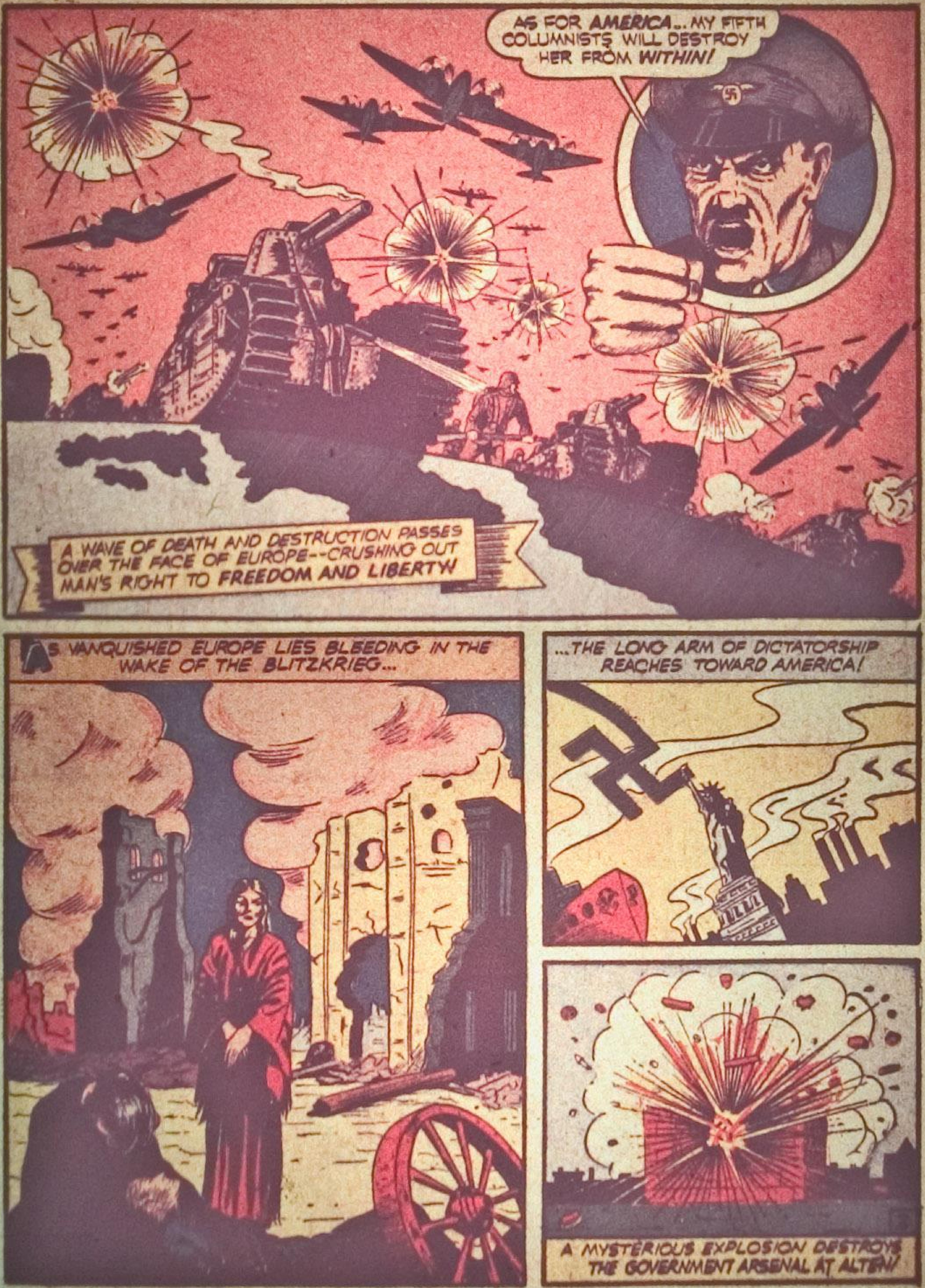

THE WHIZZER MAKES A VOW!
NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO AVENGE FATHER FOR THE HORRIBLE WRONG DONE TO HIM! NOW I'LL MAKE GRANNO PAY FOR THE WICKED CRIMES HE'S COMMITTED! THE POLICE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PUNISH GRANNO, BUT THE WHIZZER CAN!
BUT WHY DOES BOB FRANK TAKE THIS TERRIBLE OATH OF VENGEANCE? AND WHAT HAS MADE HIM AND DOCTOR FRANK GO TO DARKEST AFRICA? LET US TURN BACK THE PAGES OF TIME A FEW MONTHS AND LOOK INTO THE OFFICE OF DR. EMIL FRANK, THE FATHER OF *THE WHIZZER!*
THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY...
DR. FRANK HAS THREE CALLERS
DR. FRANK, MY NAME IS GRANNO. I'M A MAN OF FEW WORDS! THIS IS JENNINGS. HE'S BEEN SHOT. I WANT YOU TO FIX HIM UP!
HE HAS A SERIOUS BULLET WOUND. IS HE A FRIEND OF YOURS?
WELL, SORT OF!
A HORRIBLE THING OCCURS--
LOOK OUT! WHY YOU HAVE PUSHED MY SCALPEL. YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
NO, DR. FRANK-- YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
a Frame Up!
I MEAN THAT I WANTED JENNINGS KILLED. THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT HIM HERE! ME AN' SPIKE ARE PREPARED TO SWEAR THAT YOU KILLED JENNINGS PURPOSELY--UNLESS YOU LEAVE TH' COUNTRY!

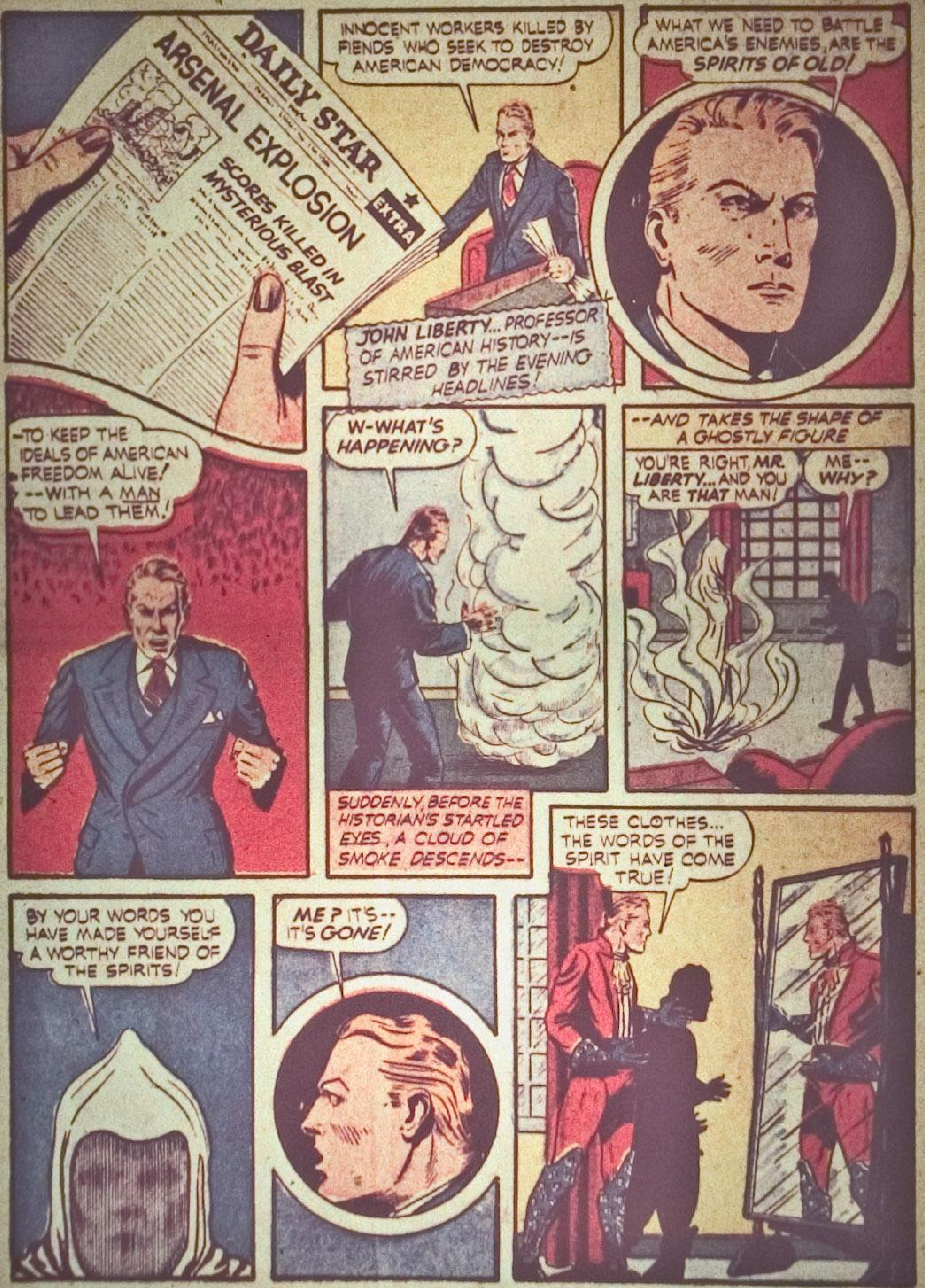

BOB RUSHES TO HIS FATHER'S DEFENSE!
WHY, YOU RAT, I'LL--
NEVER MIND THE GAT, SPIKE! I CAN HANDLE THIS PUNK!
BOB, SON, LOOK OUT!
POW!
AND DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU--GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY--OR SONNY-BOY OVER THERE WILL GET HURT!
YOU FIEND! SOMEDAY YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
--SOMEDAY BOB WILL PUNISH THEM IF I CAN'T! BUT WHAT CAN I DO NOW? I CAN'T STAY AND FIGHT THEM--THEY MIGHT HARM BOB!--OR THE POLICE MIGHT ACCUSE ME OF MURDER!--I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE--TO GET AS FAR AWAY AS IS POSSIBLE! BOB'LL GO WITH ME--BUT SOME DAY HE'LL COME BACK!!
DAD IS LEAVING HIS OFFICE AND GIVING UP ALL HIS PATIENTS JUST FOR ME--TO SAVE ME FROM TROUBLE! AND I'M TOO WEAK TO HELP HIM! IF ONLY I WAS STRONGER! IF ONLY I HAD SOME WONDERFUL POWER TO---!
BACK AGAIN IN AFRICA--
--AND NOW I HAVE A WONDERFUL POWER! I HAVE THE POWER OF SPEED! ALL RIGHT, MR. GRANNO, YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE! YOU WERE ABLE TO LICK BOB FRANK, BUT NOW WE'LL SEE HOW YOU MAKE OUT AGAINST-- THE WHIZZER!
RETURNING TO NEW YORK, BOB FRANK CHOOSES A DISTINCTIVE COSTUME TO CLOTHE HIMSELF IN--AND DECIDES THAT THE WHIZZER SHALL PAY A CALL ON GRANNO!

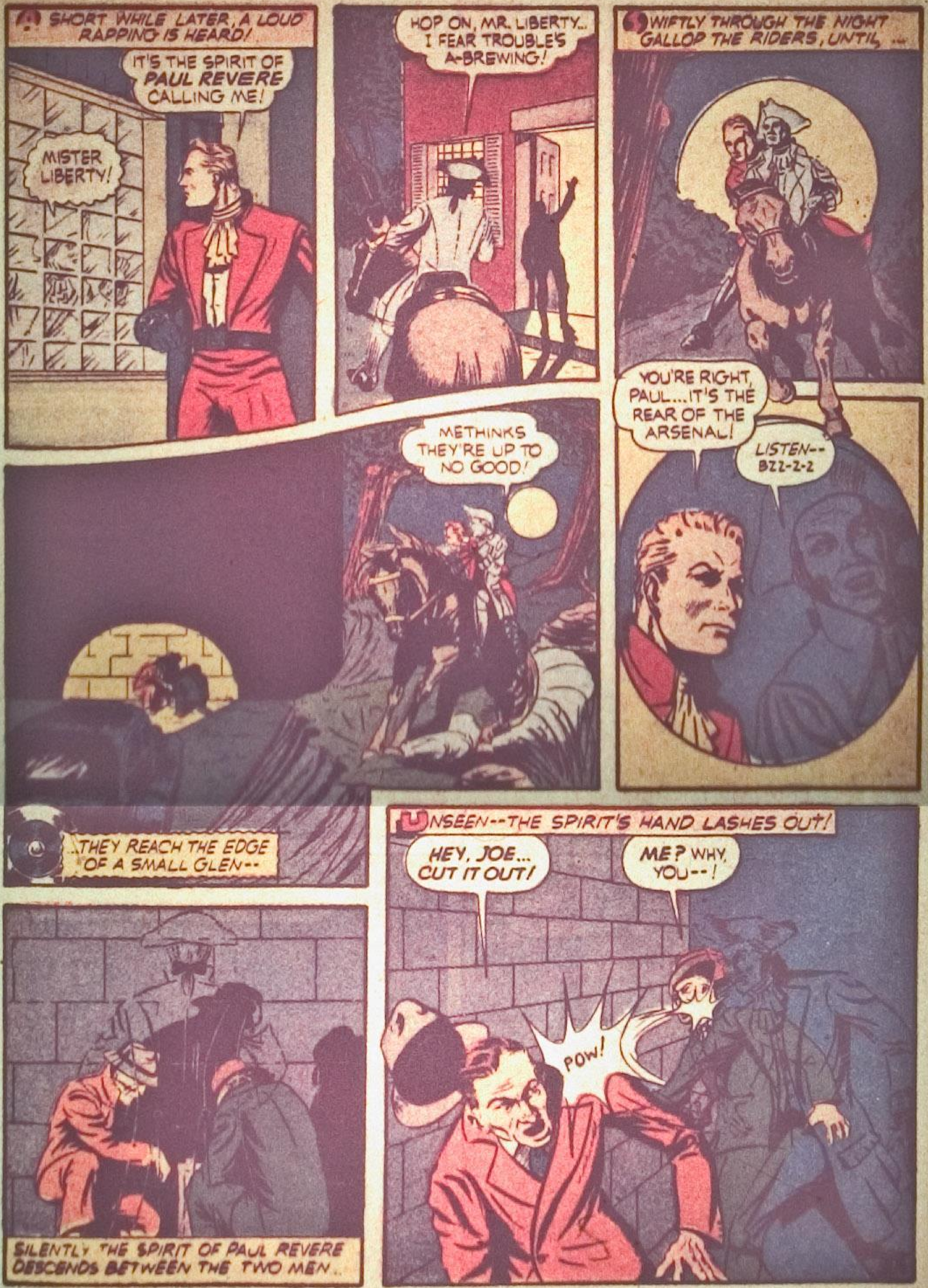

THIS IS GRANNO'S APARTMENT ACCORDING TO THE TELEPHONE BOOK! WELL--HERE GOES!
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU, GRANNO!
WHAT D'YUH WANT?
WELL, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? SAY--AIN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?
YES, GRANNO--IT'S A LONG STORY!
SOME MONTHS AGO A FELLOW WENT TO AFRICA--TO, ER, TAKE A TRIP. HE STAYED THERE UNDER THE SUN, AND GOT BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN WHEN HE LEFT. HE THEN DECIDED TO COME BACK TO NEW YORK, AND VISIT SOME OLD FRIENDS, AND MAYBE SURPRISE THEM A LITTLE--SO, AS SURPRISE NUMBER ONE--
SAY! I REMEMBER YOU NOW!
--I'LL START WITH THIS!
BOB FRANK REMOVES HIS COAT IN A TWINKLING OF AN EYE--AND REVEALS HIMSELF AS THE WHIZZER!
--AND HERE'S SURPRISE NUMBER TWO!
THE GANG ATTACKS WHIZZER!
WHERE IS HE? LEMME AT HIM--I'LL TEAR HIM APART!

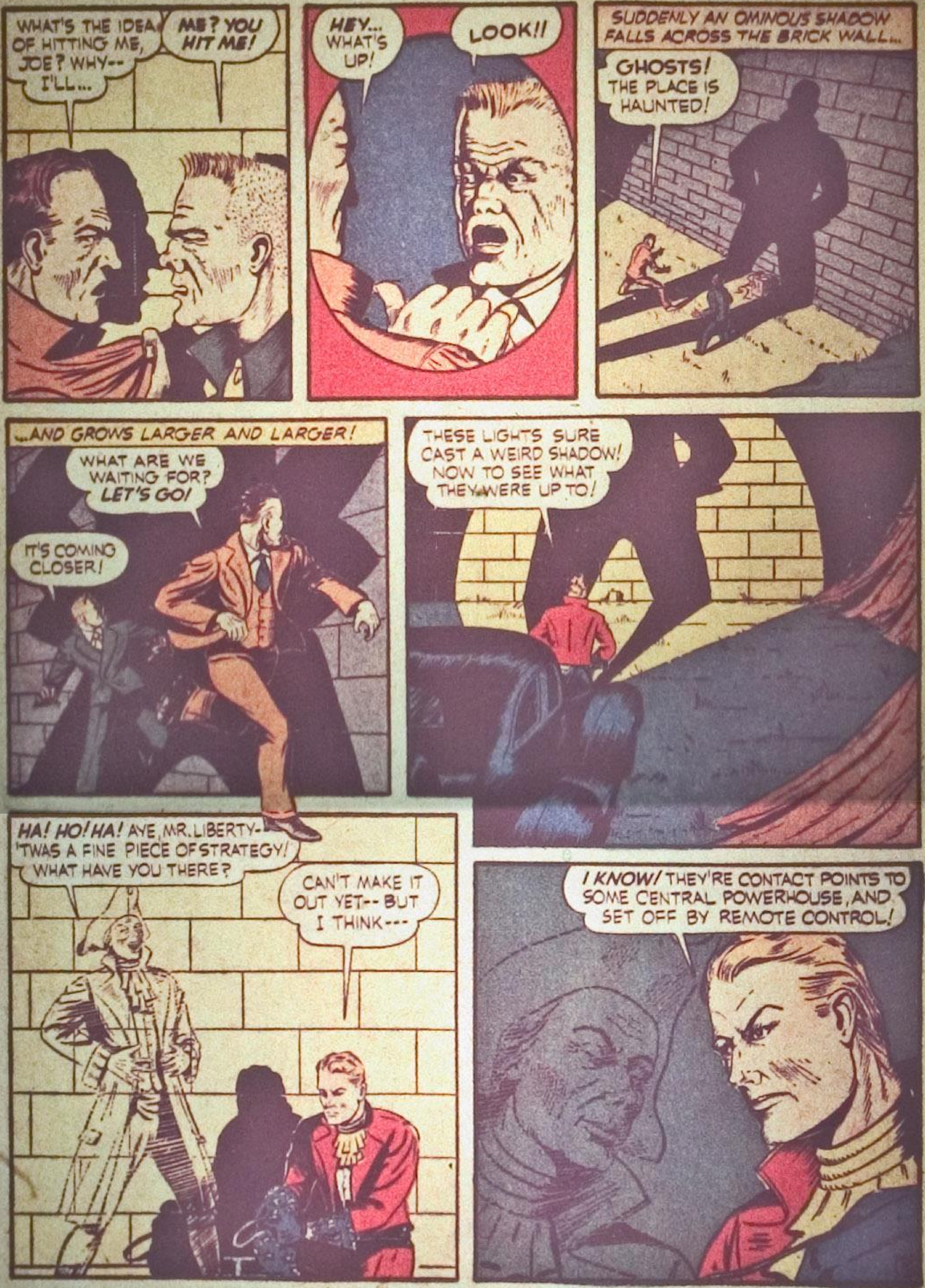

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, PAL?
WHIZZER'S SPEED IS SO RAPID THAT THE HUMAN EYE CAN'T FOLLOW IT, THUS MAKING HIM INVISIBLE!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU-- --WHY, THERE'S NO ONE THERE!
HERE I AM, GRANNO! COME AND GET IT!
I'LL DEMOLISH YA!
BECAUSE WHIZZER IS SO MUCH FASTER THAN OTHER MEN, HIS EYESIGHT, TOO, IS QUICKER--COMPARED TO HIM, OTHER MEN MOVE IN SLOW MOTION--
--SO THAT WHEN GRANNO SWINGS AT HIM, WHIZZER SEES THE BLOW COMING AND TO HIM IT SEEMS TO TAKE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE GRANNO CAN COMPLETE HIS SWING!
--STRIKE TWO AND THREE--AND YOU'RE OUT!
I GUESS I'LL LEAVE A LITTLE NOTE AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE ABOUT THE MURDER OF JENNINGS! AND WHEN THE D.A COMES TO PICK YOU UP--YOU'LL STILL BE HERE!
GOSH! HOW SLOW SOME OF THESE PEOPLE ARE!
COME ON, BUD--OUT OF THE WAY! I'M IN A HURRY!
HIS MISSION COMPLETED, BOB FRANK RETURNS TO CIVILIAN CLOTHES, AND PASSERSBY LITTLE REALIZE THAT HE IS THE WHIZZER--MASTER OF SPEED!!

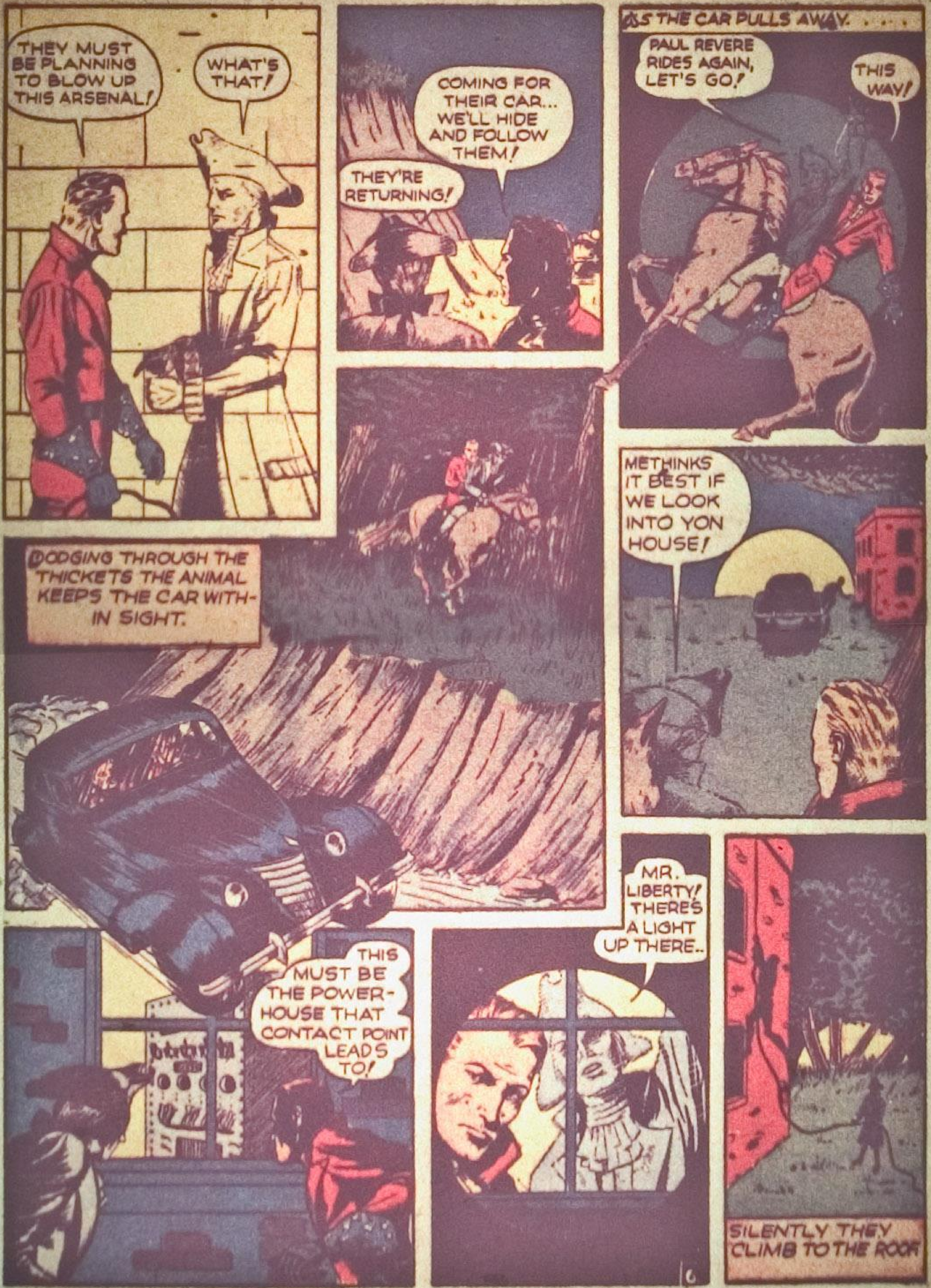

MR. LIBERTY
AND THE SPIRITS of FREEDOM
SHORES ----- STURM

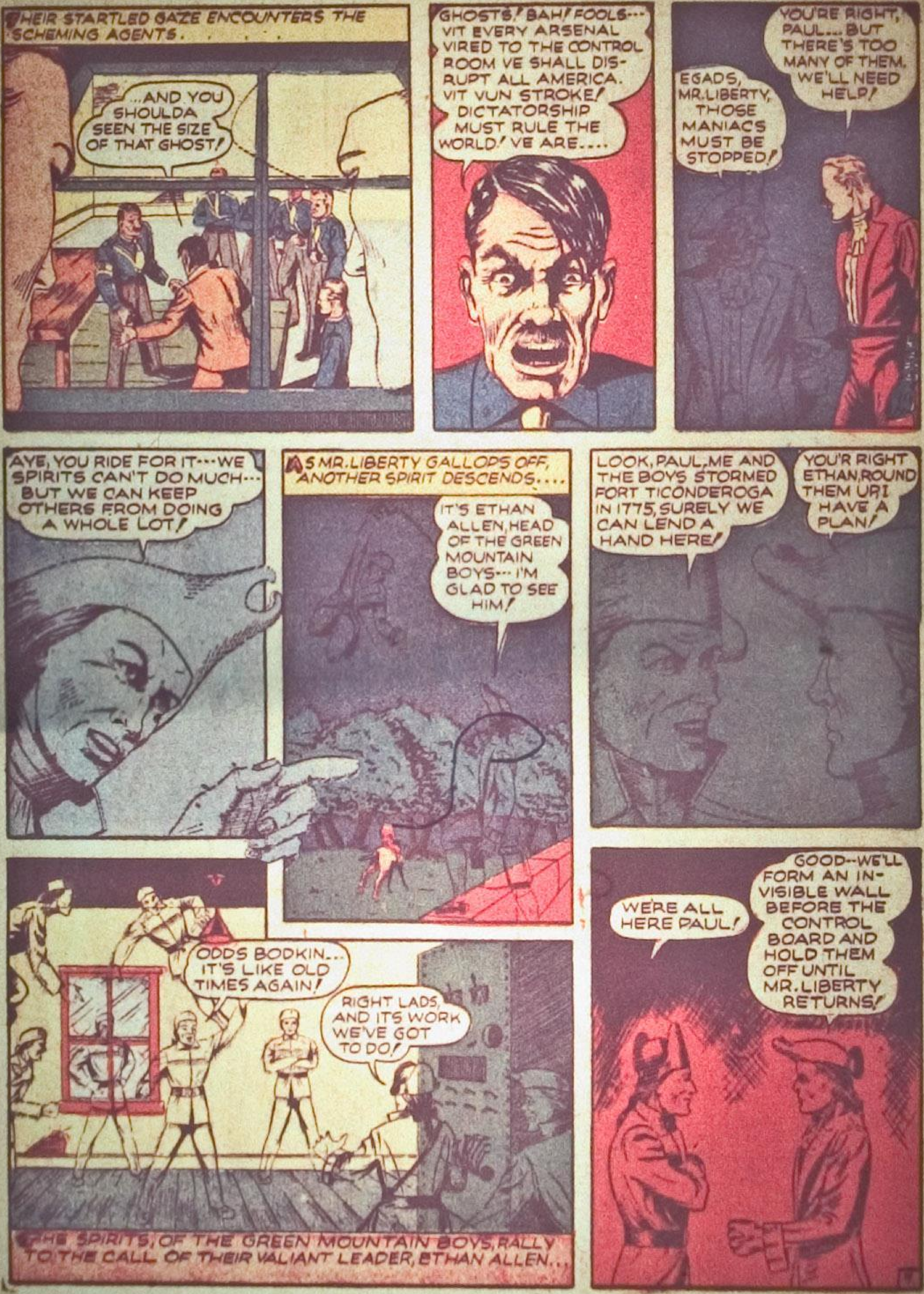

AS FOR AMERICA... MY FIFTH COLUMNISTS WILL DESTROY HER FROM WITHIN!
A WAVE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION PASSES OVER THE FACE OF EUROPE--CRUSHING OUT MAN'S RIGHT TO FREEDOM AND LIBERTY!!
AS VANQUISHED EUROPE LIES BLEEDING IN THE WAKE OF THE BLITZKRIEG...
...THE LONG ARM OF DICTATORSHIP REACHES TOWARD AMERICA!
A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION DESTROYS THE GOVERNMENT ARSENAL AT ALTEN!

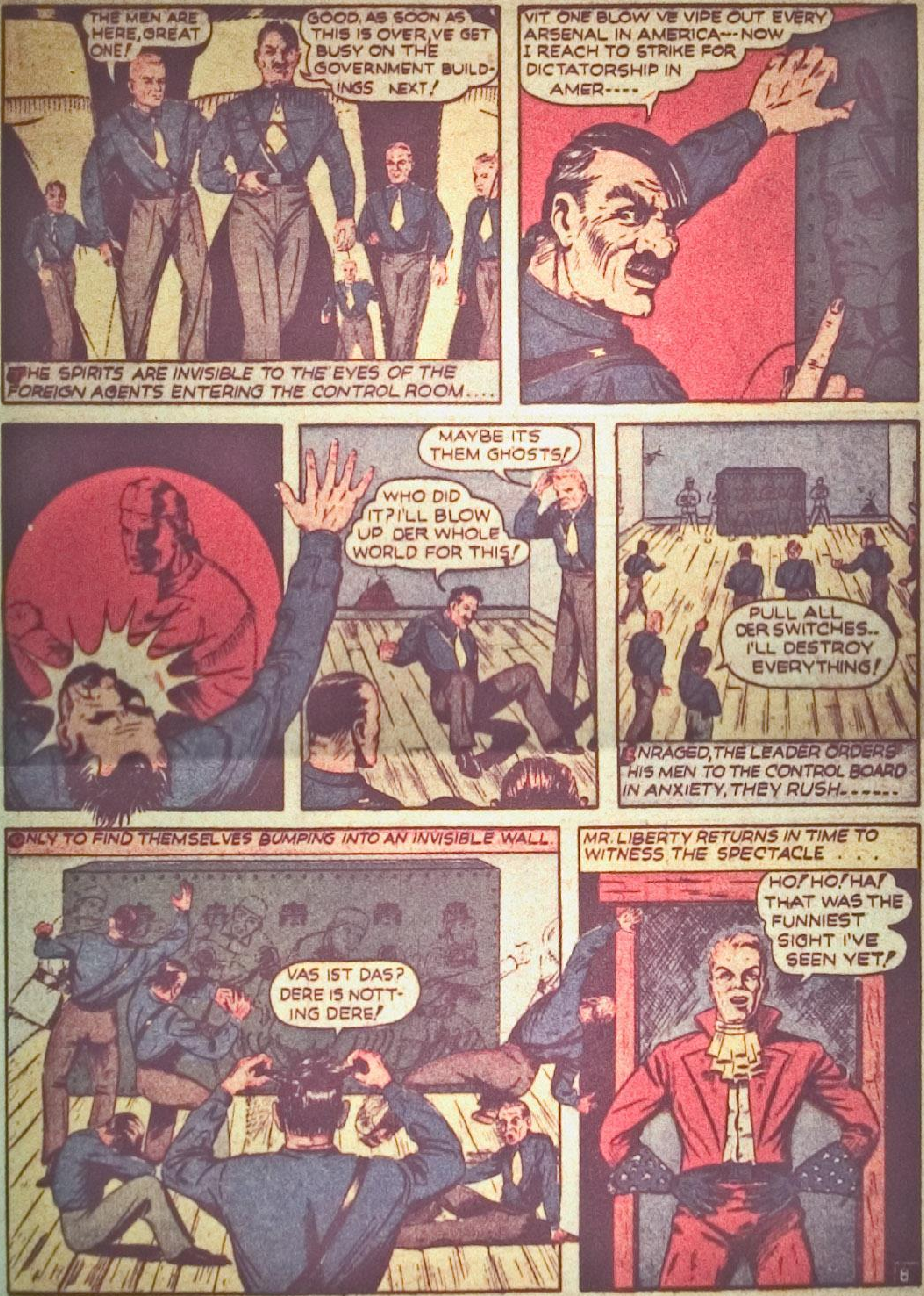

DAILY STAR
EXTRA
ARSENAL EXPLOSION
SCORES KILLED IN MYSTERIOUS BLAST
INNOCENT WORKERS KILLED BY FIENDS WHO SEEK TO DESTROY AMERICAN DEMOCRACY!
JOHN LIBERTY... PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY--IS STIRRED BY THE EVENING HEADLINES!
WHAT WE NEED TO BATTLE AMERICA'S ENEMIES, ARE THE SPIRITS OF OLD!
-TO KEEP THE IDEALS OF AMERICAN FREEDOM ALIVE! --WITH A MAN TO LEAD THEM!
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE HISTORIAN'S STARTLED EYES, A CLOUD OF SMOKE DESCENDS--
--AND TAKES THE SHAPE OF A GHOSTLY FIGURE
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. LIBERTY... AND YOU ARE THAT MAN!
ME-- WHY?
BY YOUR WORDS YOU HAVE MADE YOURSELF A WORTHY FRIEND OF THE SPIRITS!
ME? IT'S-- IT'S GONE!
THESE CLOTHES... THE WORDS OF THE SPIRIT HAVE COME TRUE!

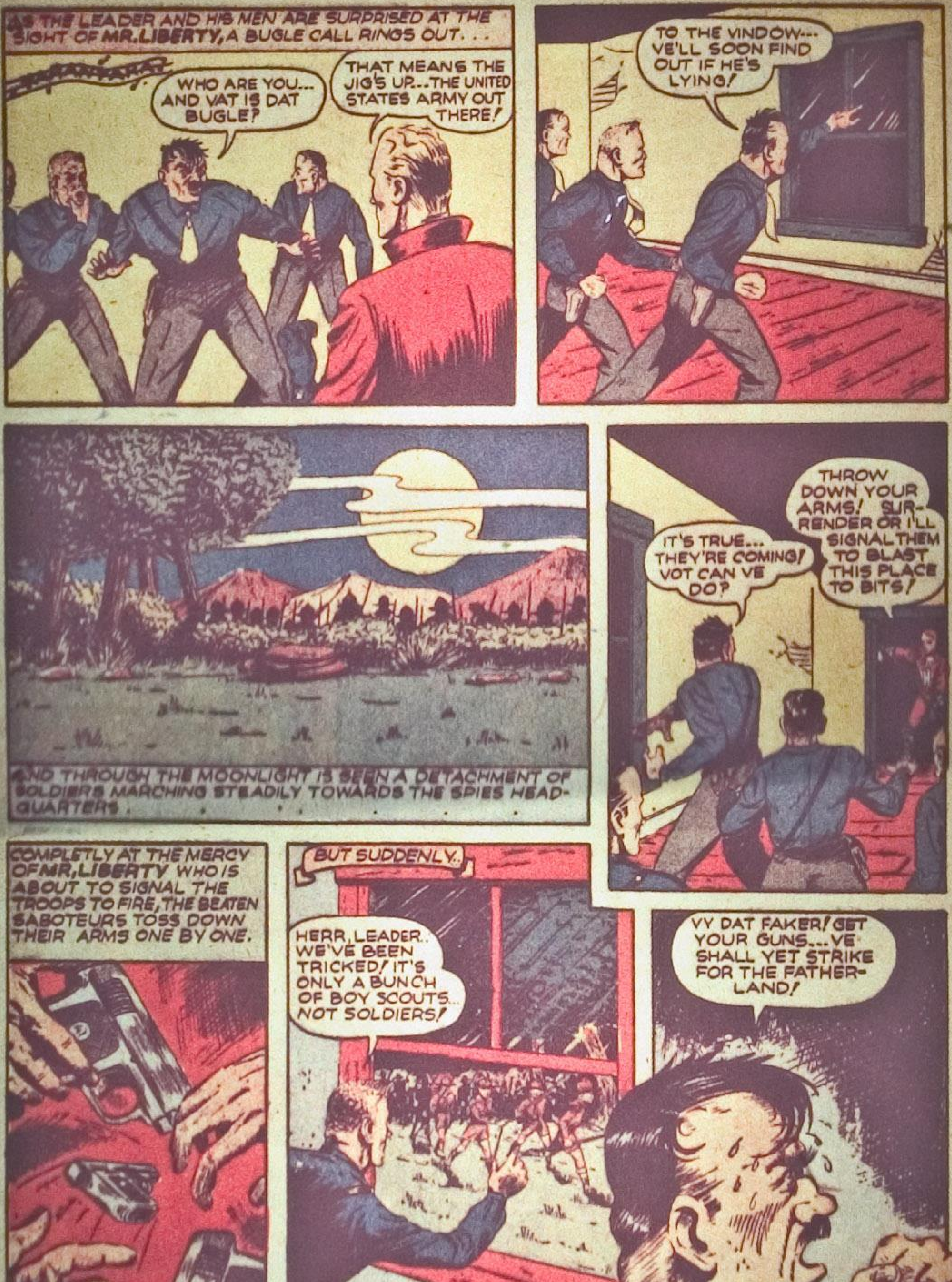

A SHORT WHILE LATER, A LOUD RAPPING IS HEARD!
IT'S THE SPIRIT OF PAUL REVERE CALLING ME!
MISTER LIBERTY!
HOP ON, MR. LIBERTY... I FEAR TROUBLE'S A-BREWING!
SWIFTLY THROUGH THE NIGHT GALLOP THE RIDERS, UNTIL...
...THEY REACH THE EDGE OF A SMALL GLEN--
METHINKS THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PAUL... IT'S THE REAR OF THE ARSENAL!
LISTEN-- BZZ-Z-Z
SILENTLY THE SPIRIT OF PAUL REVERE DESCENDS BETWEEN THE TWO MEN...
UNSEEN--THE SPIRIT'S HAND LASHES OUT!
HEY, JOE... CUT IT OUT!
ME? WHY, YOU--!
POW!

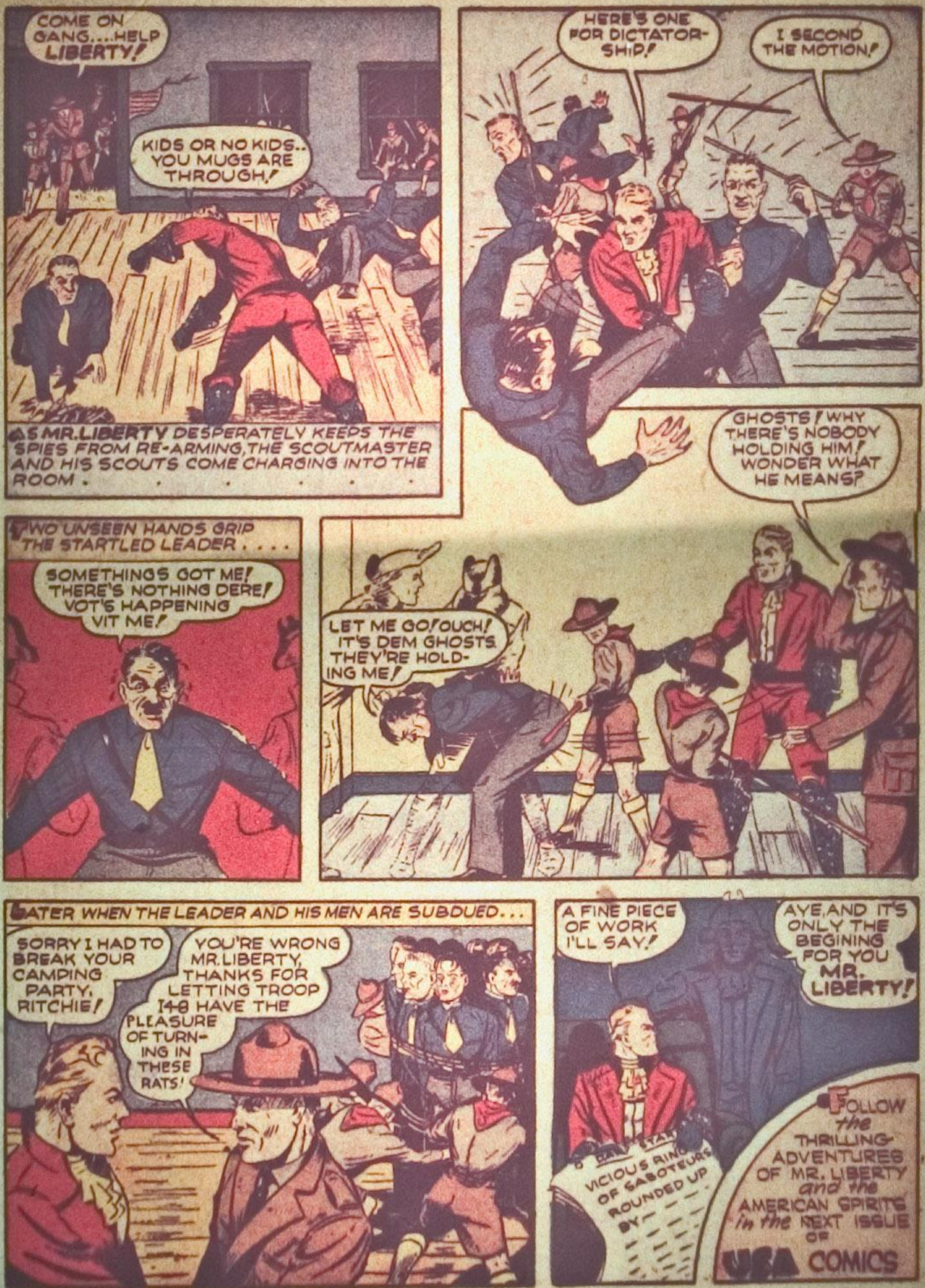

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HITTING ME, JOE? WHY-- I'LL...
ME? YOU HIT ME!
HEY... WHAT'S UP!
LOOK!!
SUDDENLY AN OMINOUS SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE BRICK WALL...
GHOSTS! THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!
...AND GROWS LARGER AND LARGER!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
IT'S COMING CLOSER!
THESE LIGHTS SURE CAST A WEIRD SHADOW! NOW TO SEE WHAT THEY WERE UP TO!
HA! HO! HA! AYE, MR. LIBERTY-'TWAS A FINE PIECE OF STRATEGY! WHAT HAVE YOU THERE?
CAN'T MAKE IT OUT YET-- BUT I THINK---
I KNOW! THEY'RE CONTACT POINTS TO SOME CENTRAL POWERHOUSE, AND SET OFF BY REMOTE CONTROL!


THEY MUST BE PLANNING TO BLOW UP THIS ARSENAL!
WHAT'S THAT!
COMING FOR THEIR CAR... WE'LL HIDE AND FOLLOW THEM!
THEY'RE RETURNING!
AS THE CAR PULLS AWAY. . . .
PAUL REVERE RIDES AGAIN, LET'S GO!
THIS WAY!
DODGING THROUGH THE THICKETS THE ANIMAL KEEPS THE CAR WITHIN SIGHT.
METHINKS IT BEST IF WE LOOK INTO YON HOUSE!
THIS MUST BE THE POWER-HOUSE THAT CONTACT POINT LEADS TO!
MR. LIBERTY! THERE'S A LIGHT UP THERE..
SILENTLY THEY CLIMB TO THE ROOF


THEIR STARTLED GAZE ENCOUNTERS THE SCHEMING AGENTS. . . .
...AND YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE SIZE OF THAT GHOST!
GHOSTS! BAH! FOOLS--- VIT EVERY ARSENAL VIRED TO THE CONTROL ROOM VE SHALL DISRUPT ALL AMERICA. VIT VUN STROKE! DICTATORSHIP MUST RULE THE WORLD! VE ARE....
EGADS, MR. LIBERTY, THOSE MANIACS MUST BE STOPPED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PAUL....BUT THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM. WE'LL NEED HELP!
AYE, YOU RIDE FOR IT---WE SPIRITS CAN'T DO MUCH--- BUT WE CAN KEEP OTHERS FROM DOING A WHOLE LOT!
AS MR. LIBERTY GALLOPS OFF, ANOTHER SPIRIT DESCENDS....
IT'S ETHAN ALLEN, HEAD OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS--- I'M GLAD TO SEE HIM!
LOOK, PAUL, ME AND THE BOYS STORMED FORT TICONDEROGA IN 1775, SURELY WE CAN LEND A HAND HERE!
YOU'R RIGHT ETHAN, ROUND THEM UP! I HAVE A PLAN!
ODDS BODKIN... IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN!
RIGHT LADS, AND ITS WORK WE'VE GOT TO DO!
THE SPIRITS, OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS, RALLY TO THE CALL OF THEIR VALIANT LEADER, ETHAN ALLEN...
WERE ALL HERE PAUL!
GOOD--WE'LL FORM AN INVISIBLE WALL BEFORE THE CONTROL BOARD AND HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL MR. LIBERTY RETURNS!

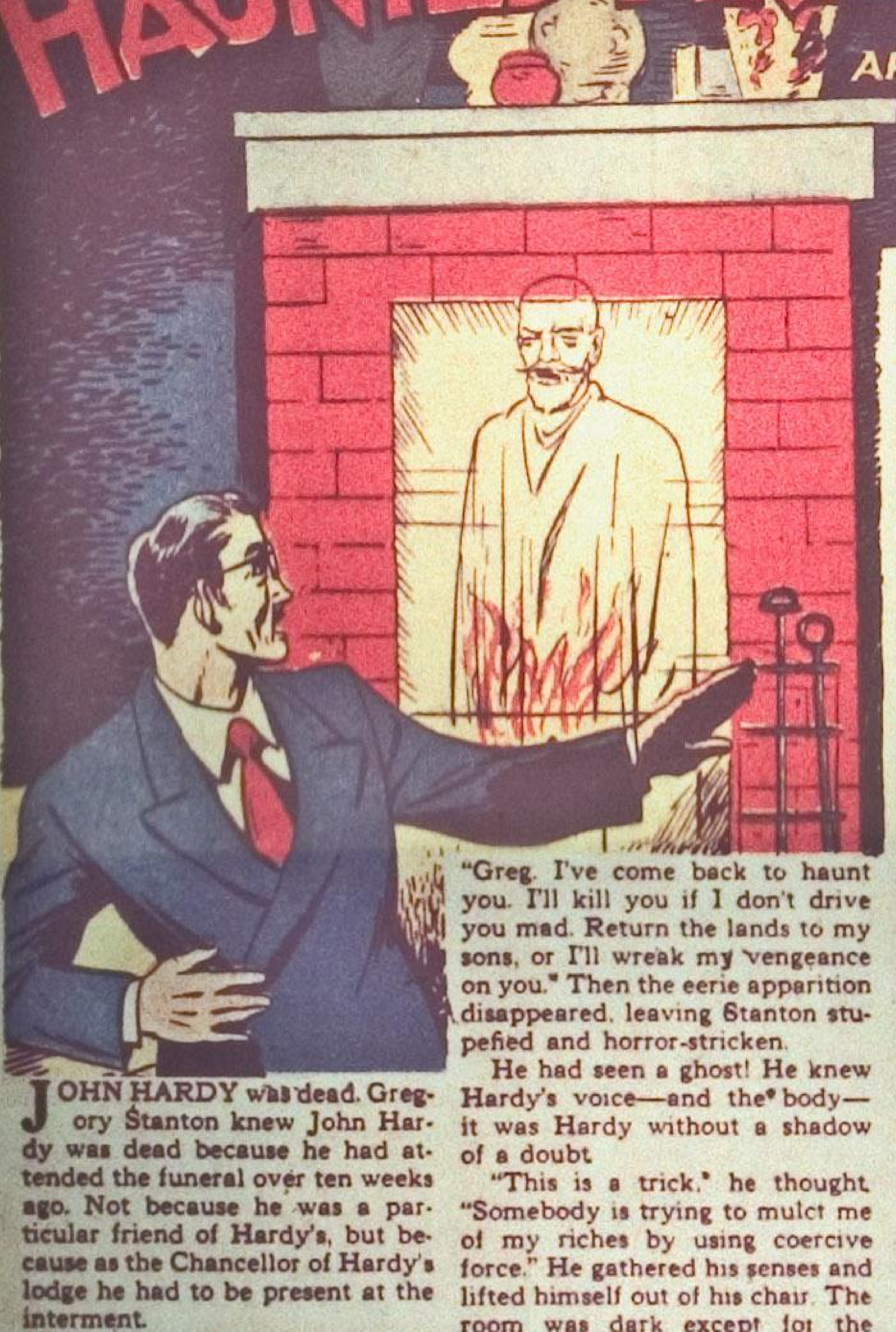

THE MEN ARE HERE, GREAT ONE!
GOOD, AS SOON AS THIS IS OVER, VE GET BUSY ON THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS NEXT!
THE SPIRITS ARE INVISIBLE TO THE EYES OF THE FOREIGN AGENTS ENTERING THE CONTROL ROOM....
VIT ONE BLOW VE VIPE OUT EVERY ARSENAL IN AMERICA--- NOW I REACH TO STRIKE FOR DICTATORSHIP IN AMER----
MAYBE ITS THEM GHOSTS!
WHO DID IT? I'LL BLOW UP DER WHOLE WORLD FOR THIS!
PULL ALL DER SWITCHES.. I'LL DESTROY EVERYTHING!
ENRAGED, THE LEADER ORDERS HIS MEN TO THE CONTROL BOARD IN ANXIETY, THEY RUSH------
ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES BUMPING INTO AN INVISIBLE WALL.
VAS IST DAS? DERE IS NOTTING DERE!
MR. LIBERTY RETURNS IN TIME TO WITNESS THE SPECTACLE . . .
HO! HO! HA! THAT WAS THE FUNNIEST SIGHT I'VE SEEN YET!
6


AS THE LEADER AND HIS MEN ARE SURPRISED AT THE SIGHT OF MR. LIBERTY, A BUGLE CALL RINGS OUT . . .
WHO ARE YOU... AND VAT IS DAT BUGLE?
THAT MEANS THE JIG'S UP...THE UNITED STATES ARMY OUT THERE!
TO THE VINDOW--- VE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF HE'S LYING!
AND THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT IS SEEN A DETACHMENT OF SOLDIERS MARCHING STEADILY TOWARDS THE SPIES HEADQUARTERS . . .
IT'S TRUE... THEY'RE COMING! VOT CAN VE DO?
THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS! SURRENDER OR I'LL SIGNAL THEM TO BLAST THIS PLACE TO BITS!
COMPLETLY AT THE MERCY OF MR. LIBERTY WHO IS ABOUT TO SIGNAL THE TROOPS TO FIRE, THE BEATEN SABOTEURS TOSS DOWN THEIR ARMS ONE BY ONE.
BUT SUDDENLY..
HERR, LEADER.. WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! IT'S ONLY A BUNCH OF BOY SCOUTS... NOT SOLDIERS!
VY DAT FAKER! GET YOUR GUNS...VE SHALL YET STRIKE FOR THE FATHERLAND!


COME ON GANG....HELP LIBERTY!
KIDS OR NO KIDS.. YOU MUGS ARE THROUGH!
AS MR. LIBERTY DESPERATELY KEEPS THE SPIES FROM RE-ARMING, THE SCOUTMASTER AND HIS SCOUTS COME CHARGING INTO THE ROOM . . . .
HERE'S ONE FOR DICTATORSHIP!
I SECOND THE MOTION!
TWO UNSEEN HANDS GRIP THE STARTLED LEADER . . . .
SOMETHINGS GOT ME! THERE'S NOTHING DERE! VOT'S HAPPENING VIT ME!
LET ME GO! OUCH! IT'S DEM GHOSTS THEY'RE HOLDING ME!
GHOSTS! WHY THERE'S NOBODY HOLDING HIM! WONDER WHAT HE MEANS?
LATER WHEN THE LEADER AND HIS MEN ARE SUBDUED . . .
SORRY I HAD TO BREAK YOUR CAMPING PARTY, RITCHIE!
YOU'RE WRONG MR. LIBERTY, THANKS FOR LETTING TROOP 148 HAVE THE PLEASURE OF TURNING IN THESE RATS!
A FINE PIECE OF WORK I'LL SAY!
AYE, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINING FOR YOU MR. LIBERTY!
VICIOUS RING OF SABOTEURS ROUNDED UP BY
FOLLOW the THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MR. LIBERTY and the AMERICAN SPIRITS in the NEXT ISSUE OF USA COMICS

HAUNTED FIREPLACE

ARTHUR CAZENEUVE



JOHN HARDY was dead. Gregory Stanton knew John Hardy was dead because he had attended the funeral over ten weeks ago. Not because he was a particular friend of Hardy's, but because as the Chancellor of Hardy's lodge he had to be present at the interment.

That's why Stanton hated being Chancellor because he had to attend funerals and other functions which he despised. But he knew, for almost a certainty, that John Hardy was dead, despite the fact that he had seen him just as sure as life a few minutes ago in front of the fire place.

And Hardy spoke to him, just as he used to when they quarrelled over the land deals they used to make. He had said ominously: "Greg. I've come back to haunt you. I'll kill you if I don't drive you mad. Return the lands to my sons, or I'll wreak my vengeance on you." Then the eerie apparition disappeared, leaving Stanton stupefied and horror-stricken.

He had seen a ghost! He knew Hardy's voice—and the body—it was Hardy without a shadow of a doubt.

"This is a trick," he thought. "Somebody is trying to mulct me of my riches by using coercive force." He gathered his senses and lifted himself out of his chair. The room was dark except for the sparse radiant rays the open fireplace dispersed about the room. He walked slowly to the door, snapped on the lights, and called for his butler.

"I want you to go over this room with a fine hair-comb," he ordered his servant. "Look for wirings of any sort, and anything else which looks suspicious."

That night Stanton slept very little. He tossed and rolled in his bed, debating with himself as to whether he had actually seen the ghost, or if he had dozed off for a brief minute and dreamt the entire incident.

The following morning the butler reported to Stanton that he had found nothing in or about the room which didn't belong there. He had searched every nook and cranny of the building but to no avail.

Stanton realized there was only one way to confirm his suspicion that the vision which he thought he had seen was a hoax. He was determined to sit in the same seat that night and see what transpired. Ordinarily Stanton would have dismissed the episode of the previous night as a mere dream, but Hardy had warned him before he died that he would come out of his grave and haunt him if he didn't turn over the deeds to the land which he claimed was rightfully his.

Stanton doused the lights in the living room, made a fire in the stately brick fireplace, and seated himself in the soft chair at hand. For a long half hour nothing happened. Then suddenly he sat upright. His body stiffened and his pipe dropped from his limp lips into his lap. The outline of a man became discernible in the warm glow of the fireplace. It was as though a transparent screen was hanging in front of the fireplace and the image of a man was being played upon it. It wasn't an image, though—because this one was three dimensional—it moved forward; and had bulk.

Then the apparition began to talk. "Stanton, you have your last chance." It was Hardy. There was not the slightest doubt that it was him. "You have your last chance to return the property to my sons," he continued. "And if you don't

I'll kill you no matter where you go."

Stanton moved his hand slowly towards the cushion of his seat. With a jerk of his wrist he whisked out a revolver which he had concealed, and fired two shots at the transparent figure before him. The shots whistled through the figure and struck the brick fireplace, ricocheting back to other parts of the room. Then, before the quaking Stanton could budge from his chair, Hardy's figure faded and vanished.

The butler ran into the room followed a second later by other servants in the house, but Stanton calmed them by explaining that he had been cleaning his gun and it went off accidentally.

It was needless for him to try to sleep that night. He paced the soft Oriental rug in his study for hours, smoking cigarette after cigarette and thinking of what he might do to solve his predicament.

At about four o'clock in the morning, his mind was made up. Stanton dressed himself warmly, went to his garage and started his car.

After a short drive the wealthy real estate magnate wheeled his slick roadster up to police headquarters. Stanton bounded up the stairs and passed the Sergeant's desk. He knew the very office he sought and headed straight for it.

The door was ajar, so he walked right in. The tall husky man seated behind the desk recognized Stanton and extended his hand.

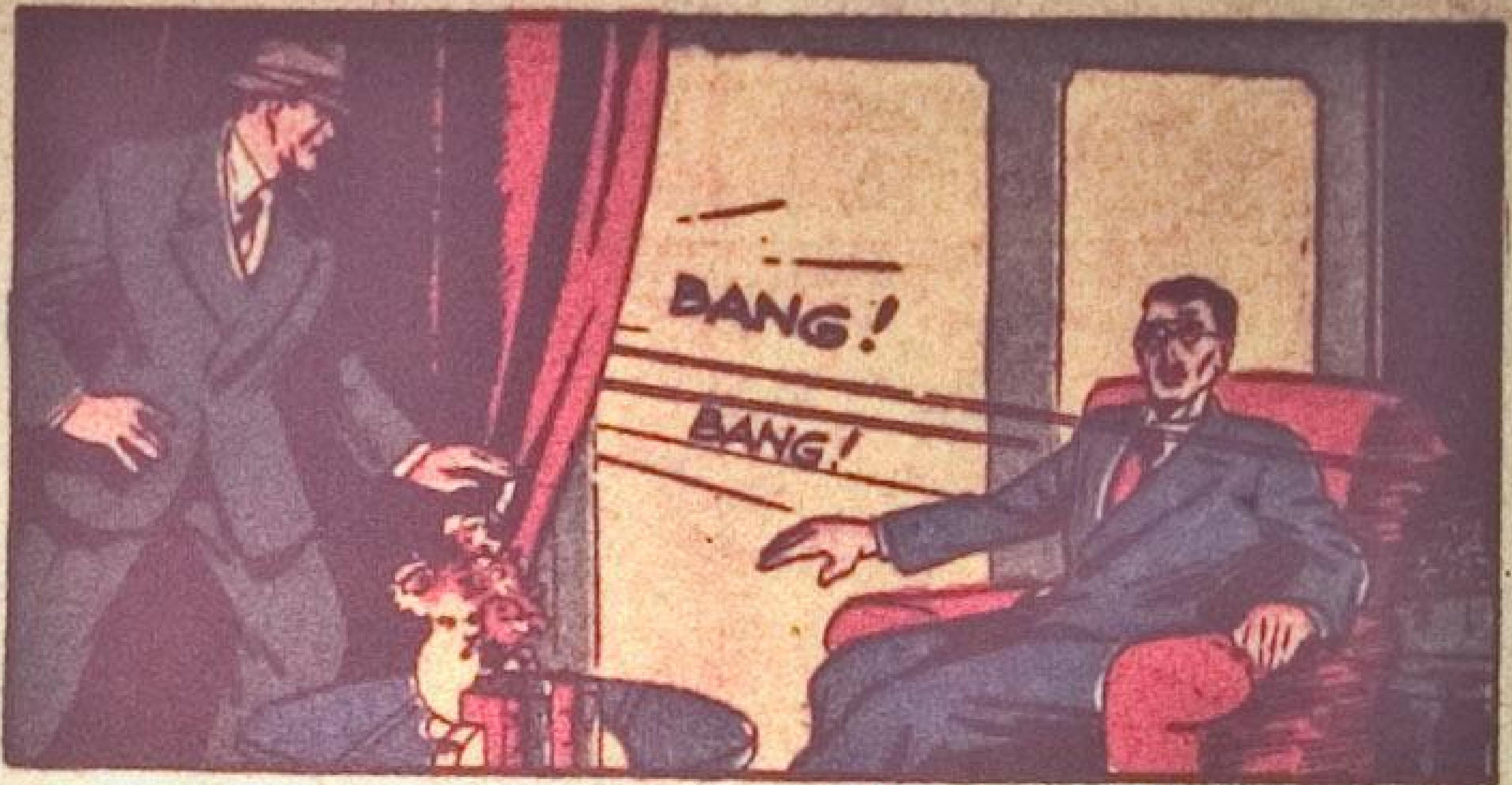
"Aren't you up rather late? Or shall I say early?" Captain Hennigan, head of the Detective Bureau, questioned as he drew up a chair for Stanton.

"I haven't slept a wink in two nights," the haggard visitor to the lockup answered. Hennigan studied the man's face. It was a weary mass of gnarled, piteous lines. His eyelids drooped, and the portion of flesh beneath the sockets of his eyes were exceedingly swollen.

Stanton began to relate his bizarre tale. As he progressed, omitting no minor details, the captain slid forward in his seat.

"You mean," he finally asked after listening to Stanton for fully ten minutes," that you shot at this figure, and the bullets just went through him?"

The realtor caught his breath.



"Yes, I mean just that."

The pair settled back in their seats. The sleuth was in deep thought, while the man who had related his terrifying experience rested slightly.

Hennigan picked up the received on the telephone. "We'll prove one thing in a minute, I hope," he said.

"I want you to get me the police department in Dale City, New Hampshire," he ordered the man on the switchboard. In a few minutes the phone rang in Hennigan's office. He picked up the receiver. It was the Dale City police. "This is Hennigan of the Central Valley, Louisiana, police. I would appreciate it if you would check and let me know if the Hardy boys are at their college fraternity tonight. Now I must know if they are there now, and if they were there last night."

The pair waited impatiently for the answer. In a few minutes the phone rang again. It was the Dale City police officer reporting.

"They're both here," the voice came through the earpiece. They haven't been outside their fraternity house since eight o'clock last night. They were in the same hours the night before. I checked the facts closely."

The following night, Hennigan stole into the Stanton study and hid behind a curtain. At the appointed time, Stanton appeared and seated himself in his soft chair. Suddenly a soft snapping sound whisked through the room. A voice began speaking.

"You have not complied with my demands," it began. Hennigan strained his eyes, but could see nothing. He only heard a voice.

"You have failed to comply with my orders," it went on, "so you shall die tonight."

Before the words were fully finished a shot rent the still air. Stanton literally flew out of his seat. He felt himself as if searching for a puncture in his body. Then two more shots blazed through the placid night air. Stanton knew the shooting was outside. He ran through a door and circled the building. As he rounded the corner, he saw Hennigan leading Jamieson, the butler, at gun's point. Jamieson was wounded in the shoulder. His face was drenched in pain.

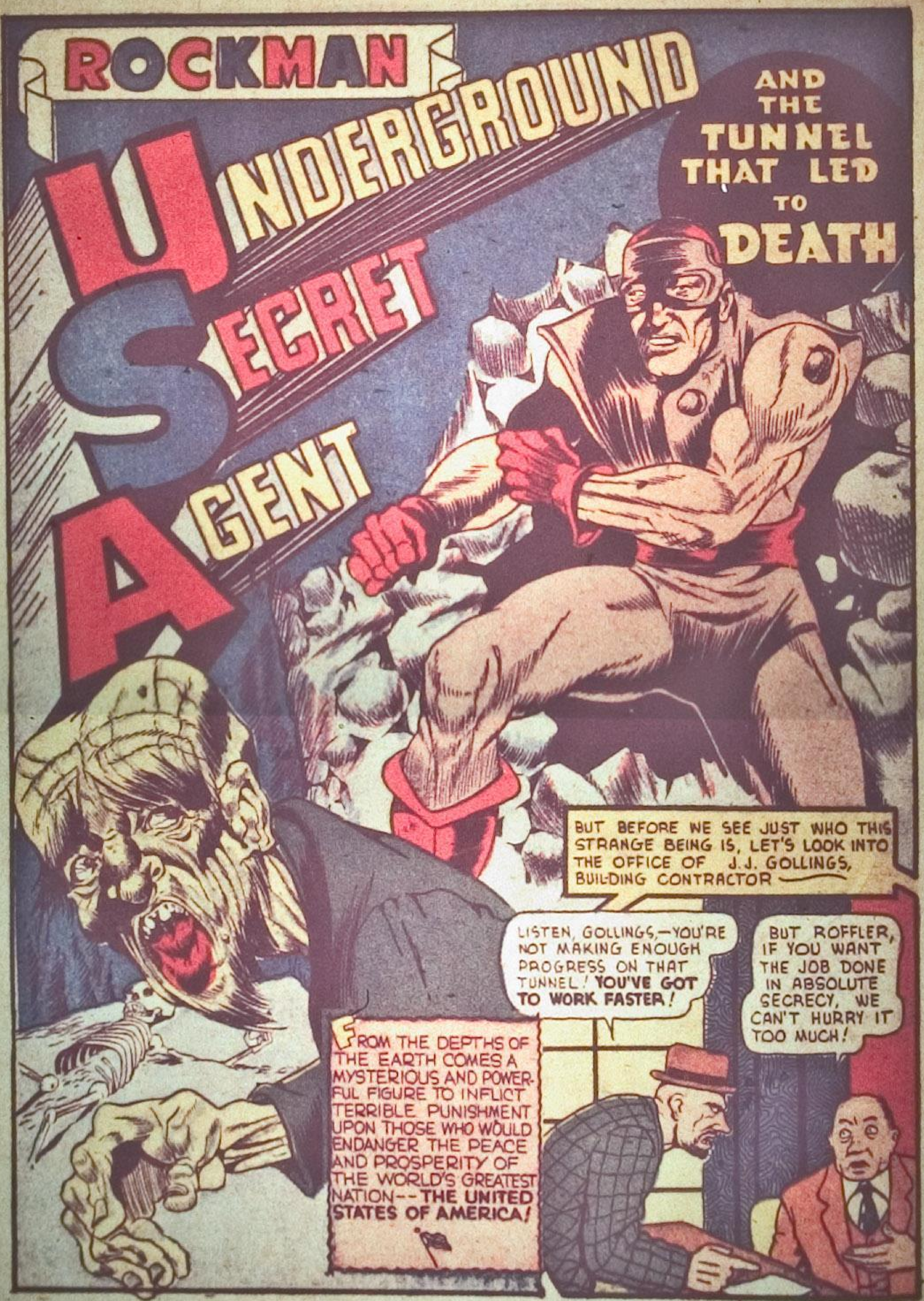
"Here is your ghost," answered Hennigan. "I knew you were being hoaxed the minute I heard the voice and couldn't see the figure. The figure was only visible to your eyes."

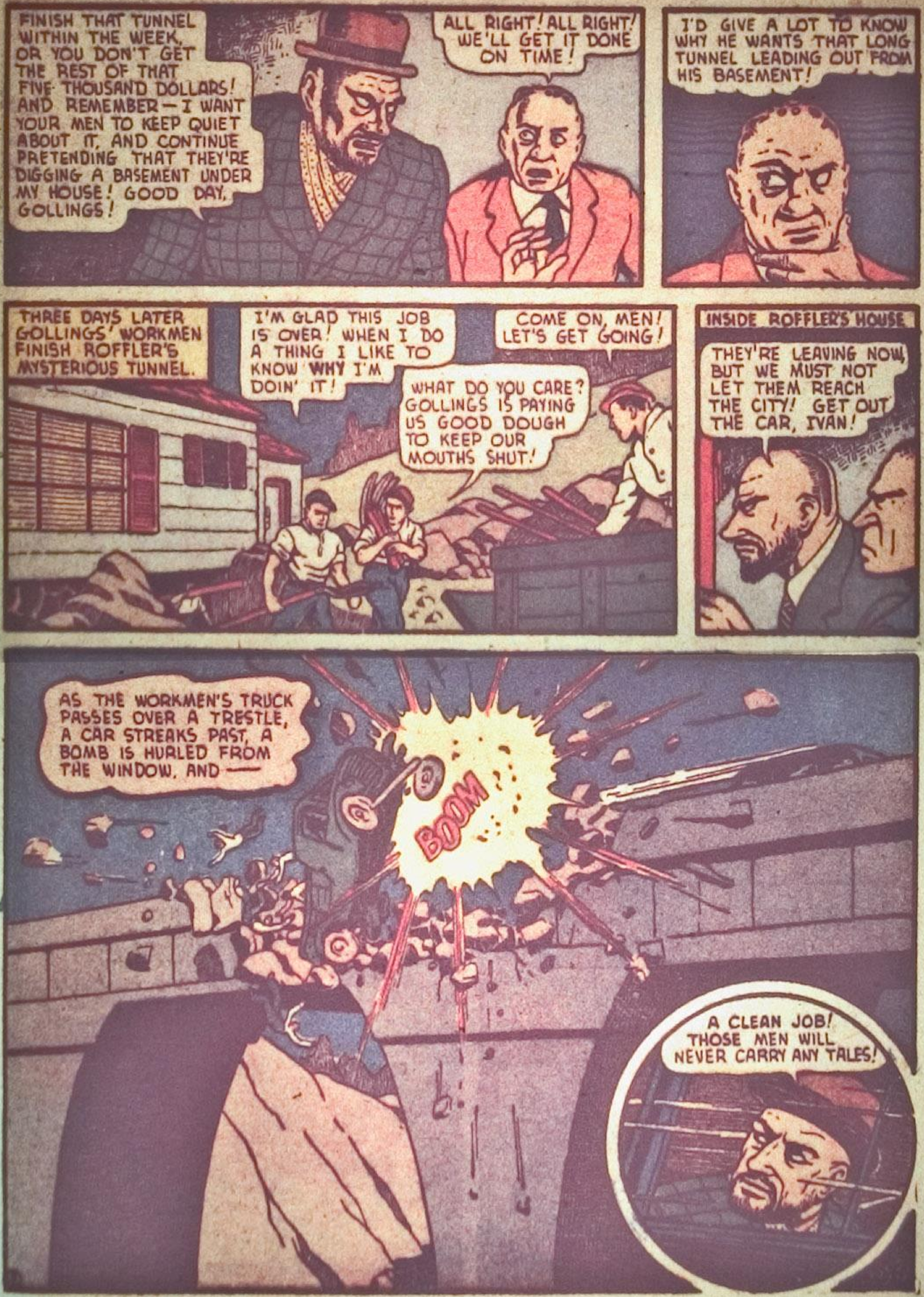
Once inside, Hennigan explained the ruse.

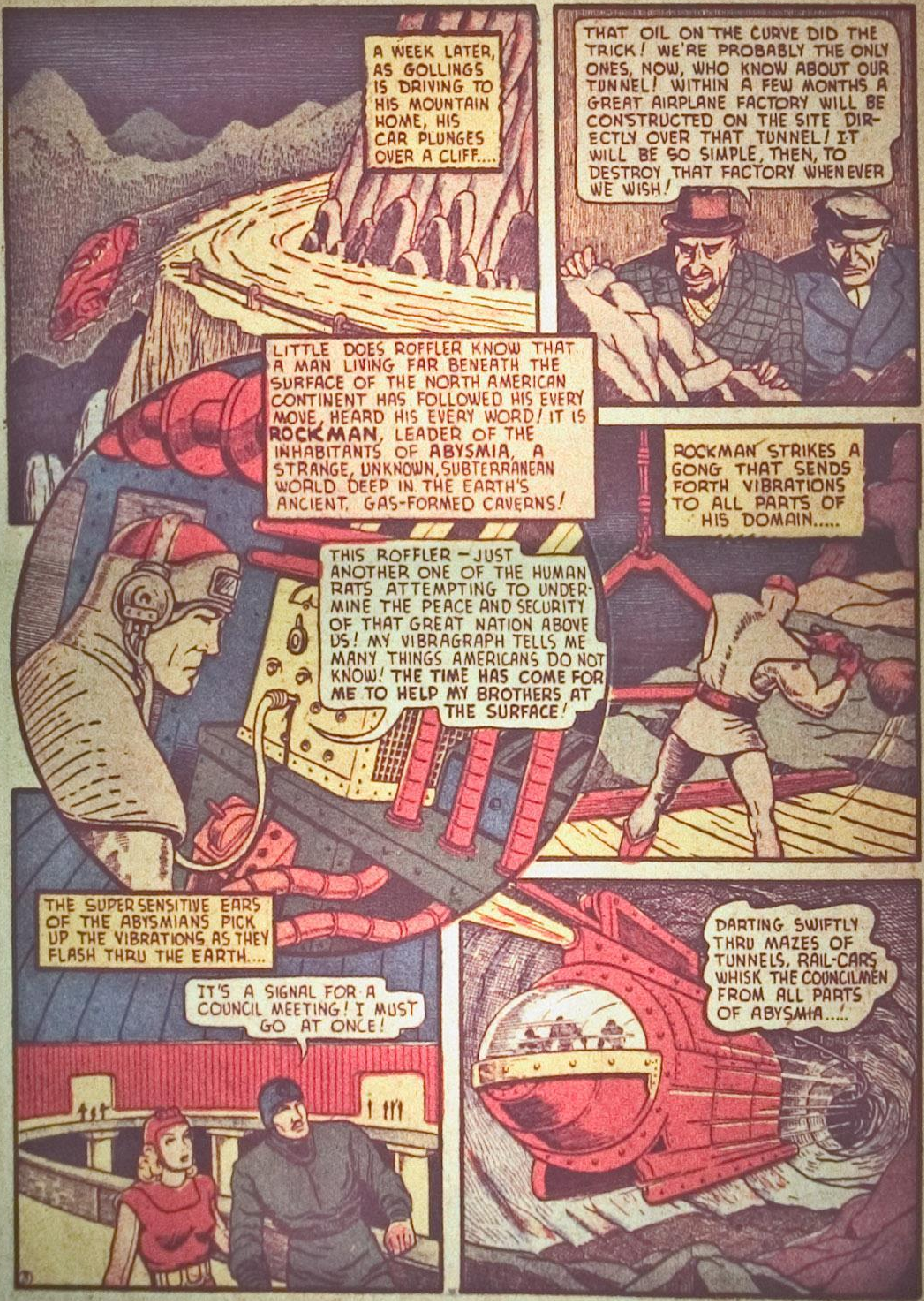
"Jamieson, your would-be loyal butler, wanted to drive you mad with fear. He drew a perfect likeness of Hardy, who he knew disliked you, and placed it into a specially built tube-like apparatus which he shone through a hole in the fireplace. By focusing it into the lenses of your glasses the image was distinctly visible to you. He imitated Hardy's voice which was a simple matter, since it was so raspy and characteristic."

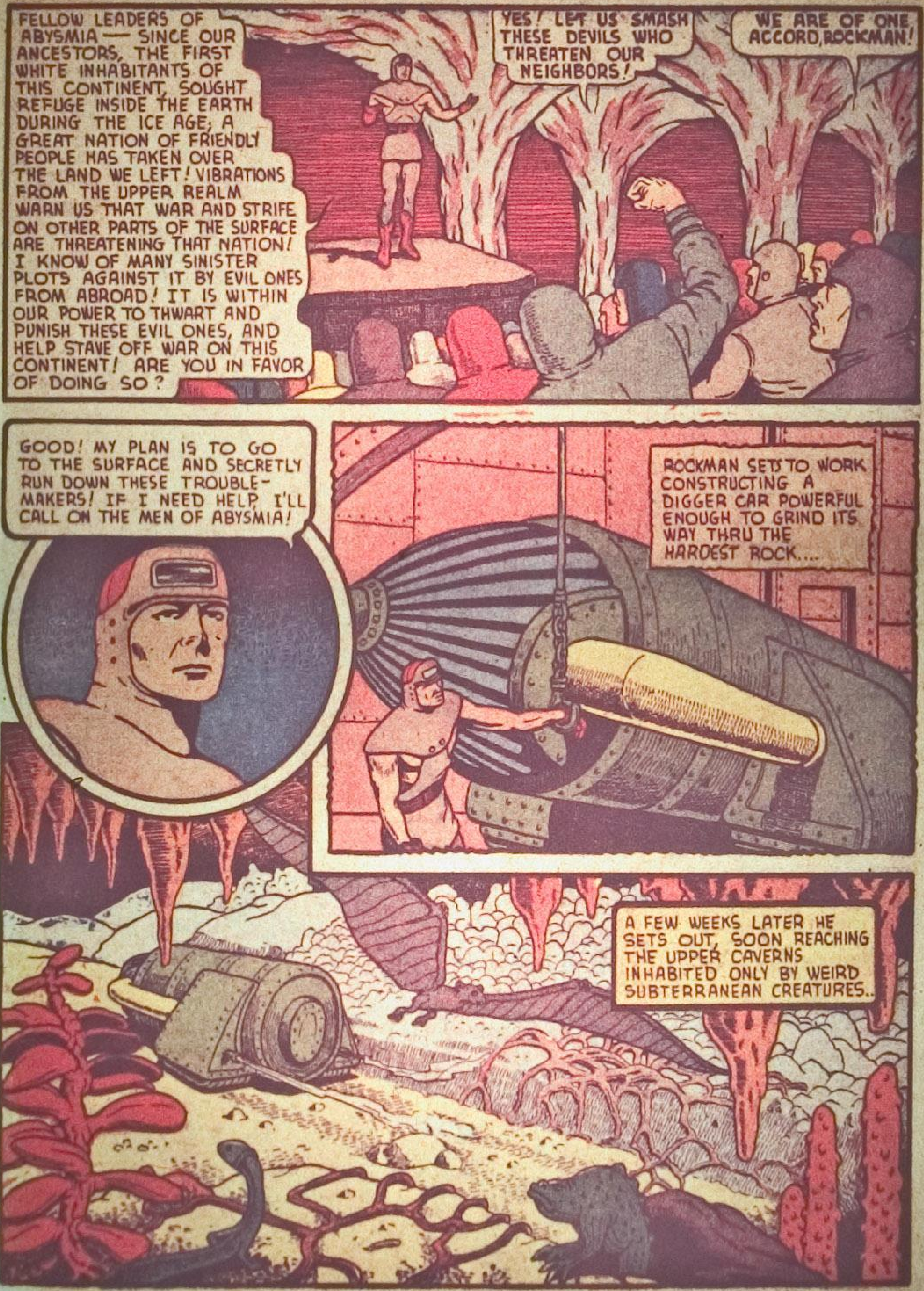
"But why would he want to do this to me?" questioned Stanton. But before he could eke an answer from his sleuth-friend, the reason flashed into his mind.

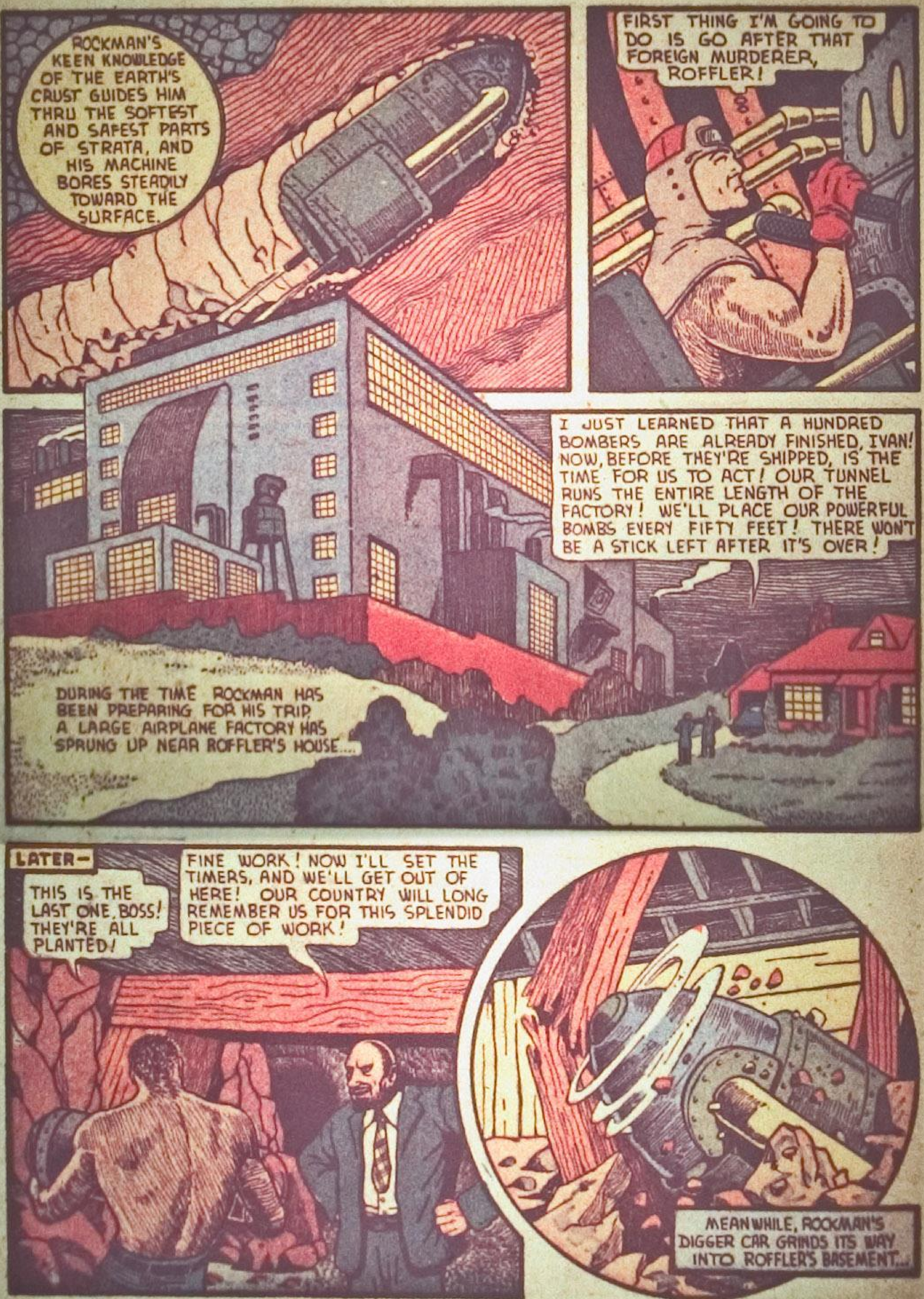
"I know," he drawled. "I made a will turning over my wealth to my faithful servants in the event anything happened to me where I could not carry on as I ordinarily should."

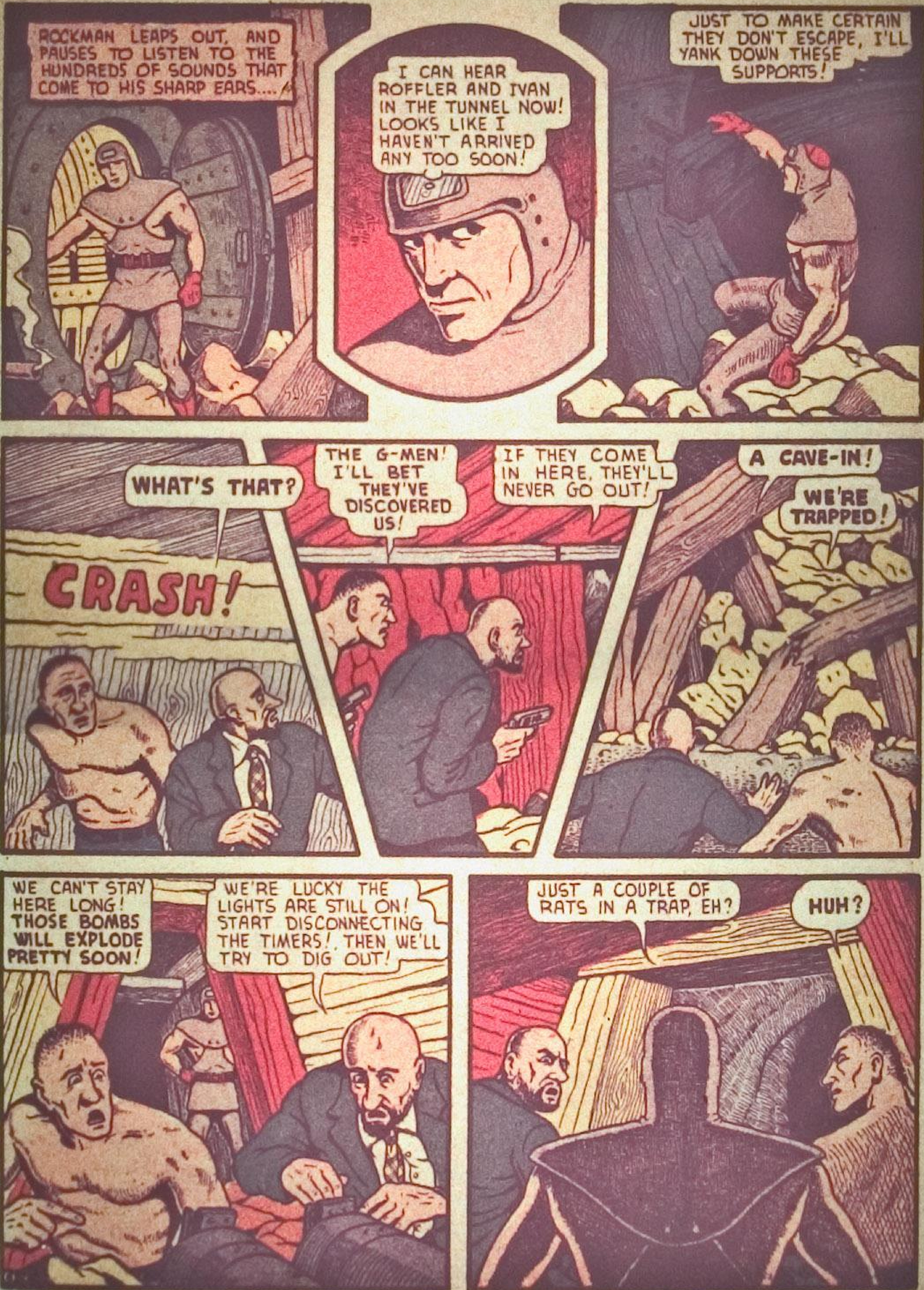

ROCKMAN
UNDERGROUND SECRET AGENT
AND THE TUNNEL THAT LED TO DEATH
BUT BEFORE WE SEE JUST WHO THIS STRANGE BEING IS, LET'S LOOK INTO THE OFFICE OF J. J. GOLLINGS, BUILDING CONTRACTOR —
LISTEN, GOLLINGS,—YOU'RE NOT MAKING ENOUGH PROGRESS ON THAT TUNNEL! YOU'VE GOT TO WORK FASTER!
BUT ROFFLER, IF YOU WANT THE JOB DONE IN ABSOLUTE SECRECY, WE CAN'T HURRY IT TOO MUCH!
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH COMES A MYSTERIOUS AND POWERFUL FIGURE TO INFLICT TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT UPON THOSE WHO WOULD ENDANGER THE PEACE AND PROSPERITY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NATION-- THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

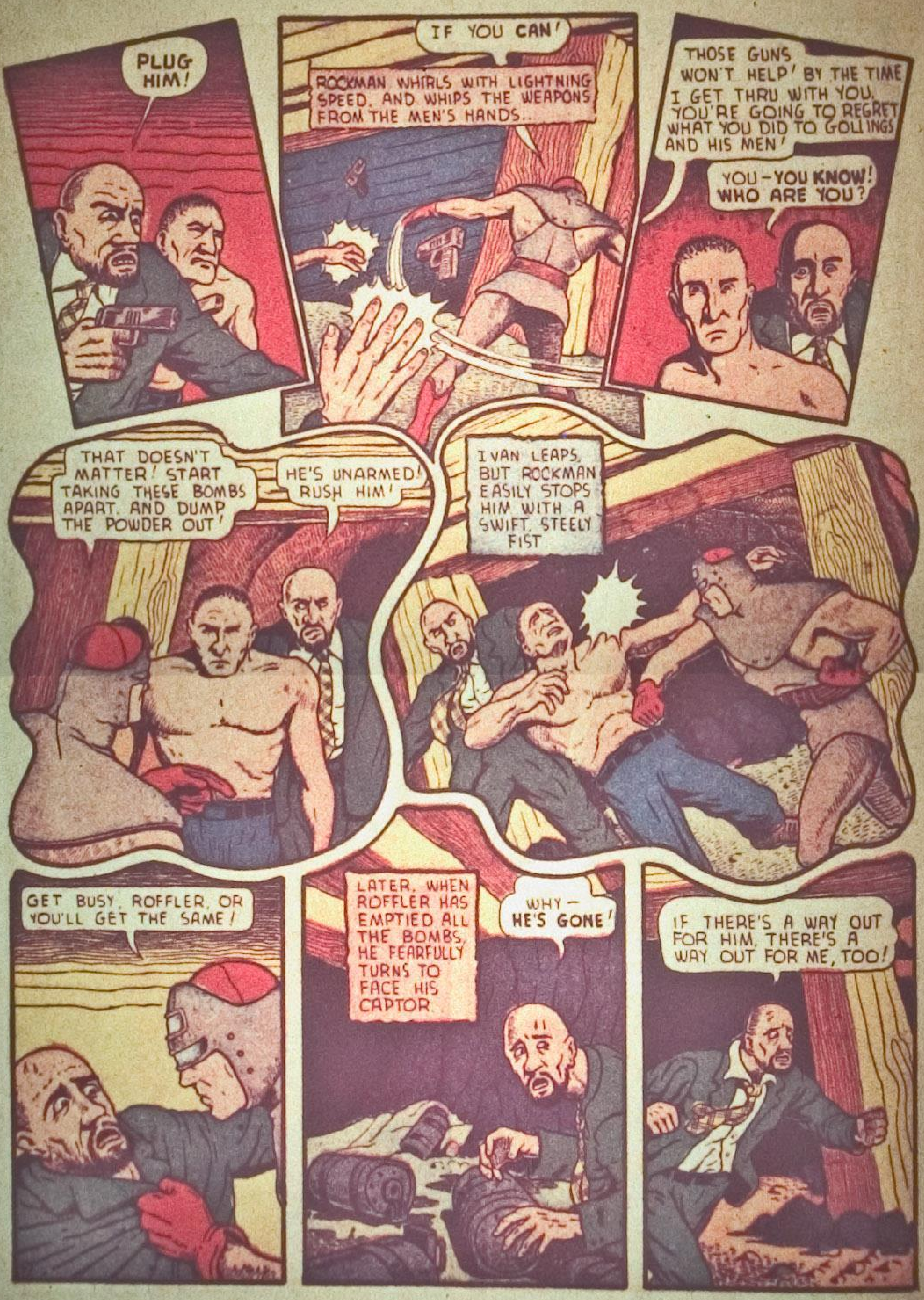

FINISH THAT TUNNEL WITHIN THE WEEK, OR YOU DON'T GET THE REST OF THAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! AND REMEMBER—I WANT YOUR MEN TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT, AND CONTINUE PRETENDING THAT THEY'RE DIGGING A BASEMENT UNDER MY HOUSE! GOOD DAY, GOLLINGS!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! WE'LL GET IT DONE ON TIME!
I'D GIVE A LOT TO KNOW WHY HE WANTS THAT LONG TUNNEL LEADING OUT FROM HIS BASEMENT!
THREE DAYS LATER GOLLINGS' WORKMEN FINISH ROFFLER'S MYSTERIOUS TUNNEL.
I'M GLAD THIS JOB IS OVER! WHEN I DO A THING I LIKE TO KNOW WHY I'M DOIN' IT!
COME ON, MEN! LET'S GET GOING!
WHAT DO YOU CARE? GOLLINGS IS PAYING US GOOD DOUGH TO KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT!
INSIDE ROFFLER'S HOUSE
THEY'RE LEAVING NOW, BUT WE MUST NOT LET THEM REACH THE CITY! GET OUT THE CAR, IVAN!
AS THE WORKMEN'S TRUCK PASSES OVER A TRESTLE, A CAR STREAKS PAST, A BOMB IS HURLED FROM THE WINDOW, AND——
BOOM
A CLEAN JOB! THOSE MEN WILL NEVER CARRY ANY TALES!

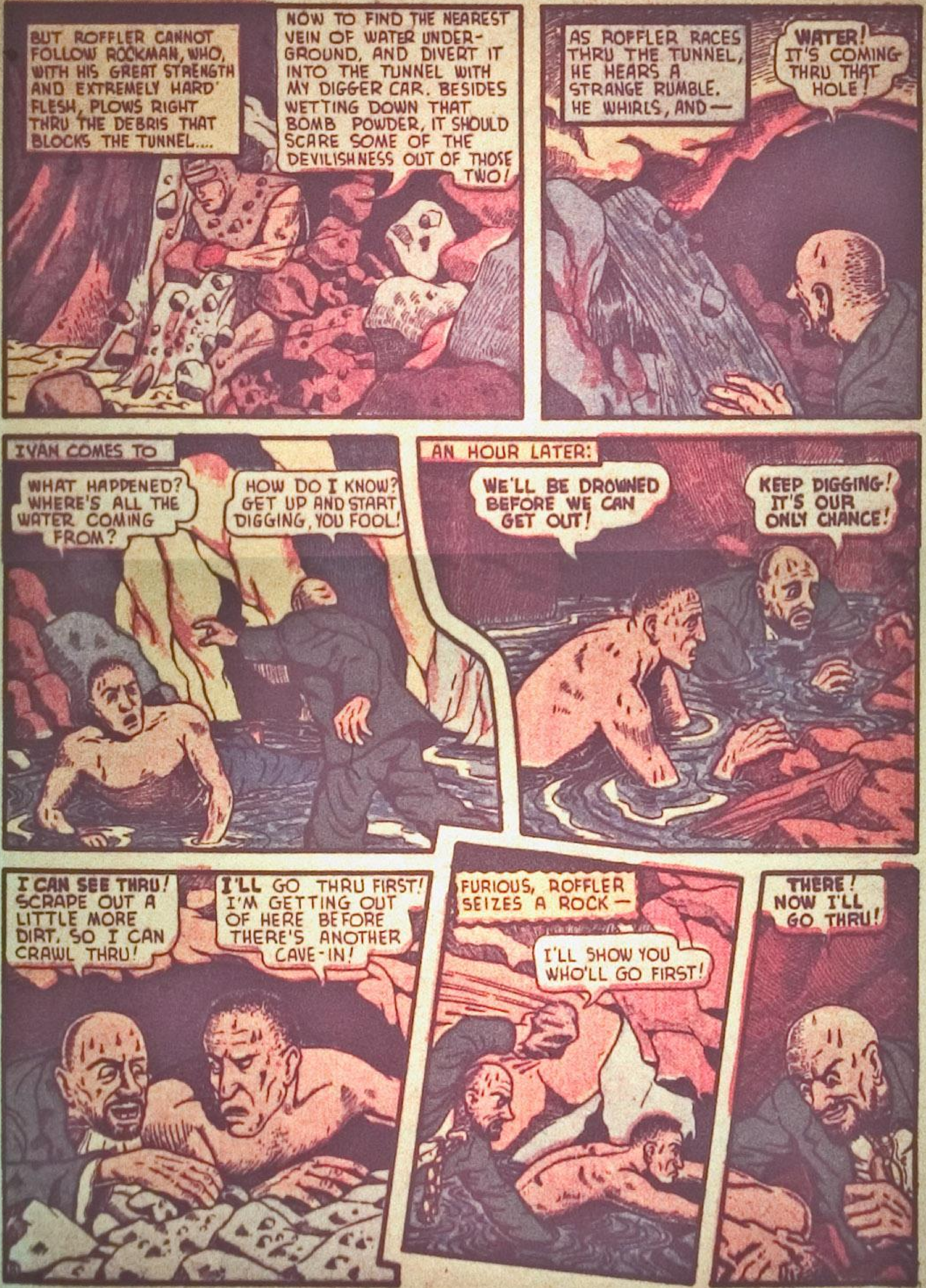

A WEEK LATER, AS GOLLINGS IS DRIVING TO HIS MOUNTAIN HOME, HIS CAR PLUNGES OVER A CLIFF....
THAT OIL ON THE CURVE DID THE TRICK! WE'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONES, NOW, WHO KNOW ABOUT OUR TUNNEL! WITHIN A FEW MONTHS A GREAT AIRPLANE FACTORY WILL BE CONSTRUCTED ON THE SITE DIRECTLY OVER THAT TUNNEL! IT WILL BE SO SIMPLE, THEN, TO DESTROY THAT FACTORY WHENEVER WE WISH!
LITTLE DOES ROFFLER KNOW THAT A MAN LIVING FAR BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT HAS FOLLOWED HIS EVERY MOVE, HEARD HIS EVERY WORD! IT IS ROCKMAN, LEADER OF THE INHABITANTS OF ABYSMIA, A STRANGE, UNKNOWN, SUBTERRANEAN WORLD DEEP IN THE EARTH'S ANCIENT, GAS-FORMED CAVERNS!
THIS ROFFLER — JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THE HUMAN RATS ATTEMPTING TO UNDERMINE THE PEACE AND SECURITY OF THAT GREAT NATION ABOVE US! MY VIBRAGRAPH TELLS ME MANY THINGS AMERICANS DO NOT KNOW! THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO HELP MY BROTHERS AT THE SURFACE!
ROCKMAN STRIKES A GONG THAT SENDS FORTH VIBRATIONS TO ALL PARTS OF HIS DOMAIN.....
THE SUPERSENSITIVE EARS OF THE ABYSMIANS PICK UP THE VIBRATIONS AS THEY FLASH THRU THE EARTH....
IT'S A SIGNAL FOR A COUNCIL MEETING! I MUST GO AT ONCE!
DARTING SWIFTLY THRU MAZES OF TUNNELS, RAIL-CARS WHISK THE COUNCILMEN FROM ALL PARTS OF ABYSMIA....!

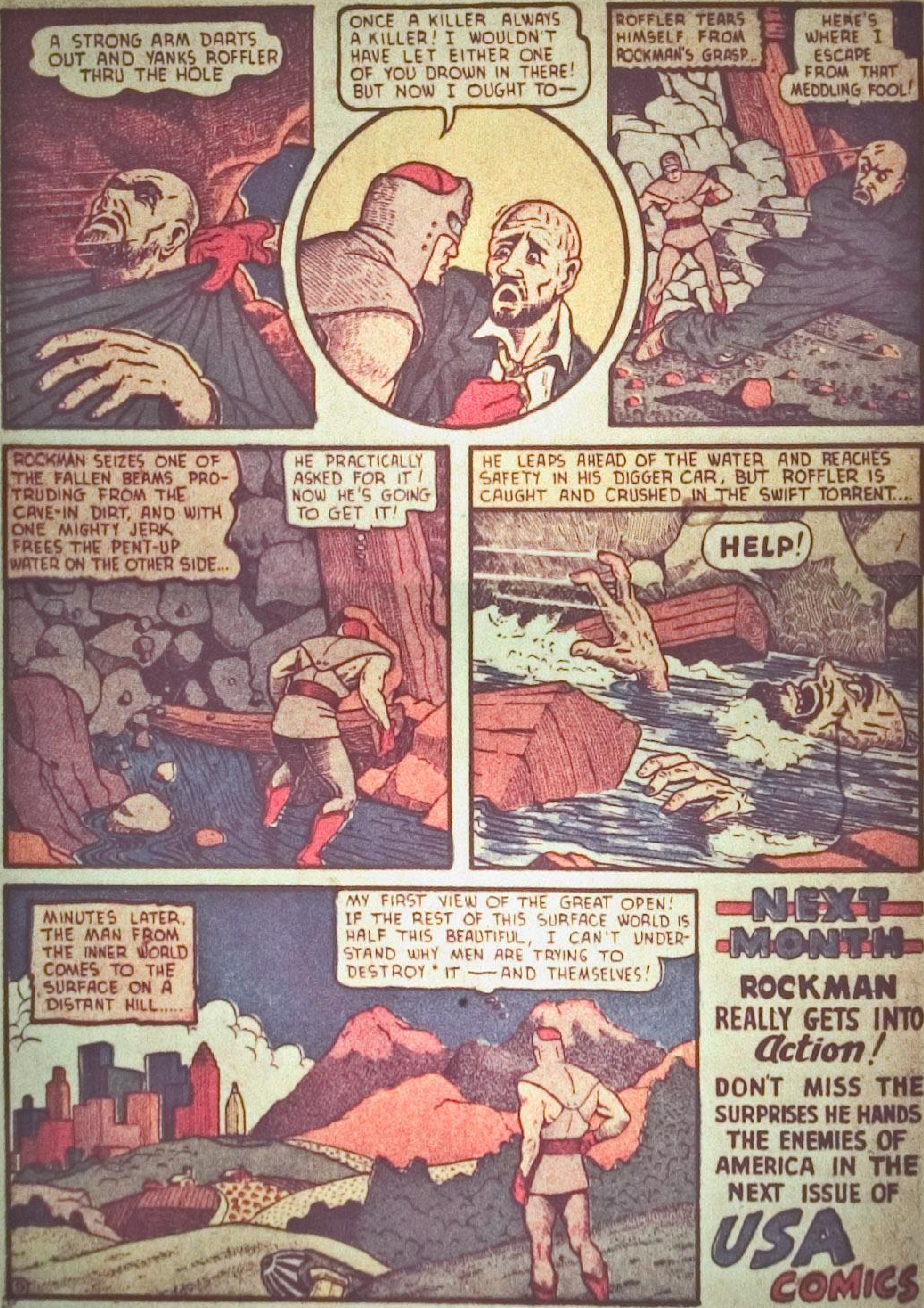

FELLOW LEADERS OF ABYSMIA — SINCE OUR ANCESTORS, THE FIRST WHITE INHABITANTS OF THIS CONTINENT, SOUGHT REFUGE INSIDE THE EARTH DURING THE ICE AGE, A GREAT NATION OF FRIENDLY PEOPLE HAS TAKEN OVER THE LAND WE LEFT! VIBRATIONS FROM THE UPPER REALM WARN US THAT WAR AND STRIFE ON OTHER PARTS OF THE SURFACE ARE THREATENING THAT NATION! I KNOW OF MANY SINISTER PLOTS AGAINST IT BY EVIL ONES FROM ABROAD! IT IS WITHIN OUR POWER TO THWART AND PUNISH THESE EVIL ONES, AND HELP STAVE OFF WAR ON THIS CONTINENT! ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF DOING SO?
YES! LET US SMASH THESE DEVILS WHO THREATEN OUR NEIGHBORS!
WE ARE OF ONE ACCORD, ROCKMAN!
GOOD! MY PLAN IS TO GO TO THE SURFACE AND SECRETLY RUN DOWN THESE TROUBLE-MAKERS! IF I NEED HELP, I'LL CALL ON THE MEN OF ABYSMIA!
ROCKMAN SETS TO WORK CONSTRUCTING A DIGGER CAR POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GRIND ITS WAY THRU THE HARDEST ROCK....
A FEW WEEKS LATER HE SETS OUT, SOON REACHING THE UPPER CAVERNS INHABITED ONLY BY WEIRD SUBTERRANEAN CREATURES..


ROCKMAN'S KEEN KNOWLEDGE OF THE EARTH'S CRUST GUIDES HIM THRU THE SOFTEST AND SAFEST PARTS OF STRATA, AND HIS MACHINE BORES STEADILY TOWARD THE SURFACE.
FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS GO AFTER THAT FOREIGN MURDERER, ROFFLER!
I JUST LEARNED THAT A HUNDRED BOMBERS ARE ALREADY FINISHED, IVAN! NOW, BEFORE THEY'RE SHIPPED, IS THE TIME FOR US TO ACT! OUR TUNNEL RUNS THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE FACTORY! WE'LL PLACE OUR POWERFUL BOMBS EVERY FIFTY FEET! THERE WON'T BE A STICK LEFT AFTER IT'S OVER!
DURING THE TIME ROCKMAN HAS BEEN PREPARING FOR HIS TRIP, A LARGE AIRPLANE FACTORY HAS SPRUNG UP NEAR ROFFLER'S HOUSE...
LATER—
THIS IS THE LAST ONE, BOSS! THEY'RE ALL PLANTED!
FINE WORK! NOW I'LL SET THE TIMERS, AND WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE! OUR COUNTRY WILL LONG REMEMBER US FOR THIS SPLENDID PIECE OF WORK!
MEANWHILE, ROCKMAN'S DIGGER CAR GRINDS ITS WAY INTO ROFFLER'S BASEMENT...


ROCKMAN LEAPS OUT, AND PAUSES TO LISTEN TO THE HUNDREDS OF SOUNDS THAT COME TO HIS SHARP EARS....
I CAN HEAR ROFFLER AND IVAN IN THE TUNNEL NOW! LOOKS LIKE I HAVEN'T ARRIVED ANY TOO SOON!
JUST TO MAKE CERTAIN THEY DON'T ESCAPE, I'LL YANK DOWN THESE SUPPORTS!
WHAT'S THAT?
CRASH!
THE G-MEN! I'LL BET THEY'VE DISCOVERED US!
IF THEY COME IN HERE, THEY'LL NEVER GO OUT!
A CAVE-IN!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
WE CAN'T STAY HERE LONG! THOSE BOMBS WILL EXPLODE PRETTY SOON!
WE'RE LUCKY THE LIGHTS ARE STILL ON! START DISCONNECTING THE TIMERS! THEN WE'LL TRY TO DIG OUT!
JUST A COUPLE OF RATS IN A TRAP, EH?
HUH?

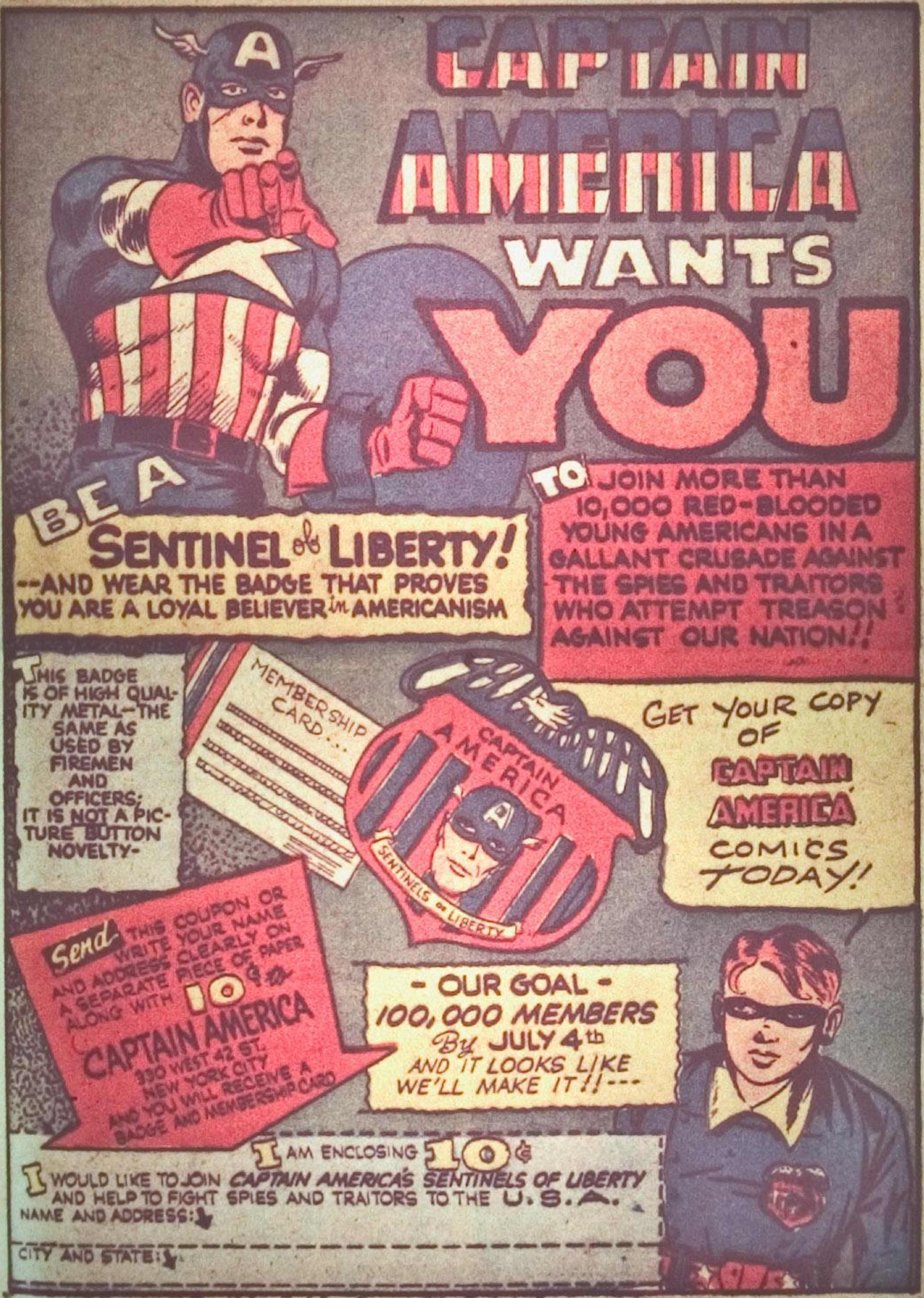

PLUG HIM!
IF YOU CAN!
ROCKMAN WHIRLS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, AND WHIPS THE WEAPONS FROM THE MEN'S HANDS..
THOSE GUNS WON'T HELP! BY THE TIME I GET THRU WITH YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET WHAT YOU DID TO GOLLINGS AND HIS MEN!
YOU—YOU KNOW! WHO ARE YOU?
THAT DOESN'T MATTER! START TAKING THESE BOMBS APART, AND DUMP THE POWDER OUT!
HE'S UNARMED! RUSH HIM!
IVAN LEAPS, BUT ROCKMAN EASILY STOPS HIM WITH A SWIFT, STEELY FIST
GET BUSY, ROFFLER, OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME!
LATER, WHEN ROFFLER HAS EMPTIED ALL THE BOMBS, HE FEARFULLY TURNS TO FACE HIS CAPTOR
WHY— HE'S GONE!
IF THERE'S A WAY OUT FOR HIM, THERE'S A WAY OUT FOR ME, TOO!


BUT ROFFLER CANNOT FOLLOW ROCKMAN, WHO, WITH HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND EXTREMELY HARD FLESH, PLOWS RIGHT THRU THE DEBRIS THAT BLOCKS THE TUNNEL....
NOW TO FIND THE NEAREST VEIN OF WATER UNDERGROUND, AND DIVERT IT INTO THE TUNNEL WITH MY DIGGER CAR. BESIDES WETTING DOWN THAT BOMB POWDER, IT SHOULD SCARE SOME OF THE DEVILISHNESS OUT OF THOSE TWO!
AS ROFFLER RACES THRU THE TUNNEL, HE HEARS A STRANGE RUMBLE. HE WHIRLS, AND—
WATER! IT'S COMING THRU THAT HOLE!
IVAN COMES TO
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S ALL THE WATER COMING FROM?
HOW DO I KNOW? GET UP AND START DIGGING, YOU FOOL!
AN HOUR LATER:
WE'LL BE DROWNED BEFORE WE CAN GET OUT!
KEEP DIGGING! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
I CAN SEE THRU! SCRAPE OUT A LITTLE MORE DIRT. SO I CAN CRAWL THRU!
I'LL GO THRU FIRST! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THERE'S ANOTHER CAVE-IN!
FURIOUS, ROFFLER SEIZES A ROCK—
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'LL GO FIRST!
THERE! NOW I'LL GO THRU!


A STRONG ARM DARTS OUT AND YANKS ROFFLER THRU THE HOLE
ONCE A KILLER ALWAYS A KILLER! I WOULDN'T HAVE LET EITHER ONE OF YOU DROWN IN THERE! BUT NOW I OUGHT TO—
ROFFLER TEARS HIMSELF FROM ROCKMAN'S GRASP...
HERE'S WHERE I ESCAPE FROM THAT MEDDLING FOOL!
ROCKMAN SEIZES ONE OF THE FALLEN BEAMS PROTRUDING FROM THE CAVE-IN DIRT, AND WITH ONE MIGHTY JERK FREES THE PENT-UP WATER ON THE OTHER SIDE...
HE PRACTICALLY ASKED FOR IT! NOW HE'S GOING TO GET IT!
HE LEAPS AHEAD OF THE WATER AND REACHES SAFETY IN HIS DIGGER CAR, BUT ROFFLER IS CAUGHT AND CRUSHED IN THE SWIFT TORRENT...
HELP!
MINUTES LATER, THE MAN FROM THE INNER WORLD COMES TO THE SURFACE ON A DISTANT HILL.....
MY FIRST VIEW OF THE GREAT OPEN! IF THE REST OF THIS SURFACE WORLD IS HALF THIS BEAUTIFUL, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MEN ARE TRYING TO DESTROY IT —— AND THEMSELVES!

NEXT MONTH

ROCKMAN REALLY GETS INTO *Action*! DON'T MISS THE SURPRISES HE HANDS THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF USA COMICS



TO JOIN MORE THAN 10,000 RED-BLOODED YOUNG AMERICANS IN A GALLANT CRUSADE AGAINST THE SPIES AND TRAITORS WHO ATTEMPT TREASON AGAINST OUR NATION!!

BE A SENTINEL of LIBERTY! --AND WEAR THE BADGE THAT PROVES YOU ARE A LOYAL BELIEVER in AMERICANISM

THIS BADGE IS OF HIGH QUALITY METAL—THE SAME AS USED BY FIREMEN AND OFFICERS; IT IS NOT A PICTURE BUTTON NOVELTY-

GET YOUR COPY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS TODAY!

Send THIS COUPON OR WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER ALONG WITH 10¢ to

CAPTAIN AMERICA
330 WEST 42 ST.
NEW YORK CITY

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD

- OUR GOAL -
100,000 MEMBERS By JULY 4th AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL MAKE IT!!---

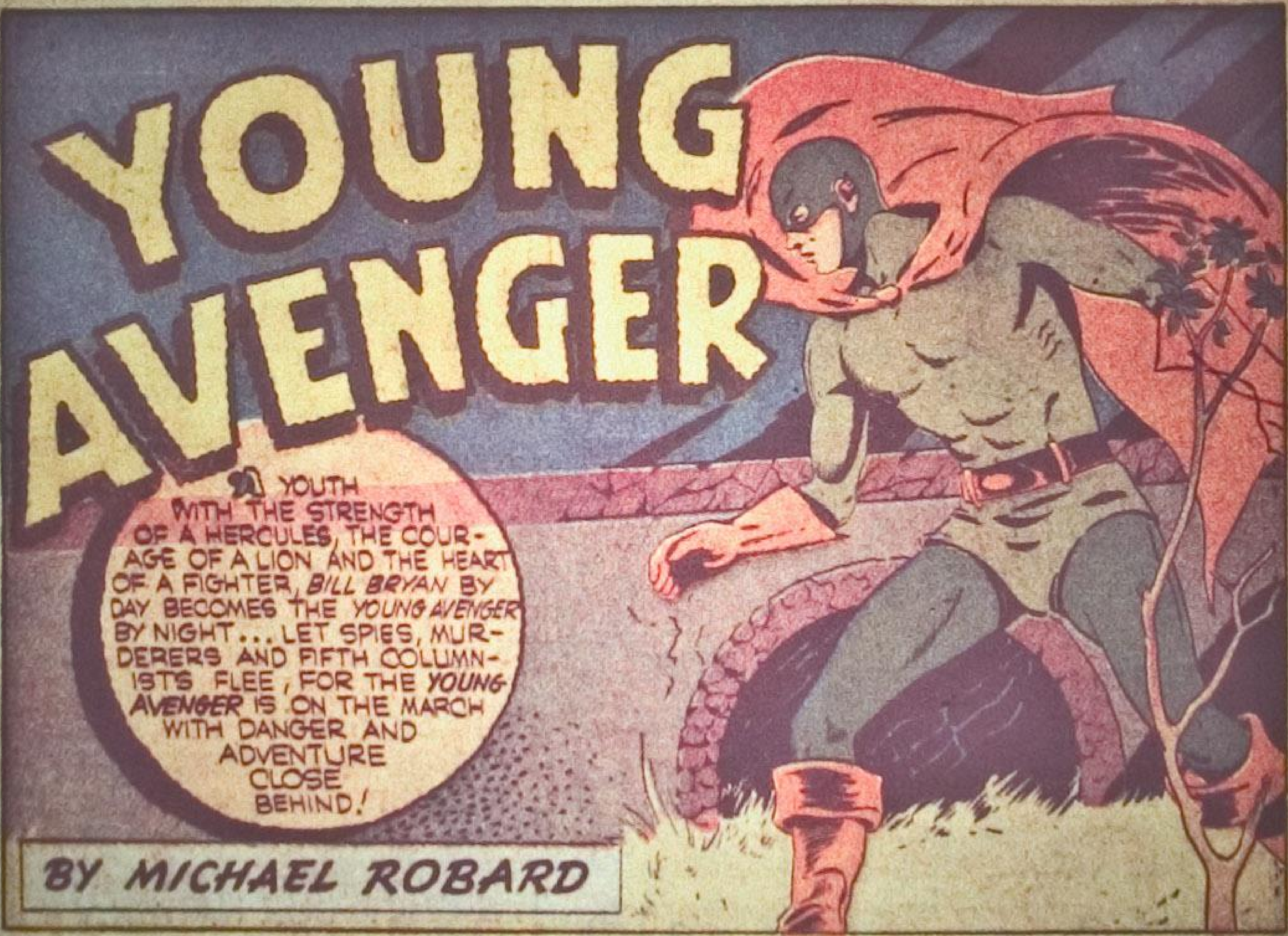
I AM ENCLOSING 10¢

I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AND HELP TO FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U.S.A.

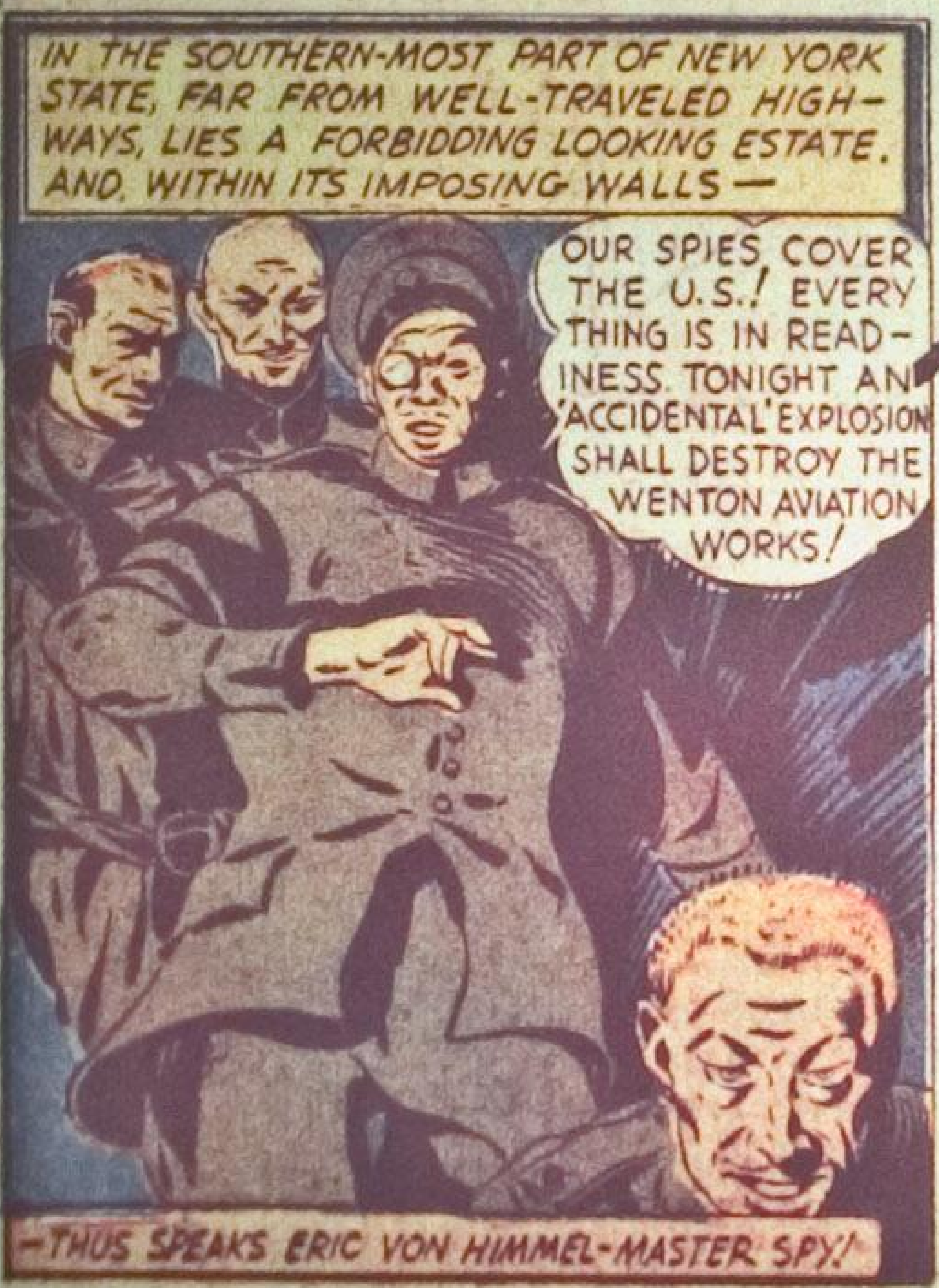
NAME AND ADDRESS:

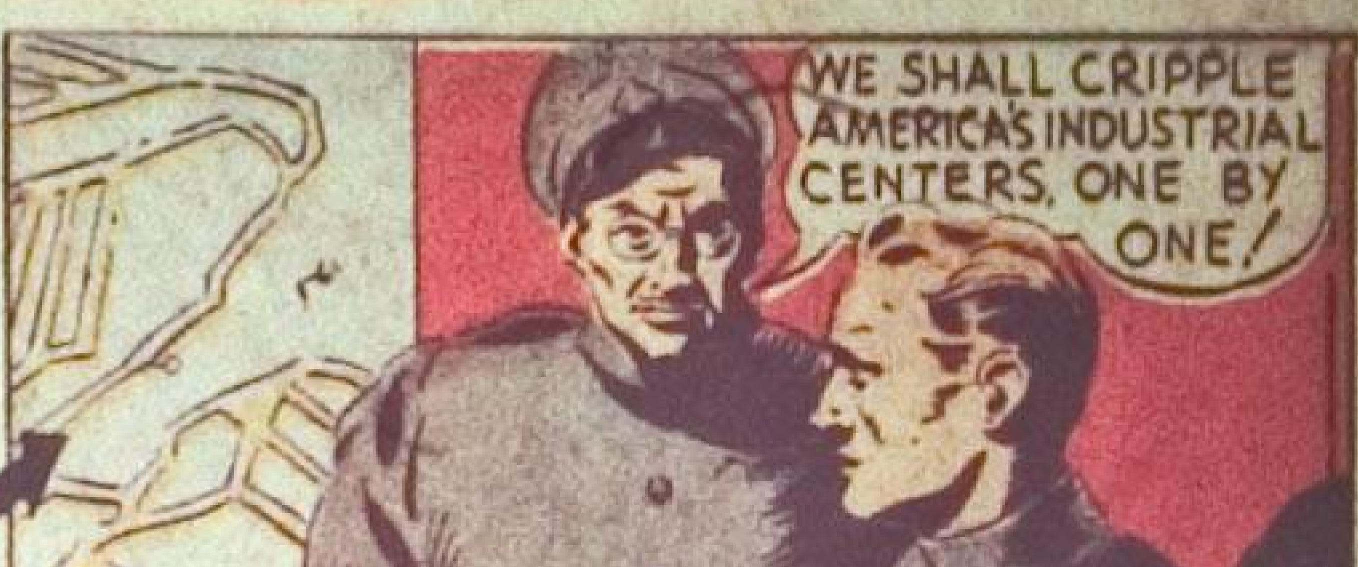
CITY AND STATE:

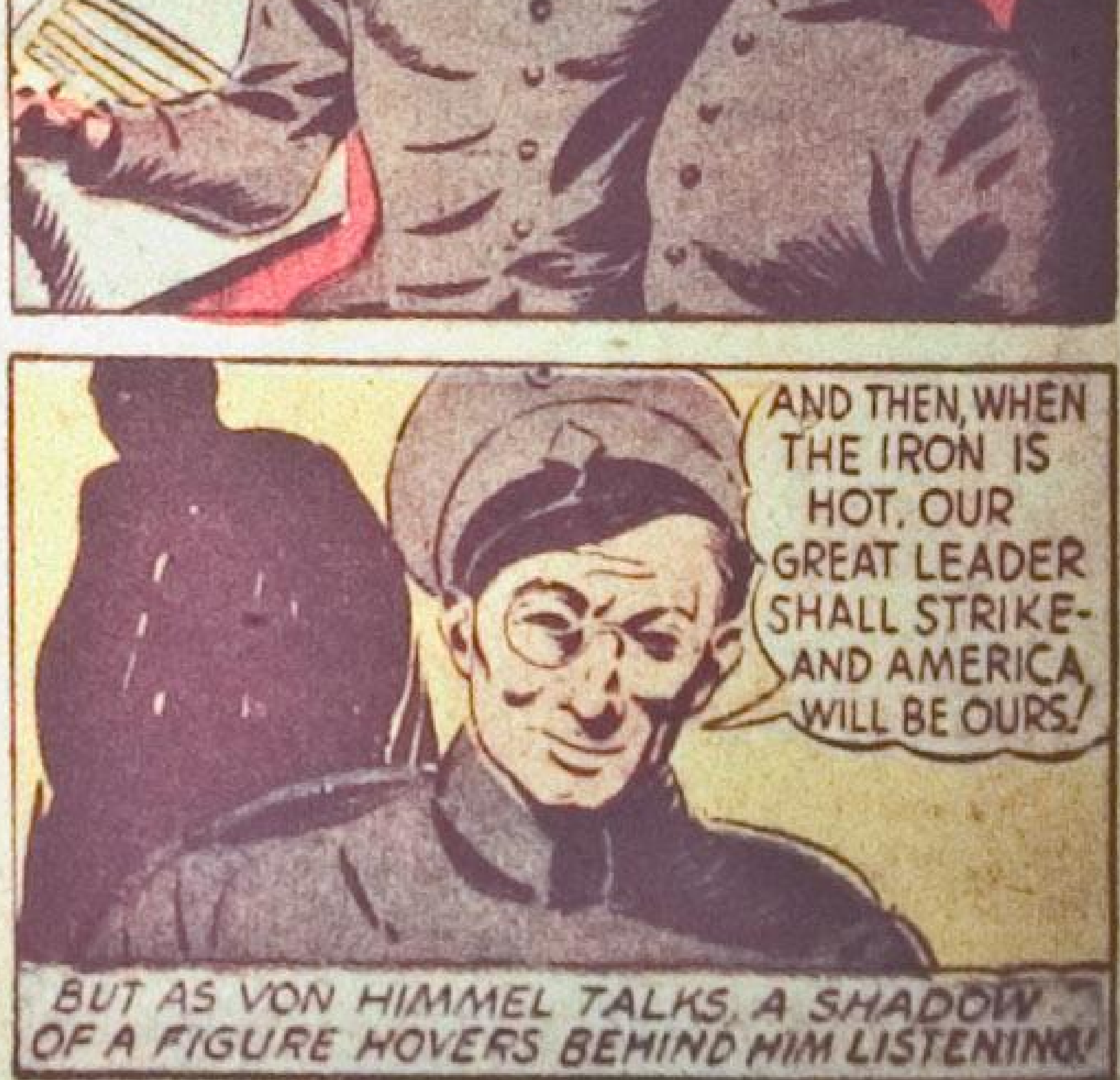
YOUNG AVENGER

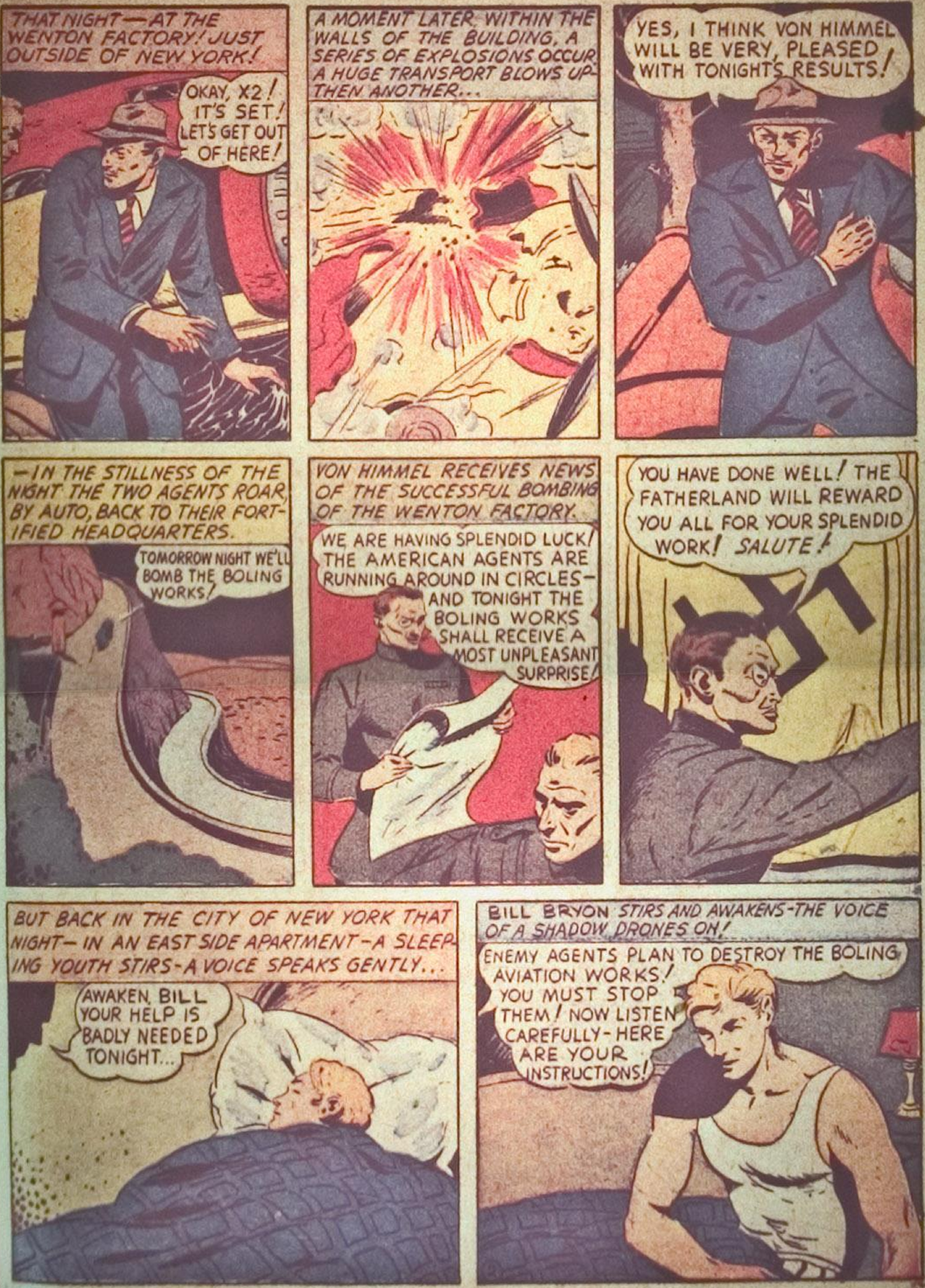

A YOUTH WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES, THE COURAGE OF A LION AND THE HEART OF A FIGHTER, *BILL BRYAN* BY DAY BECOMES THE *YOUNG AVENGER* BY NIGHT... LET SPIES, MURDERERS AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS FLEE, FOR THE *YOUNG AVENGER* IS ON THE MARCH WITH DANGER AND ADVENTURE CLOSE BEHIND!

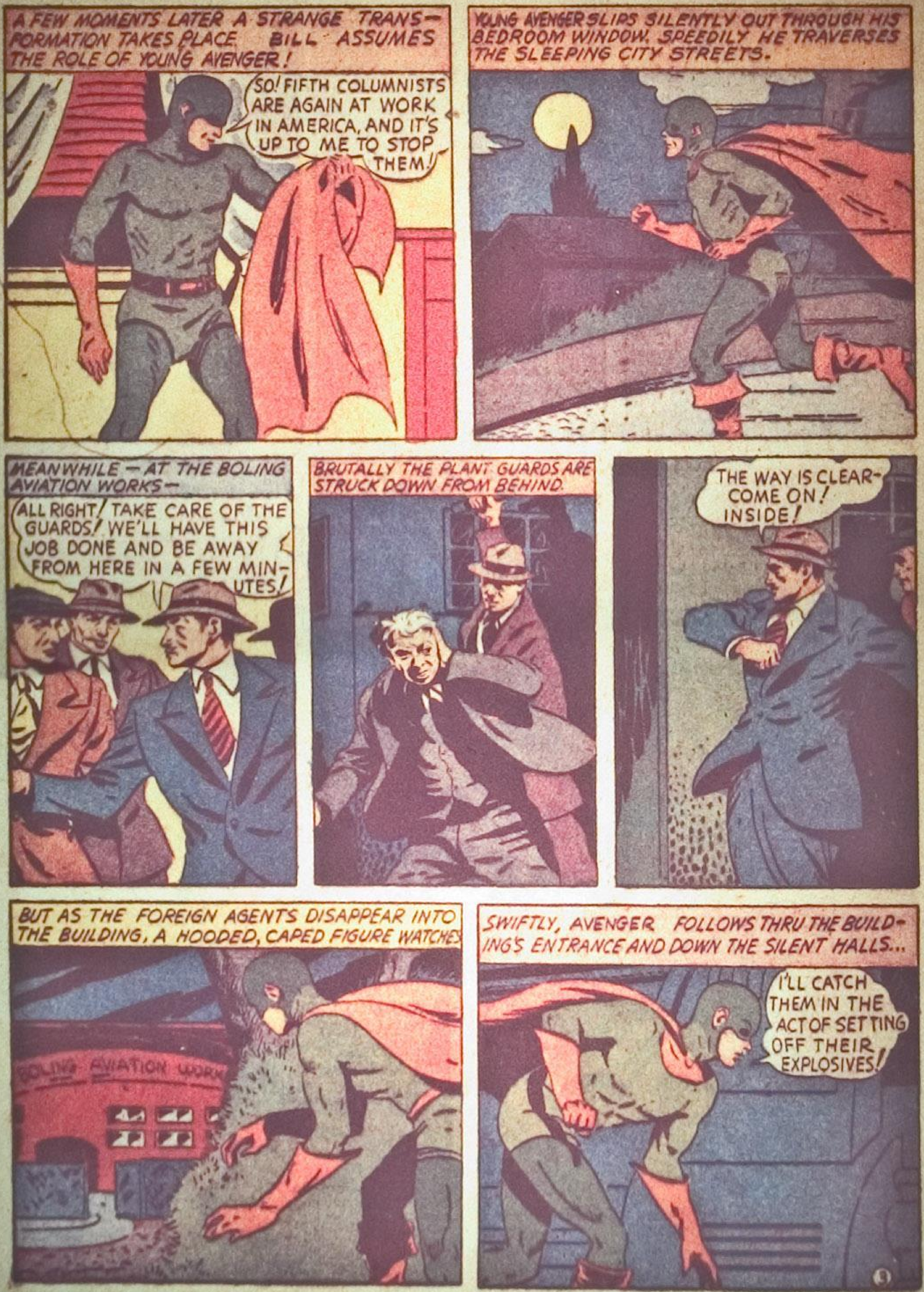
BY MICHAEL ROBARD

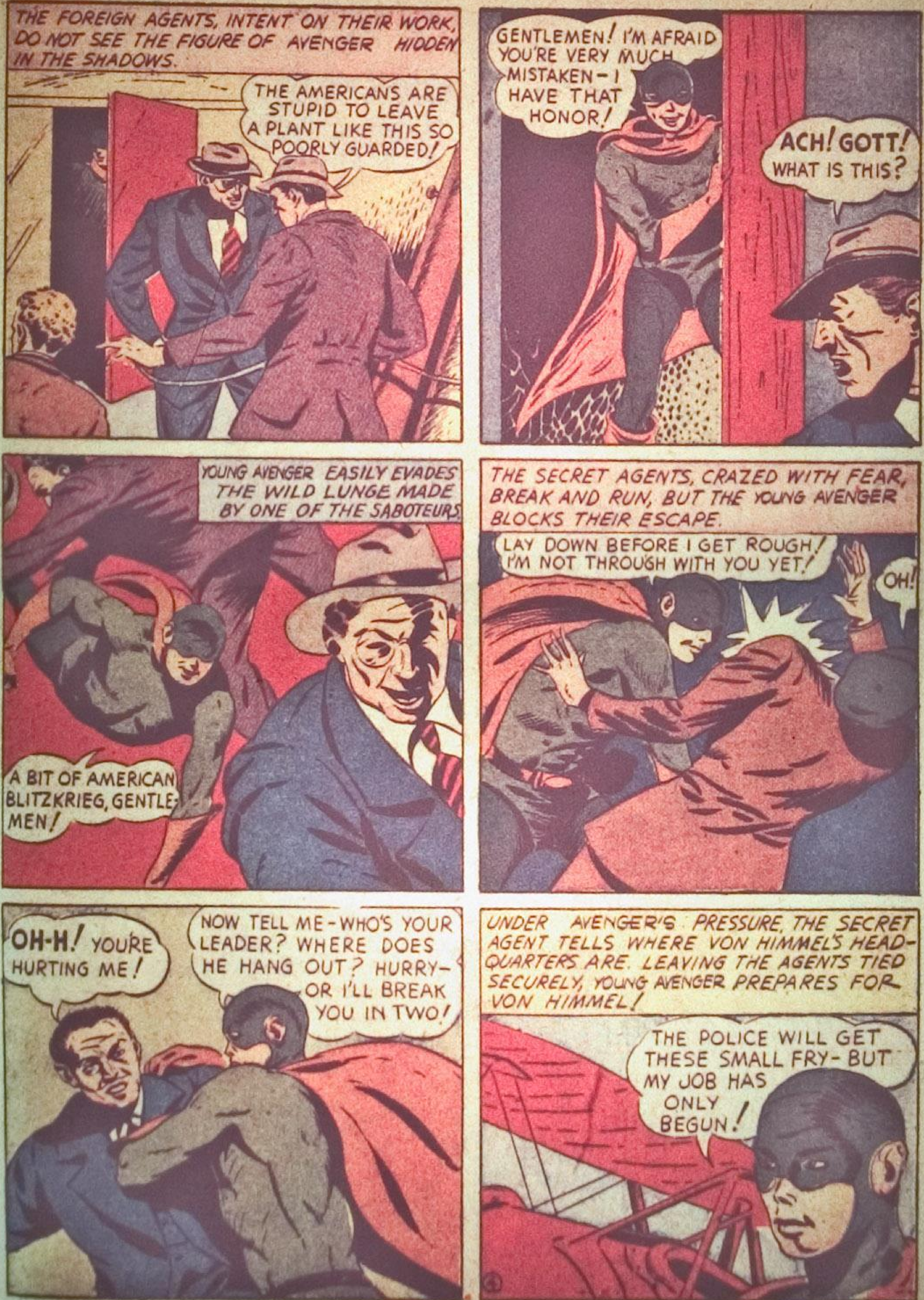

IN THE SOUTHERN-MOST PART OF NEW YORK STATE, FAR FROM WELL-TRAVELED HIGHWAYS, LIES A FORBIDDING LOOKING ESTATE. AND, WITHIN ITS IMPOSING WALLS —
OUR SPIES COVER THE U.S.! EVERY THING IS IN READINESS. TONIGHT AN 'ACCIDENTAL' EXPLOSION SHALL DESTROY THE WENTON AVIATION WORKS!
—THUS SPEAKS ERIC VON HIMMEL-MASTER SPY!

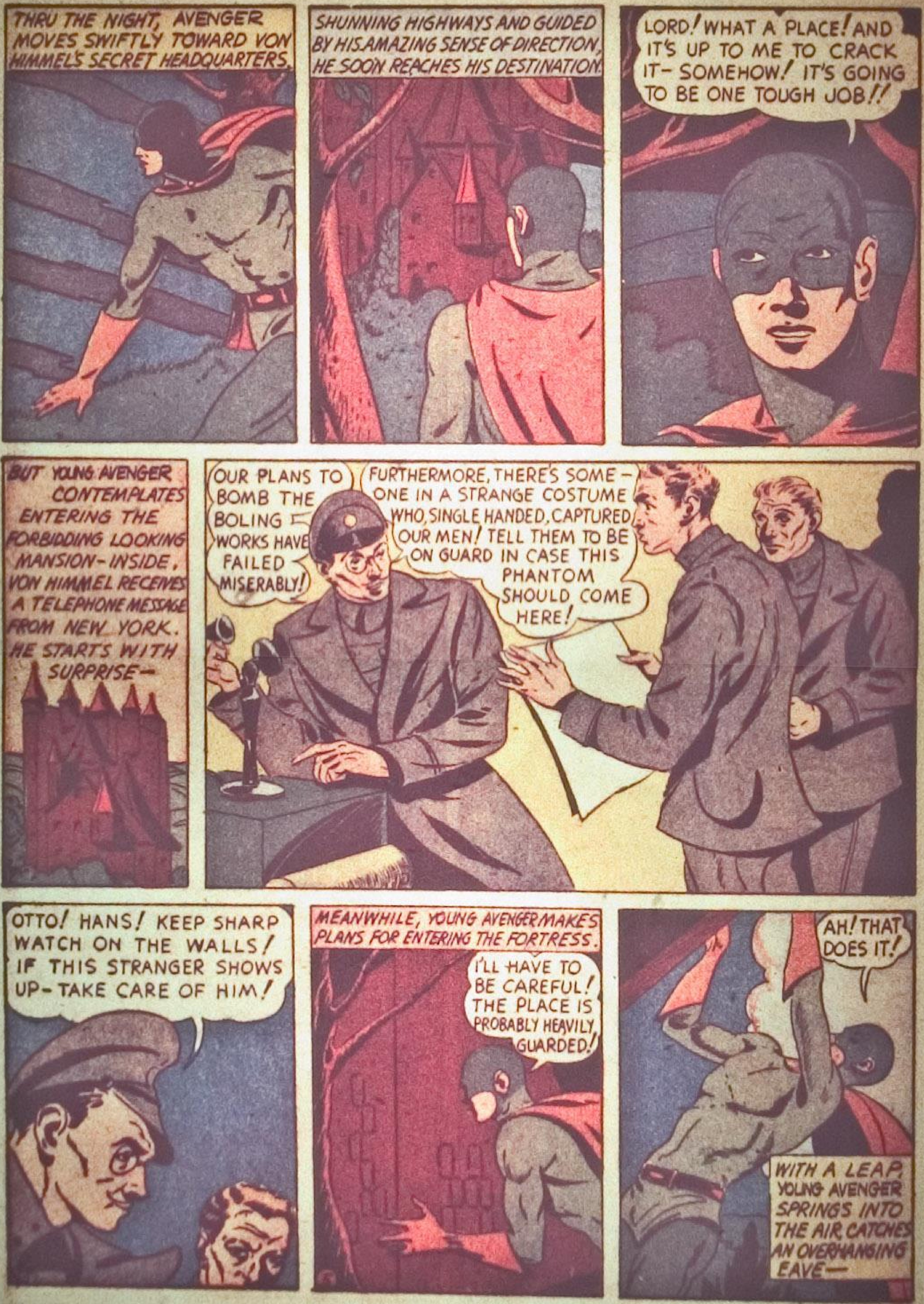

WE SHALL CRIPPLE AMERICA'S INDUSTRIAL CENTERS, ONE BY ONE!

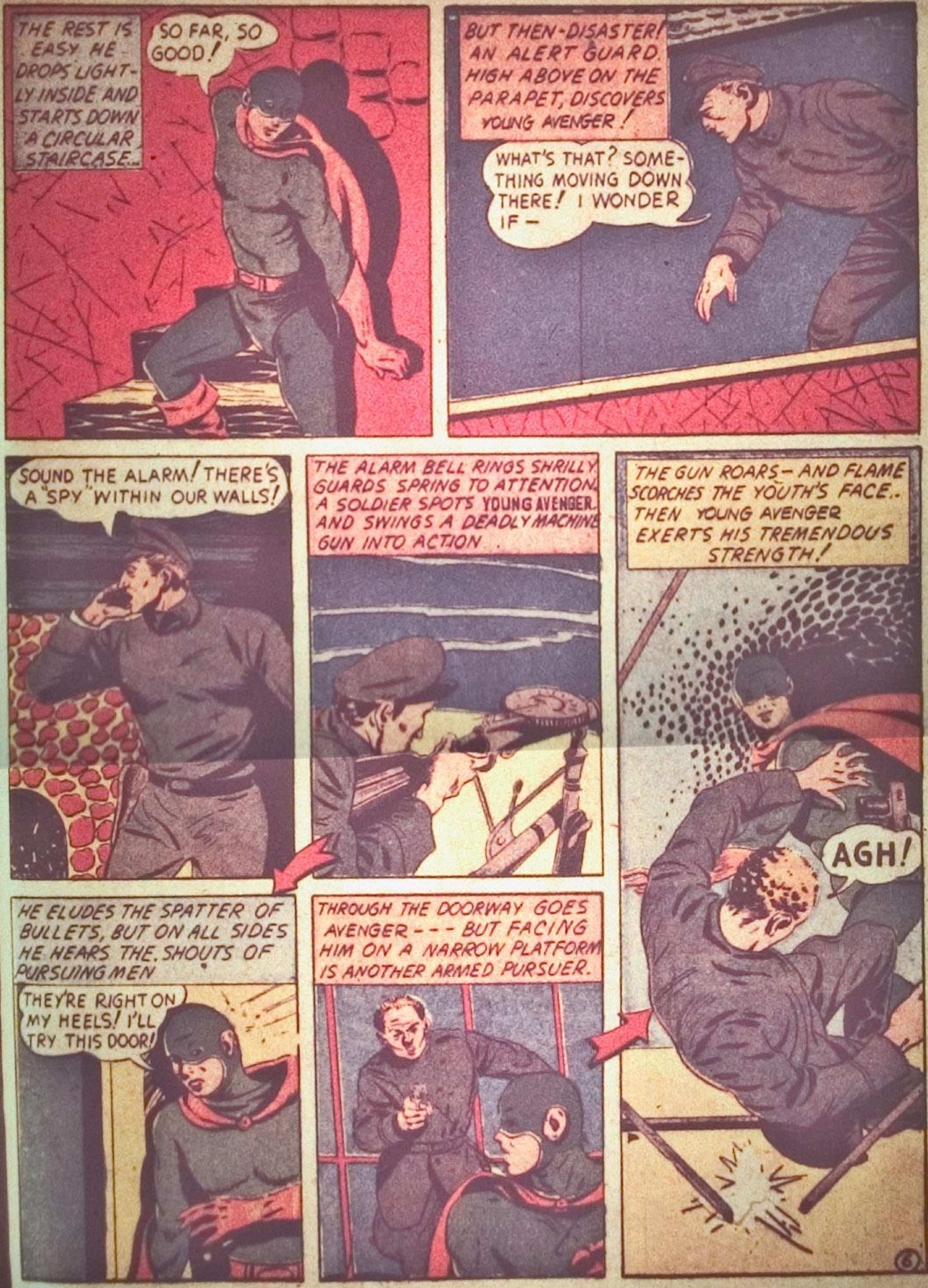

AND THEN, WHEN THE IRON IS HOT, OUR GREAT LEADER SHALL STRIKE-AND AMERICA WILL BE OURS!
BUT AS VON HIMMEL TALKS, A SHADOW OF A FIGURE HOVERS BEHIND HIM LISTENING!

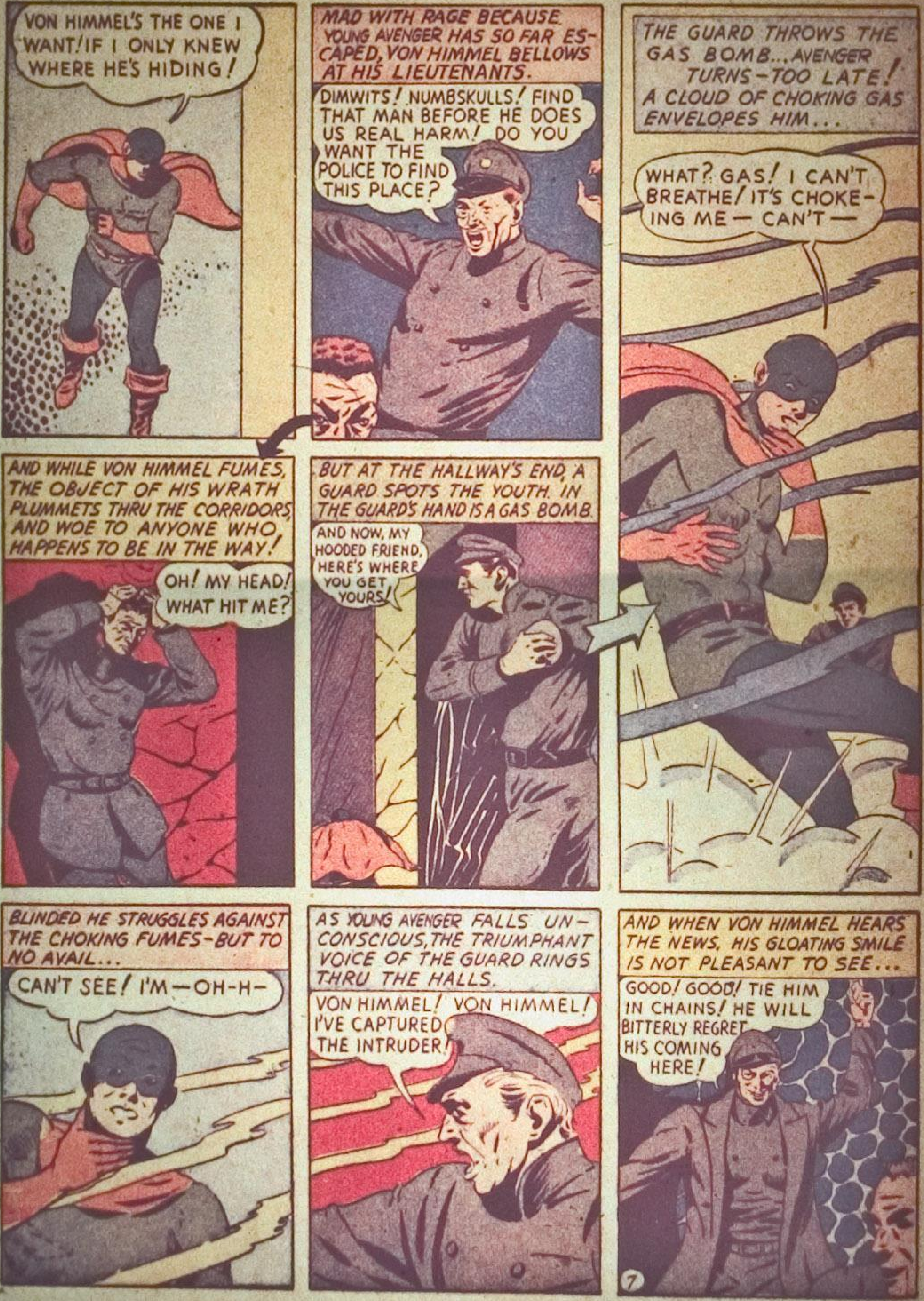

THAT NIGHT—AT THE WENTON FACTORY! JUST OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK!
OKAY, X2! IT'S SET! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
A MOMENT LATER, WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE BUILDING, A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS OCCUR. A HUGE TRANSPORT BLOWS UP—THEN ANOTHER...
YES, I THINK VON HIMMEL WILL BE VERY, PLEASED WITH TONIGHT'S RESULTS!
—IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT THE TWO AGENTS ROAR, BY AUTO, BACK TO THEIR FORTIFIED HEADQUARTERS.
TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL BOMB THE BOLING WORKS!
VON HIMMEL RECEIVES NEWS OF THE SUCCESSFUL BOMBING OF THE WENTON FACTORY.
WE ARE HAVING SPLENDID LUCK! THE AMERICAN AGENTS ARE RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES—AND TONIGHT THE BOLING WORKS SHALL RECEIVE A MOST UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL! THE FATHERLAND WILL REWARD YOU ALL FOR YOUR SPLENDID WORK! SALUTE!
BUT BACK IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK THAT NIGHT— IN AN EAST SIDE APARTMENT—A SLEEPING YOUTH STIRS—A VOICE SPEAKS GENTLY...
AWAKEN, BILL YOUR HELP IS BADLY NEEDED TONIGHT...
BILL BRYON STIRS AND AWAKENS—THE VOICE OF A SHADOW DRONES ON!
ENEMY AGENTS PLAN TO DESTROY THE BOLING AVIATION WORKS! YOU MUST STOP THEM! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY—HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!

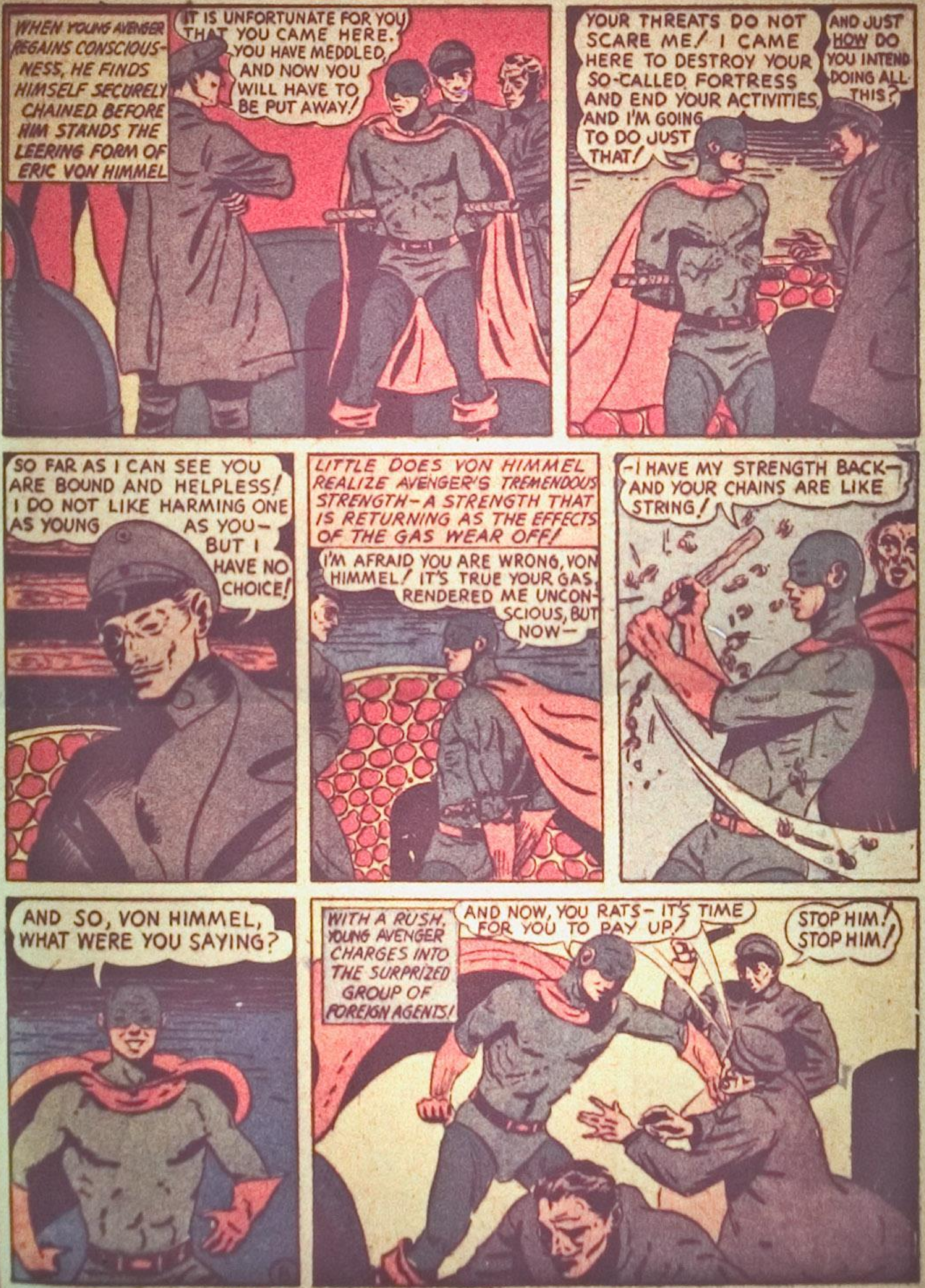

A FEW MOMENTS LATER A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE. BILL ASSUMES THE ROLE OF YOUNG AVENGER!
SO! FIFTH COLUMNISTS ARE AGAIN AT WORK IN AMERICA, AND IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP THEM!
YOUNG AVENGER SLIPS SILENTLY OUT THROUGH HIS BEDROOM WINDOW. SPEEDILY HE TRAVERSES THE SLEEPING CITY STREETS.
MEANWHILE — AT THE BOLING AVIATION WORKS —
ALL RIGHT! TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS! WE'LL HAVE THIS JOB DONE AND BE AWAY FROM HERE IN A FEW MINUTES!
BRUTALLY THE PLANT GUARDS ARE STRUCK DOWN FROM BEHIND.
THE WAY IS CLEAR— COME ON! INSIDE!
BUT AS THE FOREIGN AGENTS DISAPPEAR INTO THE BUILDING, A HOODED, CAPED FIGURE WATCHES
BOLING AVIATION WORK
SWIFTLY, AVENGER FOLLOWS THRU THE BUILDING'S ENTRANCE AND DOWN THE SILENT HALLS...
I'LL CATCH THEM IN THE ACT OF SETTING OFF THEIR EXPLOSIVES!

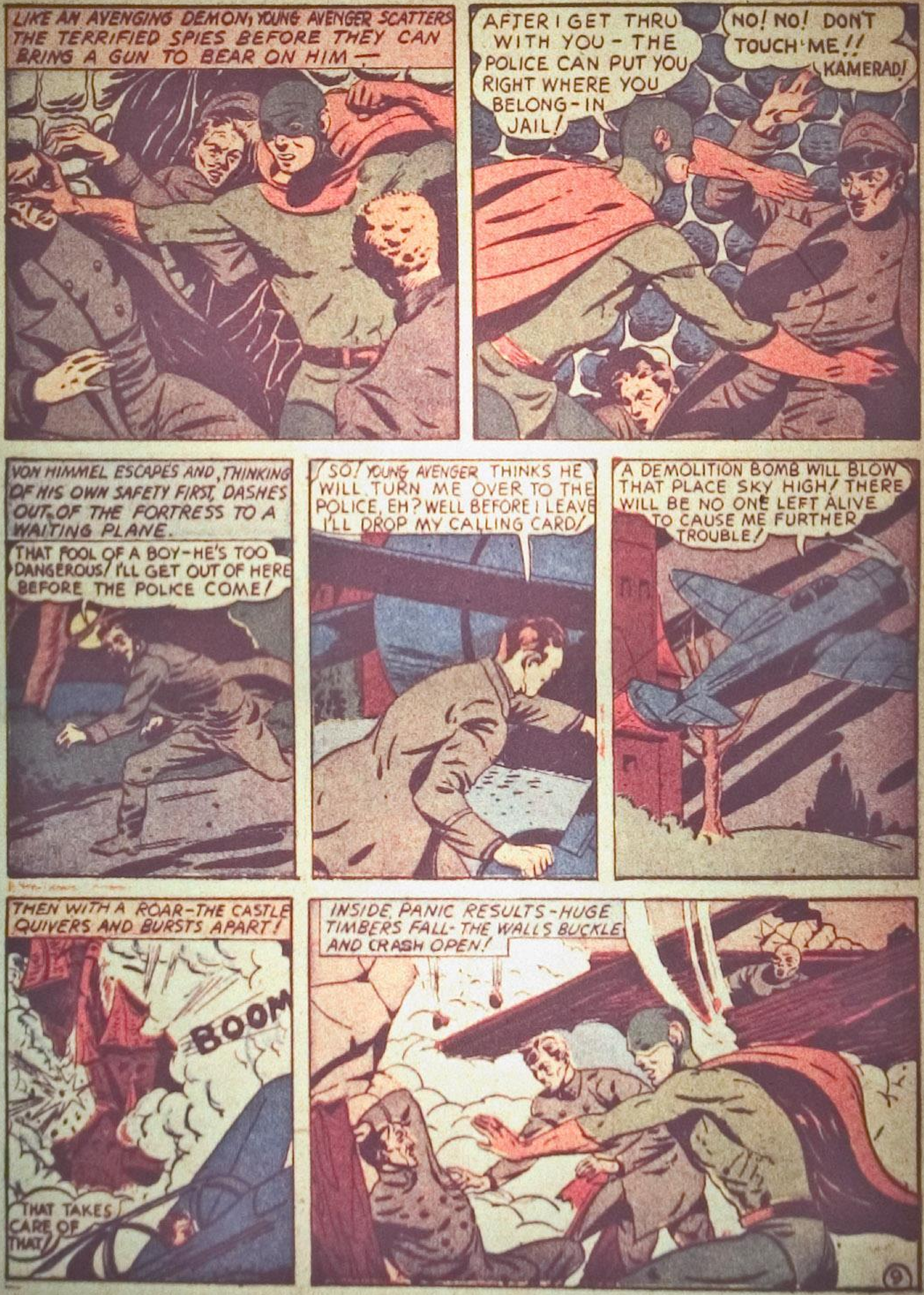

THE FOREIGN AGENTS, INTENT ON THEIR WORK, DO NOT SEE THE FIGURE OF AVENGER HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS.
THE AMERICANS ARE STUPID TO LEAVE A PLANT LIKE THIS SO POORLY GUARDED!
GENTLEMEN! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN - I HAVE THAT HONOR!
ACH! GOTT! WHAT IS THIS?
YOUNG AVENGER EASILY EVADES THE WILD LUNGE MADE BY ONE OF THE SABOTEURS
A BIT OF AMERICAN BLITZKRIEG, GENTLEMEN!
THE SECRET AGENTS, CRAZED WITH FEAR, BREAK AND RUN, BUT THE YOUNG AVENGER BLOCKS THEIR ESCAPE.
LAY DOWN BEFORE I GET ROUGH! I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!
OH!
OH-H! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
NOW TELL ME - WHO'S YOUR LEADER? WHERE DOES HE HANG OUT? HURRY - OR I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!
UNDER AVENGER'S PRESSURE, THE SECRET AGENT TELLS WHERE VON HIMMEL'S HEADQUARTERS ARE. LEAVING THE AGENTS TIED SECURELY, YOUNG AVENGER PREPARES FOR VON HIMMEL!
THE POLICE WILL GET THESE SMALL FRY - BUT MY JOB HAS ONLY BEGUN!
4

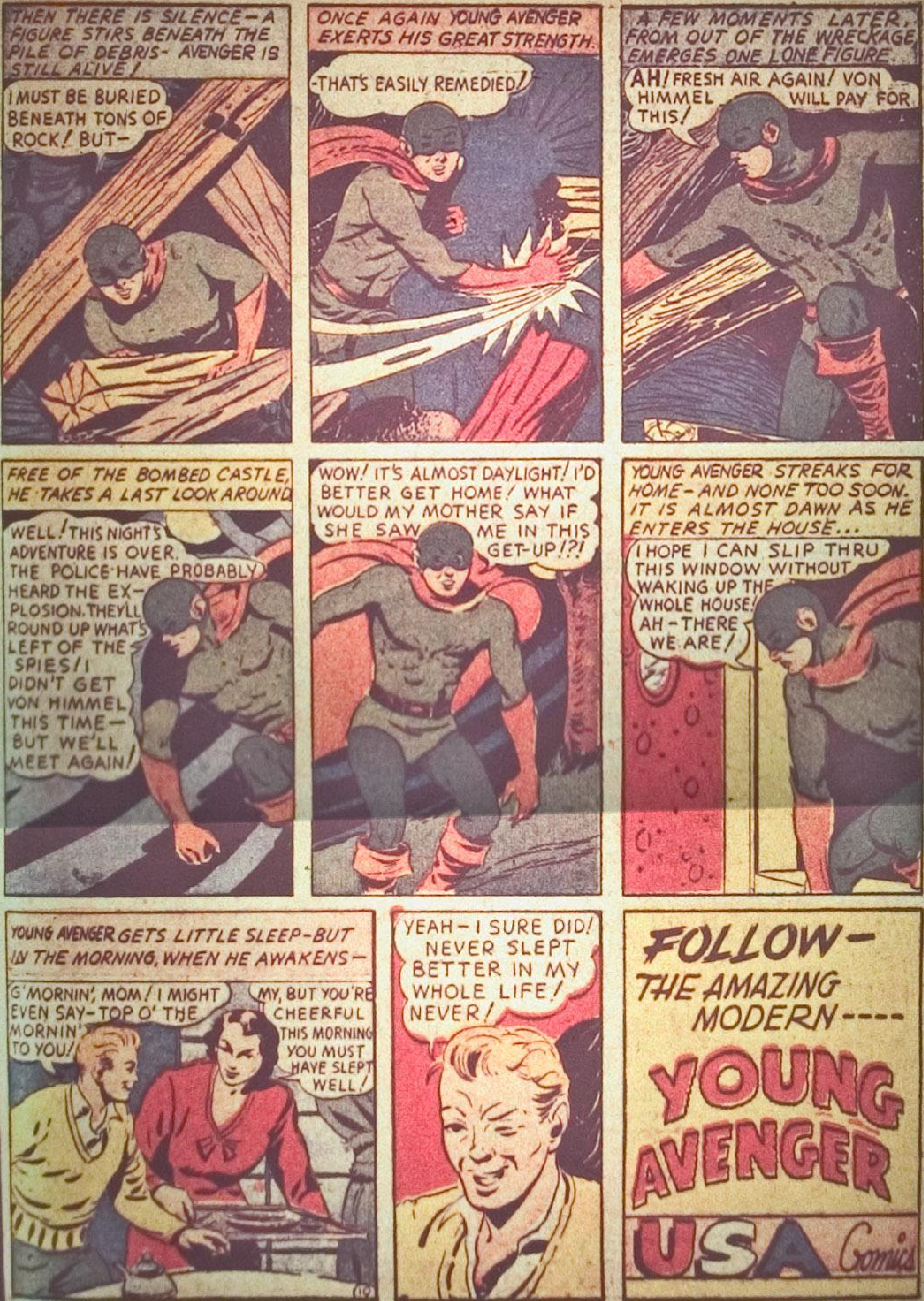

THRU THE NIGHT, AVENGER MOVES SWIFTLY TOWARD VON HIMMEL'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS.
SHUNNING HIGHWAYS AND GUIDED BY HIS AMAZING SENSE OF DIRECTION, HE SOON REACHES HIS DESTINATION.
LORD! WHAT A PLACE! AND IT'S UP TO ME TO CRACK IT– SOMEHOW! IT'S GOING TO BE ONE TOUGH JOB!!
BUT YOUNG AVENGER CONTEMPLATES ENTERING THE FORBIDDING LOOKING MANSION– INSIDE, VON HIMMEL RECEIVES A TELEPHONE MESSAGE FROM NEW YORK. HE STARTS WITH SURPRISE–
OUR PLANS TO BOMB THE BOLING WORKS HAVE FAILED MISERABLY!
FURTHERMORE, THERE'S SOME– ONE IN A STRANGE COSTUME WHO, SINGLE HANDED, CAPTURED OUR MEN! TELL THEM TO BE ON GUARD IN CASE THIS PHANTOM SHOULD COME HERE!
OTTO! HANS! KEEP SHARP WATCH ON THE WALLS! IF THIS STRANGER SHOWS UP– TAKE CARE OF HIM!
MEANWHILE, YOUNG AVENGER MAKES PLANS FOR ENTERING THE FORTRESS.
I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL! THE PLACE IS PROBABLY HEAVILY GUARDED!
AH! THAT DOES IT!
WITH A LEAP, YOUNG AVENGER SPRINGS INTO THE AIR, CATCHES AN OVERHANGING EAVE–


THE REST IS EASY. HE DROPS LIGHTLY INSIDE AND STARTS DOWN A CIRCULAR STAIRCASE..
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
BUT THEN-DISASTER! AN ALERT GUARD, HIGH ABOVE ON THE PARAPET, DISCOVERS YOUNG AVENGER!
WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING MOVING DOWN THERE! I WONDER IF —
SOUND THE ALARM! THERE'S A "SPY" WITHIN OUR WALLS!
THE ALARM BELL RINGS SHRILLY. GUARDS SPRING TO ATTENTION. A SOLDIER SPOTS YOUNG AVENGER AND SWINGS A DEADLY MACHINE GUN INTO ACTION.
HE ELUDES THE SPATTER OF BULLETS, BUT ON ALL SIDES HE HEARS THE SHOUTS OF PURSUING MEN
THEY'RE RIGHT ON MY HEELS! I'LL TRY THIS DOOR!
THROUGH THE DOORWAY GOES AVENGER - - - BUT FACING HIM ON A NARROW PLATFORM IS ANOTHER ARMED PURSUER.
THE GUN ROARS — AND FLAME SCORCHES THE YOUTH'S FACE.. THEN YOUNG AVENGER EXERTS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH!
AGH!
6


VON HIMMEL'S THE ONE I WANT! IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE HE'S HIDING!
MAD WITH RAGE BECAUSE YOUNG AVENGER HAS SO FAR ESCAPED, VON HIMMEL BELLOWS AT HIS LIEUTENANTS.
DIMWITS! NUMBSKULLS! FIND THAT MAN BEFORE HE DOES US REAL HARM! DO YOU WANT THE POLICE TO FIND THIS PLACE?
THE GUARD THROWS THE GAS BOMB... AVENGER TURNS—TOO LATE! A CLOUD OF CHOKING GAS ENVELOPES HIM...
WHAT? GAS! I CAN'T BREATHE! IT'S CHOKEING ME — CAN'T —
AND WHILE VON HIMMEL FUMES, THE OBJECT OF HIS WRATH PLUMMETS THRU THE CORRIDORS, AND WOE TO ANYONE WHO HAPPENS TO BE IN THE WAY!
OH! MY HEAD! WHAT HIT ME?
BUT AT THE HALLWAY'S END, A GUARD SPOTS THE YOUTH. IN THE GUARD'S HAND IS A GAS BOMB.
AND NOW, MY HOODED FRIEND, HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!
BLINDED HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE CHOKING FUMES—BUT TO NO AVAIL...
CAN'T SEE! I'M—OH-H-
AS YOUNG AVENGER FALLS UNCONSCIOUS, THE TRIUMPHANT VOICE OF THE GUARD RINGS THRU THE HALLS.
VON HIMMEL! VON HIMMEL! I'VE CAPTURED THE INTRUDER!
AND WHEN VON HIMMEL HEARS THE NEWS, HIS GLOATING SMILE IS NOT PLEASANT TO SEE...
GOOD! GOOD! TIE HIM IN CHAINS! HE WILL BITTERLY REGRET HIS COMING HERE!


WHEN YOUNG AVENGER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF SECURELY CHAINED. BEFORE HIM STANDS THE LEERING FORM OF ERIC VON HIMMEL
IT IS UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU THAT YOU CAME HERE. YOU HAVE MEDDLED, AND NOW YOU WILL HAVE TO BE PUT AWAY!
YOUR THREATS DO NOT SCARE ME! I CAME HERE TO DESTROY YOUR SO-CALLED FORTRESS AND END YOUR ACTIVITIES, AND I'M GOING TO DO JUST THAT!
AND JUST HOW DO YOU INTEND DOING ALL THIS?
SO FAR AS I CAN SEE YOU ARE BOUND AND HELPLESS! I DO NOT LIKE HARMING ONE AS YOUNG AS YOU—BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE!
LITTLE DOES VON HIMMEL REALIZE AVENGER'S TREMENDOUS STRENGTH—A STRENGTH THAT IS RETURNING AS THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS WEAR OFF!
I'M AFRAID YOU ARE WRONG, VON HIMMEL! IT'S TRUE YOUR GAS RENDERED ME UNCONSCIOUS, BUT NOW—
—I HAVE MY STRENGTH BACK—AND YOUR CHAINS ARE LIKE STRING!
AND SO, VON HIMMEL, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?
WITH A RUSH, YOUNG AVENGER CHARGES INTO THE SURPRIZED GROUP OF FOREIGN AGENTS!
AND NOW, YOU RATS—IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO PAY UP!
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!


LIKE AN AVENGING DEMON, YOUNG AVENGER SCATTERS THE TERRIFIED SPIES BEFORE THEY CAN BRING A GUN TO BEAR ON HIM—
AFTER I GET THRU WITH YOU - THE POLICE CAN PUT YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG - IN JAIL!
NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!! KAMERAD!
VON HIMMEL ESCAPES AND, THINKING OF HIS OWN SAFETY FIRST, DASHES OUT OF THE FORTRESS TO A WAITING PLANE.
THAT FOOL OF A BOY - HE'S TOO DANGEROUS! I'LL GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE POLICE COME!
SO! YOUNG AVENGER THINKS HE WILL TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE, EH? WELL BEFORE I LEAVE I'LL DROP MY CALLING CARD!
A DEMOLITION BOMB WILL BLOW THAT PLACE SKY HIGH! THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT ALIVE TO CAUSE ME FURTHER TROUBLE!
THEN WITH A ROAR - THE CASTLE QUIVERS AND BURSTS APART!
BOOM
THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!
INSIDE, PANIC RESULTS - HUGE TIMBERS FALL - THE WALLS BUCKLE AND CRASH OPEN!


THEN THERE IS SILENCE—A FIGURE STIRS BENEATH THE PILE OF DEBRIS- AVENGER IS STILL ALIVE!
I MUST BE BURIED BENEATH TONS OF ROCK! BUT—
ONCE AGAIN YOUNG AVENGER EXERTS HIS GREAT STRENGTH.
-THAT'S EASILY REMEDIED!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, FROM OUT OF THE WRECKAGE EMERGES ONE LONE FIGURE.
AH! FRESH AIR AGAIN! VON HIMMEL WILL PAY FOR THIS!
FREE OF THE BOMBED CASTLE, HE TAKES A LAST LOOK AROUND
WELL! THIS NIGHT'S ADVENTURE IS OVER. THE POLICE HAVE PROBABLY HEARD THE EXPLOSION. THEY'LL ROUND UP WHAT'S LEFT OF THE SPIES! I DIDN'T GET VON HIMMEL THIS TIME— BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
WOW! IT'S ALMOST DAYLIGHT! I'D BETTER GET HOME! WHAT WOULD MY MOTHER SAY IF SHE SAW ME IN THIS GET-UP!?!
YOUNG AVENGER STREAKS FOR HOME—AND NONE TOO SOON. IT IS ALMOST DAWN AS HE ENTERS THE HOUSE...
I HOPE I CAN SLIP THRU THIS WINDOW WITHOUT WAKING UP THE WHOLE HOUSE! AH—THERE WE ARE!
YOUNG AVENGER GETS LITTLE SLEEP—BUT IN THE MORNING, WHEN HE AWAKENS—
G'MORNIN', MOM! I MIGHT EVEN SAY—TOP O' THE MORNIN' TO YOU!
MY, BUT YOU'RE CHEERFUL THIS MORNING YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT WELL!
YEAH—I SURE DID! NEVER SLEPT BETTER IN MY WHOLE LIFE! NEVER!
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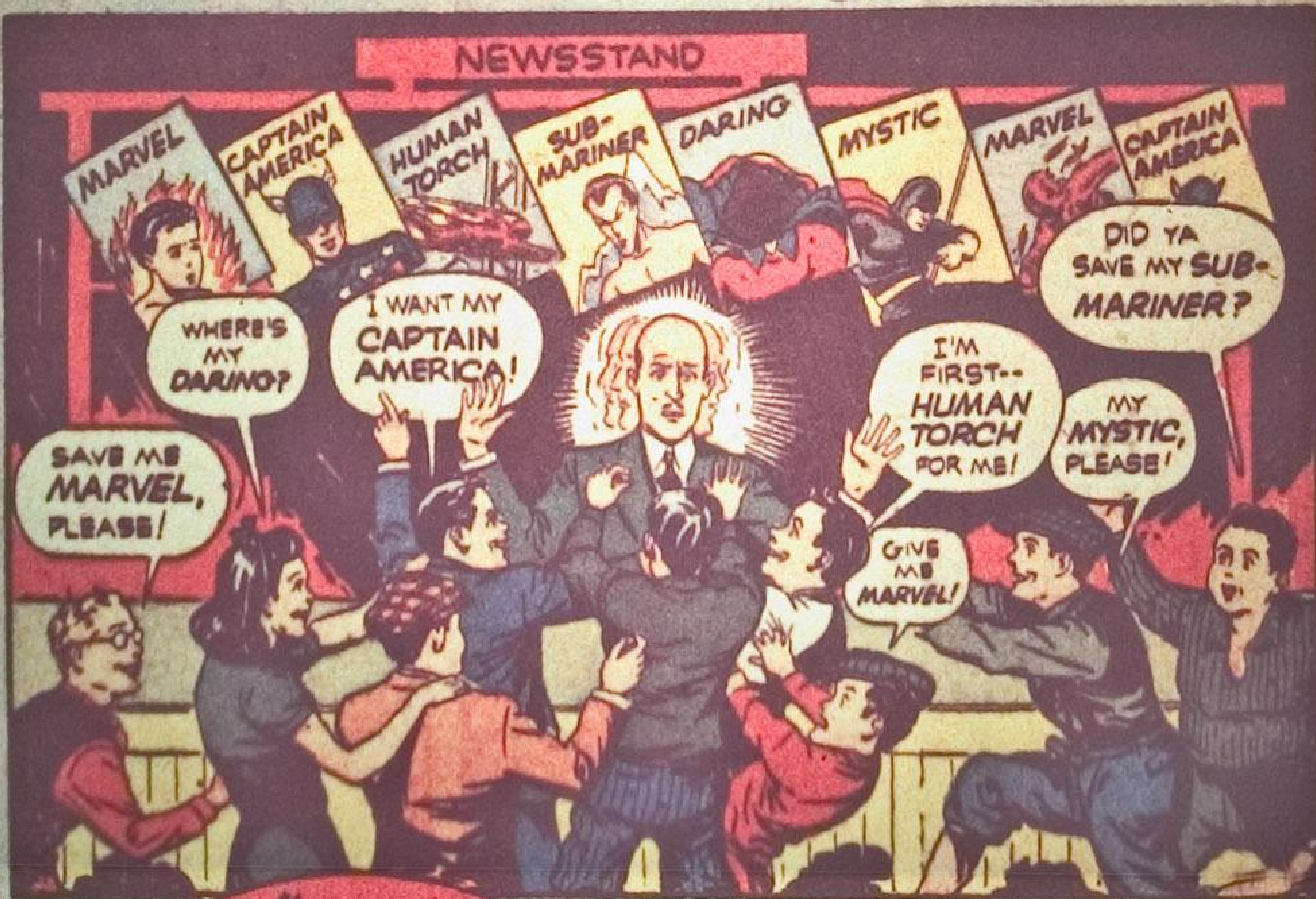
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CAPTAIN AMERICA
WHERE'S MY DARING?
I WANT MY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
DID YA SAVE MY SUB-MARINER?
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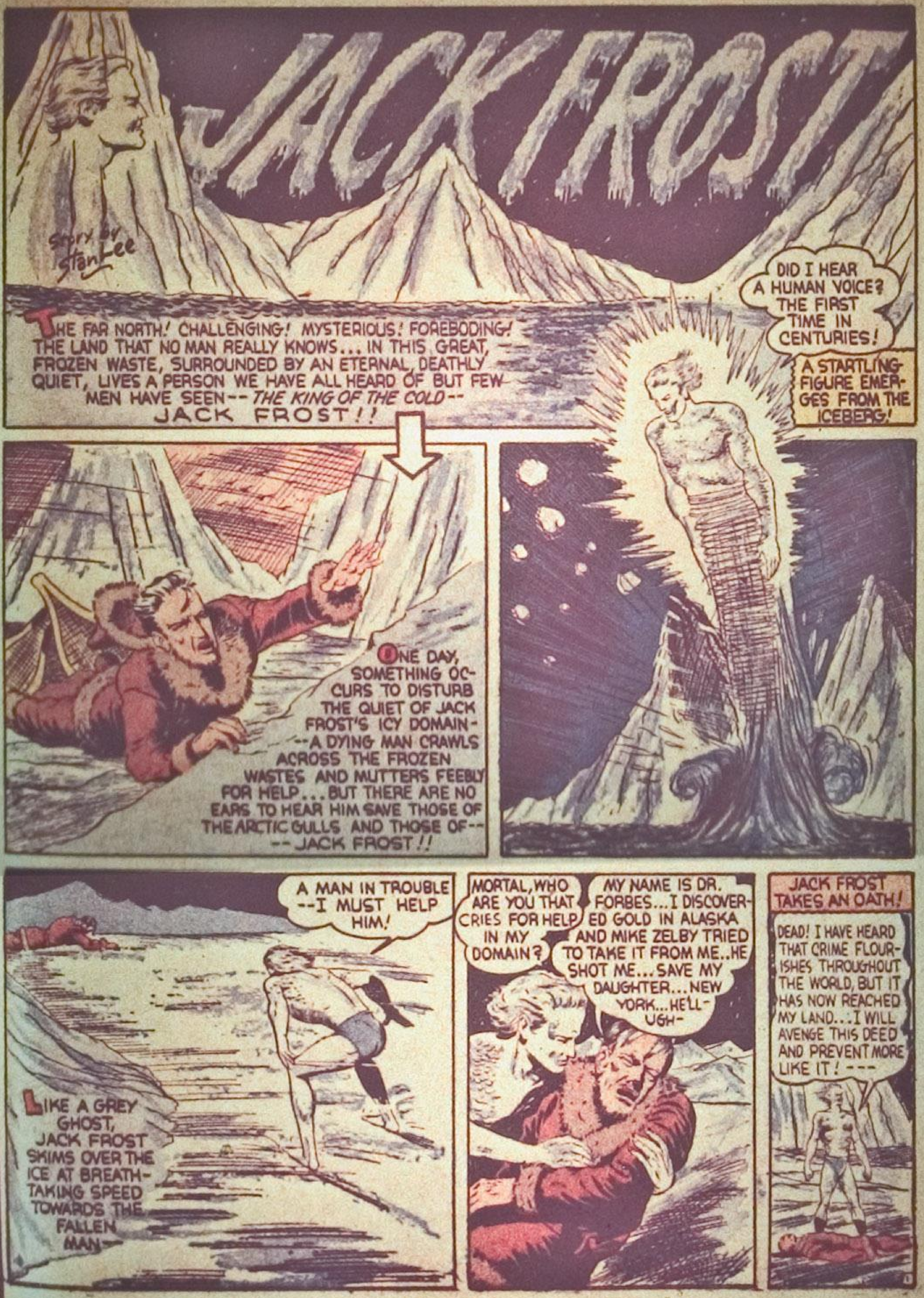
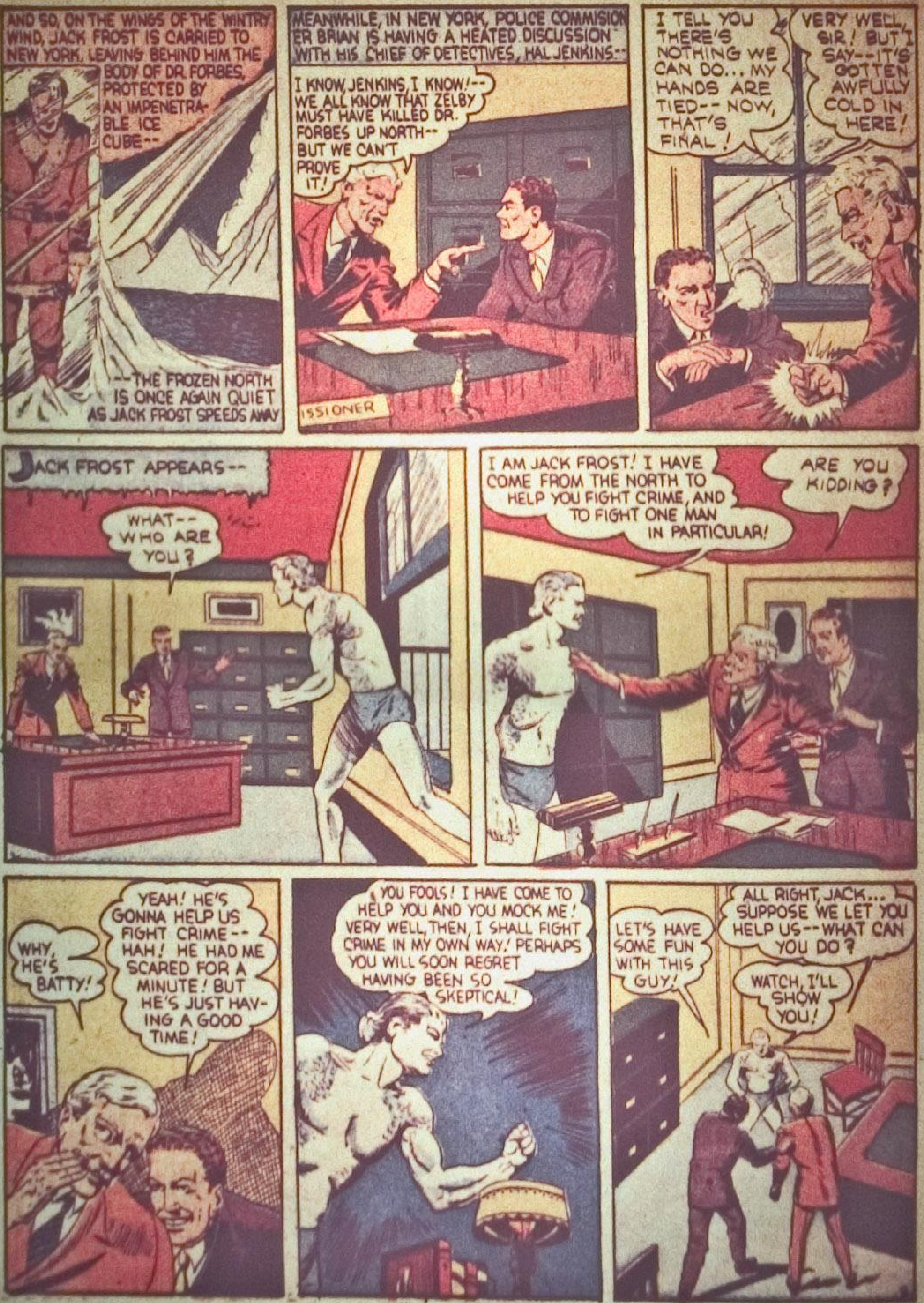
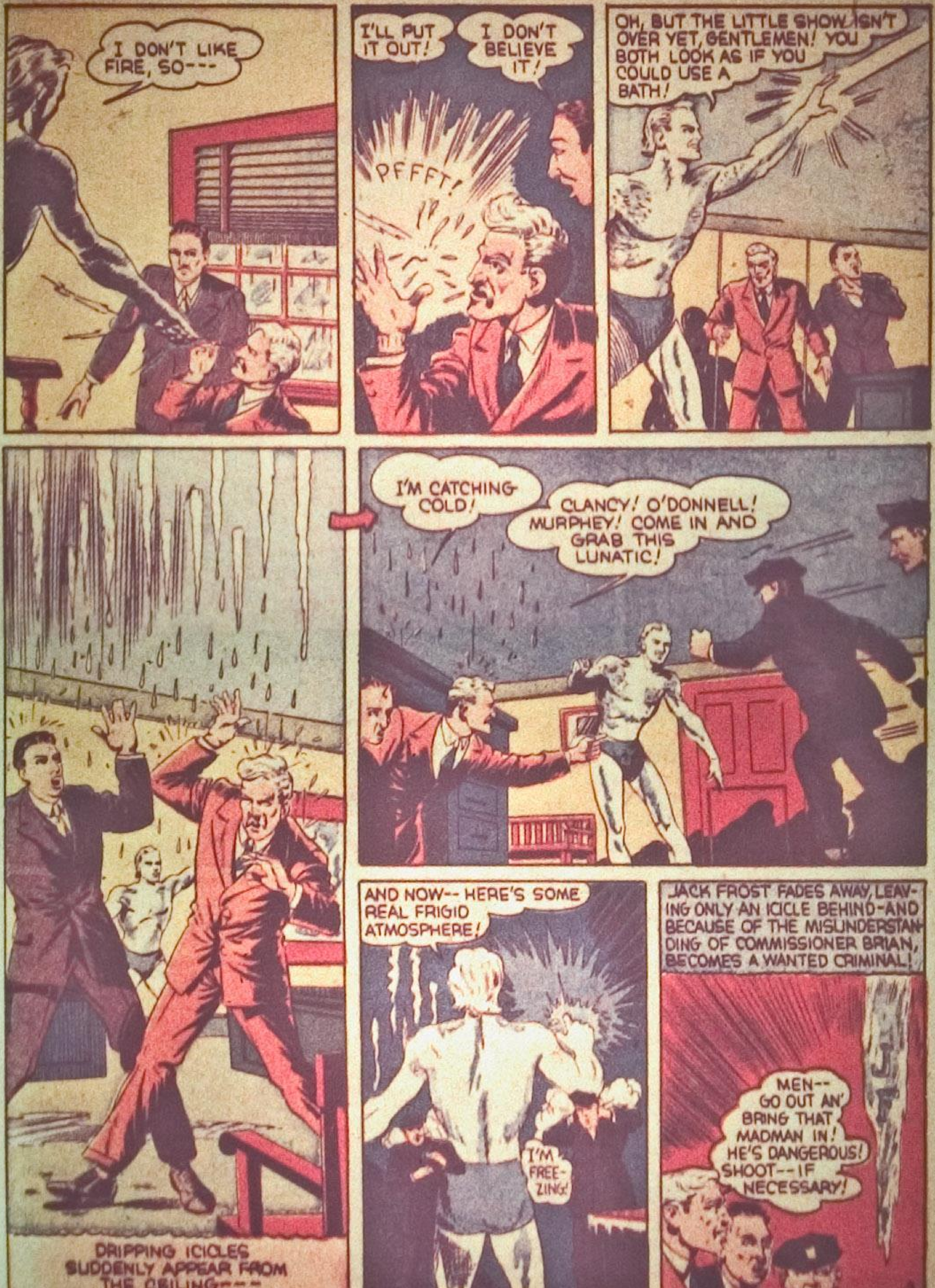
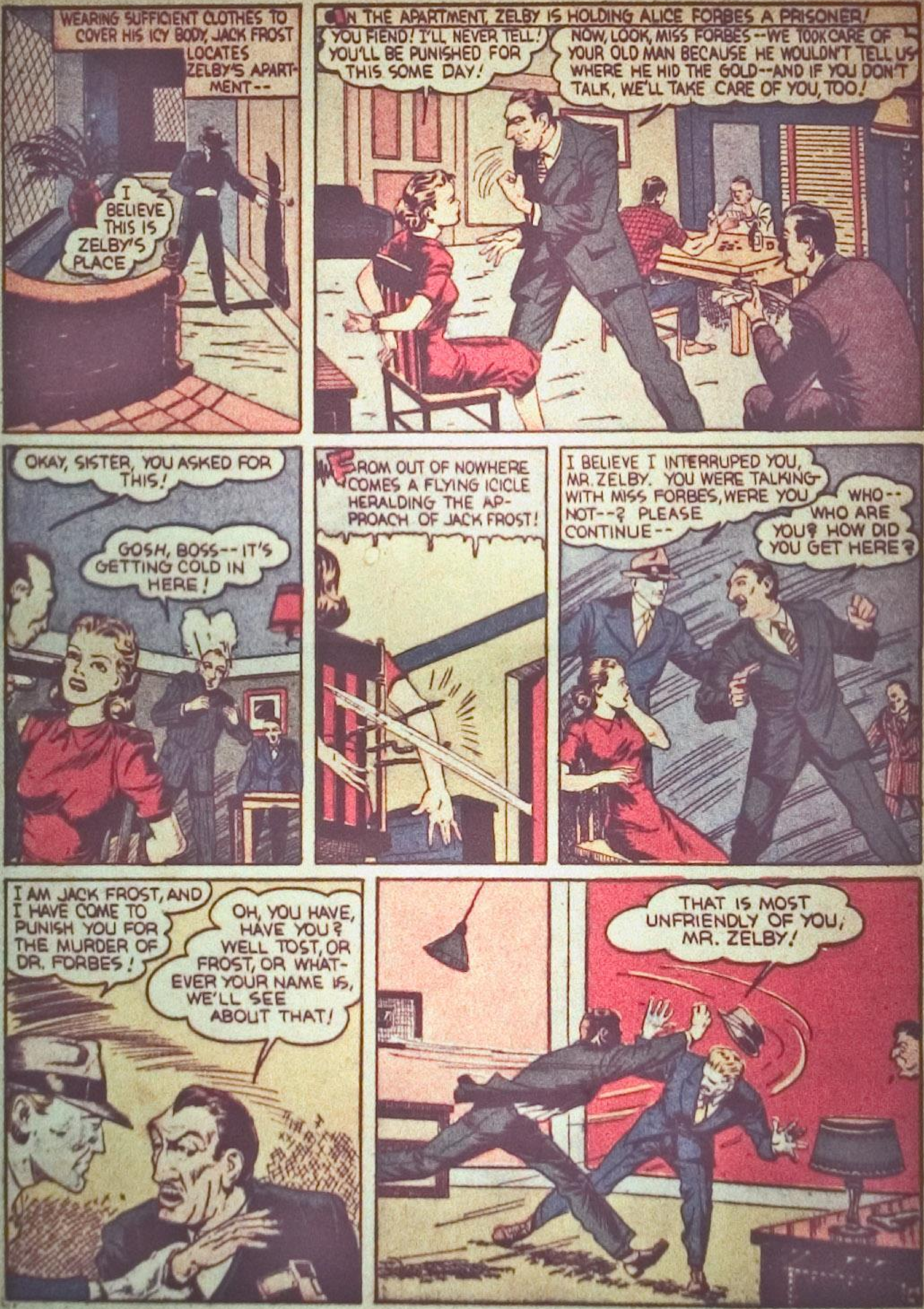
JACK FROST

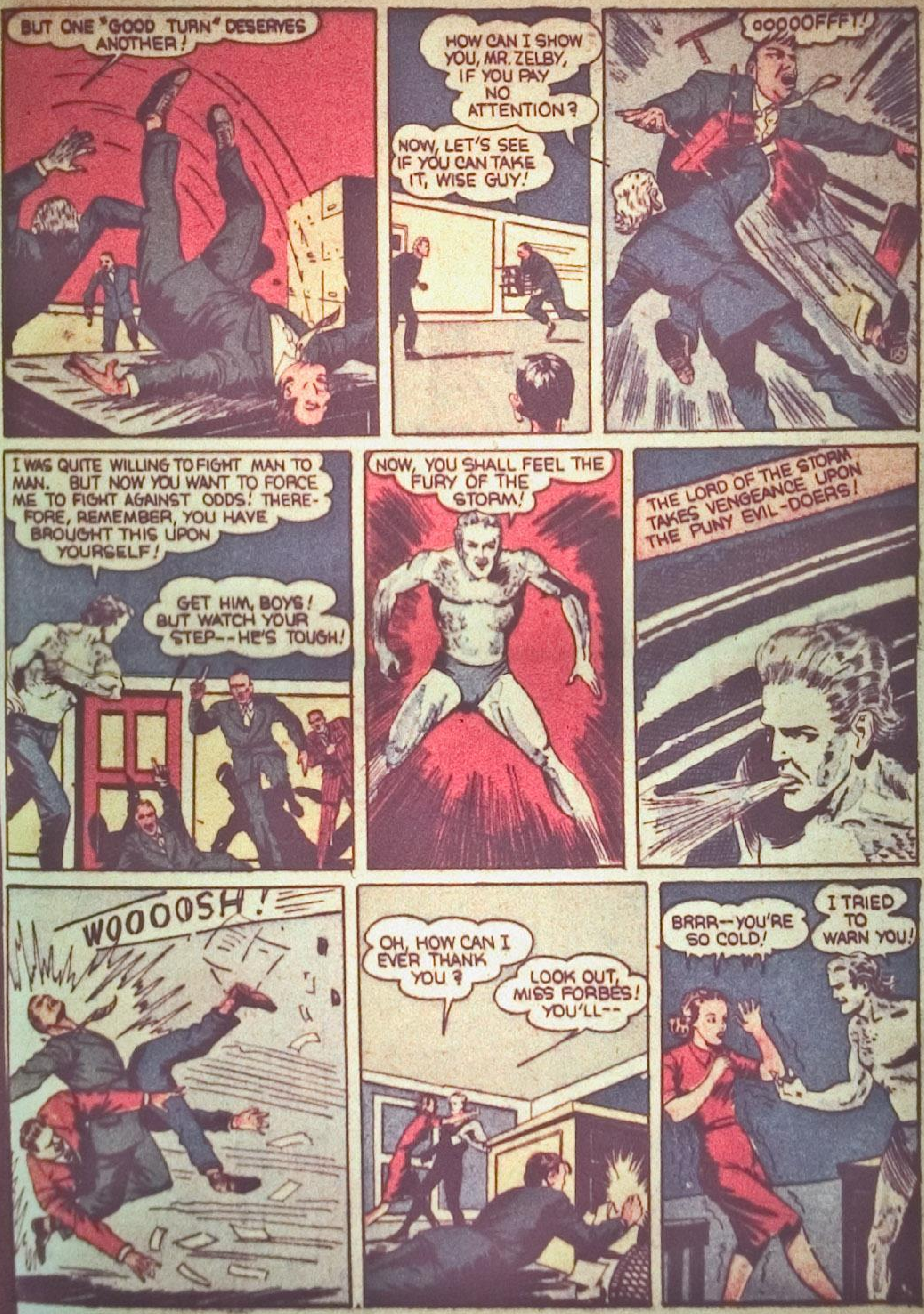
Story by Stan Lee

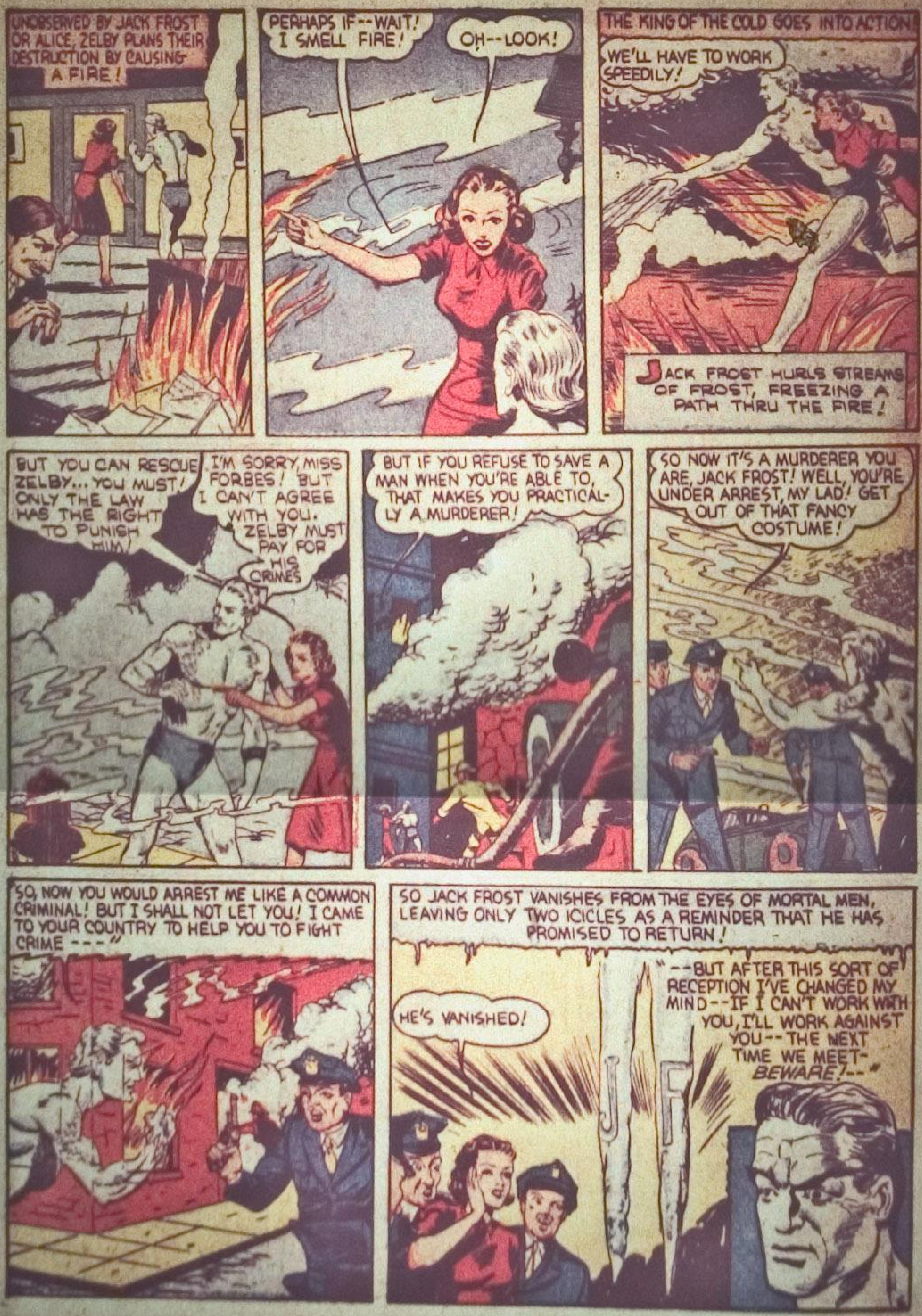

THE FAR NORTH! CHALLENGING! MYSTERIOUS! FOREBODING! THE LAND THAT NO MAN REALLY KNOWS... IN THIS GREAT, FROZEN WASTE, SURROUNDED BY AN ETERNAL, DEATHLY QUIET, LIVES A PERSON WE HAVE ALL HEARD OF BUT FEW MEN HAVE SEEN-- *THE KING OF THE COLD*-- JACK FROST!!
DID I HEAR A HUMAN VOICE? THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES!
A STARTLING FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE ICEBERG!
ONE DAY, SOMETHING OCCURS TO DISTURB THE QUIET OF JACK FROST'S ICY DOMAIN- --A DYING MAN CRAWLS ACROSS THE FROZEN WASTES AND MUTTERS FEEBLY FOR HELP... BUT THERE ARE NO EARS TO HEAR HIM SAVE THOSE OF THE ARCTIC GULLS AND THOSE OF-- --JACK FROST!!
A MAN IN TROUBLE --I MUST HELP HIM!
LIKE A GREY GHOST, JACK FROST SKIMS OVER THE ICE AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED TOWARDS THE FALLEN MAN--
MORTAL, WHO ARE YOU THAT CRIES FOR HELP IN MY DOMAIN?
MY NAME IS DR. FORBES... I DISCOVERED GOLD IN ALASKA AND MIKE ZELBY TRIED TO TAKE IT FROM ME.. HE SHOT ME... SAVE MY DAUGHTER... NEW YORK... HELL- UGH-
JACK FROST TAKES AN OATH!
DEAD! I HAVE HEARD THAT CRIME FLOURISHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, BUT IT HAS NOW REACHED MY LAND...I WILL AVENGE THIS DEED AND PREVENT MORE LIKE IT! ---


AND SO, ON THE WINGS OF THE WINTRY WIND, JACK FROST IS CARRIED TO NEW YORK, LEAVING BEHIND HIM THE BODY OF DR. FORBES, PROTECTED BY AN IMPENETRABLE ICE CUBE--
--THE FROZEN NORTH IS ONCE AGAIN QUIET AS JACK FROST SPEEDS AWAY
MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK, POLICE COMMISIONER BRIAN IS HAVING A HEATED DISCUSSION WITH HIS CHIEF OF DETECTIVES, HAL JENKINS--
I KNOW, JENKINS, I KNOW!-- WE ALL KNOW THAT ZELBY MUST HAVE KILLED DR. FORBES UP NORTH-- BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT!
ISSIONER
I TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO... MY HANDS ARE TIED-- NOW, THAT'S FINAL!
VERY WELL, SIR! BUT I SAY--IT'S GOTTEN AWFULLY COLD IN HERE!
JACK FROST APPEARS--
WHAT-- WHO ARE YOU?
I AM JACK FROST! I HAVE COME FROM THE NORTH TO HELP YOU FIGHT CRIME, AND TO FIGHT ONE MAN IN PARTICULAR!
ARE YOU KIDDING?
YEAH! HE'S GONNA HELP US FIGHT CRIME-- HAH! HE HAD ME SCARED FOR A MINUTE! BUT HE'S JUST HAVING A GOOD TIME!
WHY, HE'S BATTY!
YOU FOOLS! I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU AND YOU MOCK ME! VERY WELL, THEN, I SHALL FIGHT CRIME IN MY OWN WAY! PERHAPS YOU WILL SOON REGRET HAVING BEEN SO SKEPTICAL!
ALL RIGHT, JACK... SUPPOSE WE LET YOU HELP US--WHAT CAN YOU DO?
LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS GUY!
WATCH, I'LL SHOW YOU!


I DON'T LIKE FIRE, SO---
I'LL PUT IT OUT!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
PFFFT!
OH, BUT THE LITTLE SHOW ISN'T OVER YET, GENTLEMEN! YOU BOTH LOOK AS IF YOU COULD USE A BATH!
DRIPPING ICICLES SUDDENLY APPEAR FROM THE CEILING---
I'M CATCHING COLD!
CLANCY! O'DONNELL! MURPHEY! COME IN AND GRAB THIS LUNATIC!
AND NOW-- HERE'S SOME REAL FRIGID ATMOSPHERE!
I'M FREEZING!
JACK FROST FADES AWAY, LEAVING ONLY AN ICICLE BEHIND-AND BECAUSE OF THE MISUNDERSTANDING OF COMMISSIONER BRIAN, BECOMES A WANTED CRIMINAL!
J F
MEN-- GO OUT AN' BRING THAT MADMAN IN! HE'S DANGEROUS! SHOOT--IF NECESSARY!


WEARING SUFFICIENT CLOTHES TO COVER HIS ICY BODY, JACK FROST LOCATES ZELBY'S APARTMENT--
I BELIEVE THIS IS ZELBY'S PLACE
IN THE APARTMENT, ZELBY IS HOLDING ALICE FORBES A PRISONER!
YOU FIEND! I'LL NEVER TELL! YOU'LL BE PUNISHED FOR THIS SOME DAY!
NOW, LOOK, MISS FORBES--WE TOOKCARE OF YOUR OLD MAN BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T TELL US WHERE HE HID THE GOLD--AND IF YOU DON'T TALK, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, TOO!
OKAY, SISTER, YOU ASKED FOR THIS!
GOSH, BOSS-- IT'S GETTING COLD IN HERE!
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE COMES A FLYING ICICLE HERALDING THE APPROACH OF JACK FROST!
I BELIEVE I INTERRUPED YOU, MR. ZELBY. YOU WERE TALKING WITH MISS FORBES, WERE YOU NOT--? PLEASE CONTINUE--
WHO-- WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I AM JACK FROST, AND I HAVE COME TO PUNISH YOU FOR THE MURDER OF DR. FORBES!
OH, YOU HAVE, HAVE YOU? WELL TOST, OR FROST, OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
THAT IS MOST UNFRIENDLY OF YOU, MR. ZELBY!


BUT ONE "GOOD TURN" DESERVES ANOTHER!
HOW CAN I SHOW YOU, MR. ZELBY, IF YOU PAY NO ATTENTION?
NOW, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT, WISE GUY!
OOOOOFFFT!
I WAS QUITE WILLING TO FIGHT MAN TO MAN. BUT NOW YOU WANT TO FORCE ME TO FIGHT AGAINST ODDS! THEREFORE, REMEMBER, YOU HAVE BROUGHT THIS UPON YOURSELF!
GET HIM, BOYS! BUT WATCH YOUR STEP--HE'S TOUGH!
NOW, YOU SHALL FEEL THE FURY OF THE STORM!
THE LORD OF THE STORM TAKES VENGEANCE UPON THE PUNY EVIL-DOERS!
WOOOOOSH!
OH, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
LOOK OUT, MISS FORBES! YOU'LL--
BRRR--YOU'RE SO COLD!
I TRIED TO WARN YOU!


UNOBSERVED BY JACK FROST OR ALICE, ZELBY PLANS THEIR DESTRUCTION BY CAUSING A FIRE!
PERHAPS IF--WAIT! I SMELL FIRE!
OH--LOOK!
THE KING OF THE COLD GOES INTO ACTION!
WE'LL HAVE TO WORK SPEEDILY!
JACK FROST HURLS STREAMS OF FROST, FREEZING A PATH THRU THE FIRE!
BUT YOU CAN RESCUE ZELBY... YOU MUST! ONLY THE LAW HAS THE RIGHT TO PUNISH HIM!
I'M SORRY, MISS FORBES! BUT I CAN'T AGREE WITH YOU. ZELBY MUST PAY FOR HIS CRIMES
BUT IF YOU REFUSE TO SAVE A MAN WHEN YOU'RE ABLE TO, THAT MAKES YOU PRACTICALLY A MURDERER!
SO NOW IT'S A MURDERER YOU ARE, JACK FROST! WELL, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MY LAD! GET OUT OF THAT FANCY COSTUME!
"SO, NOW YOU WOULD ARREST ME LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL! BUT I SHALL NOT LET YOU! I CAME TO YOUR COUNTRY TO HELP YOU TO FIGHT CRIME ---"
SO JACK FROST VANISHES FROM THE EYES OF MORTAL MEN, LEAVING ONLY TWO ICICLES AS A REMINDER THAT HE HAS PROMISED TO RETURN!
HE'S VANISHED!
"--BUT AFTER THIS SORT OF RECEPTION I'VE CHANGED MY MIND--IF I CAN'T WORK WITH YOU, I'LL WORK AGAINST YOU--THE NEXT TIME WE MEET- *BEWARE!*--"
J
F

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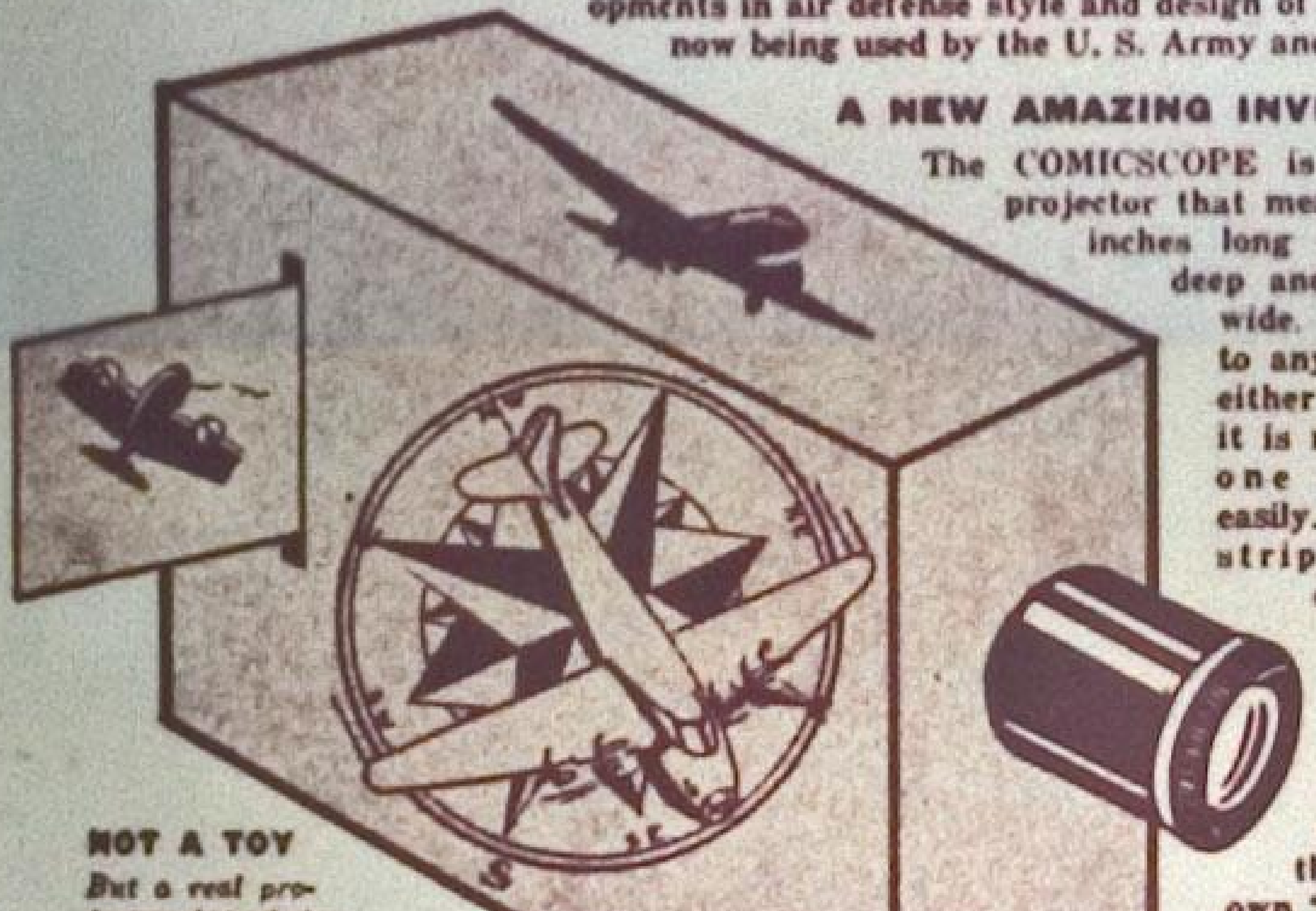

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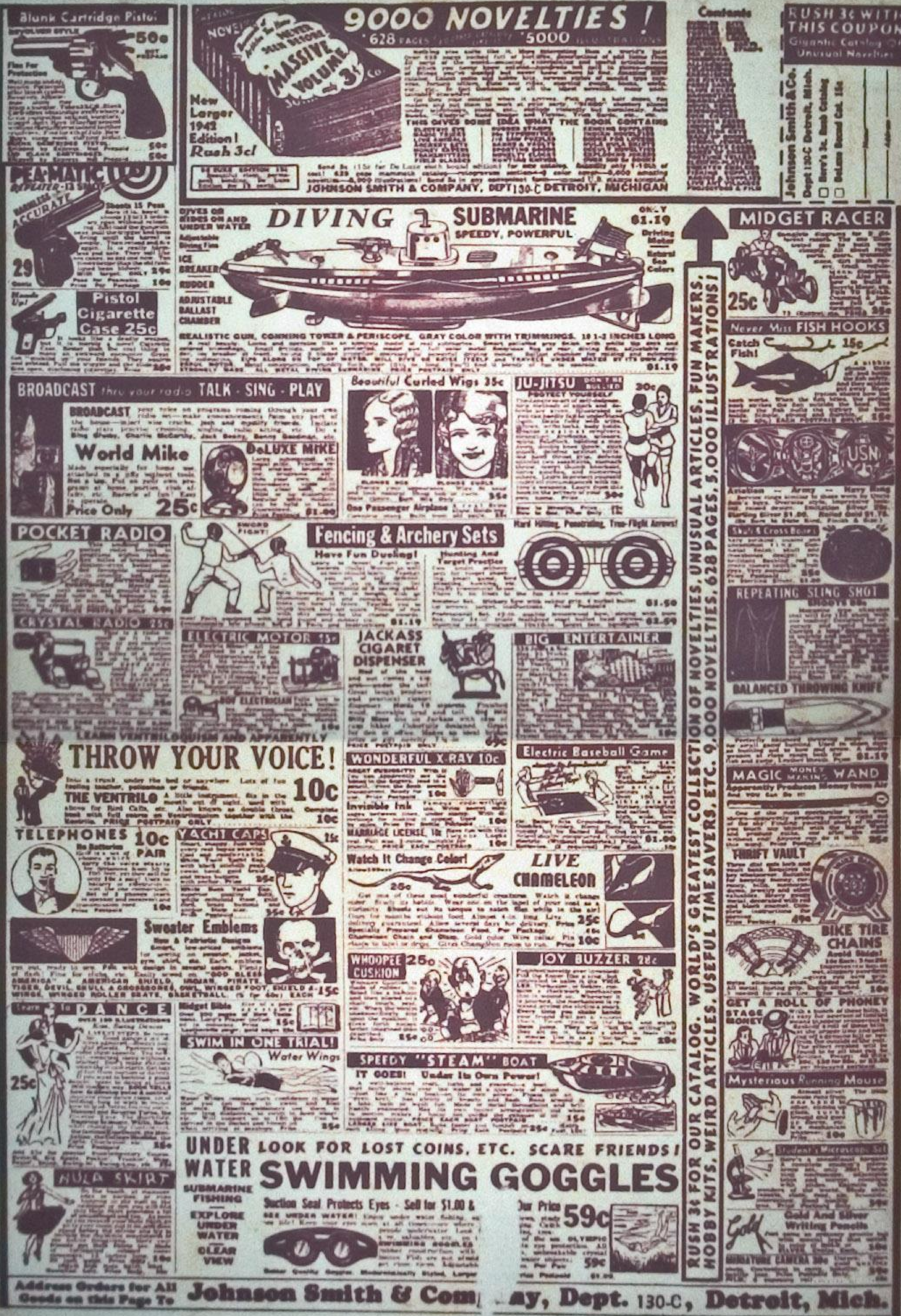

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